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May Edginton—Sam Hellman—Richard Connell—L. B. Yates
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TRIUMPH

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I've Said for the Last Five Years That I'd Kick Him Out and I've Never Done It"

FOR the first time Anna had yielded to Silver's oft-hinted requests and had said, "All right, then. Come about 7:30—no, eight. I'll have arranged supper then. And I'll sing you the Barcarolle. . . . You've never heard my piano—a beauty."

Several times now she had met Silver, after the great Garnet Printing Works closed, for dinner at some little restaurant suited to his restricted purse; and, oftener still, he had offered his escort part of her way, and they had lingered in the winter quietnesses of the Embankment and looked down at the shining dark river, and talked and talked. But this was the first time that she had said he might follow her home.

Spring was already in the air that late February day—a little mist that was not fog over the sky; a little breath that was not wind passing softly through the streets; a tender warmth lying on the city. And Anna left the great works down by the grime of Waterloo, uplifted in her hopeful youth by these soft promises, and soon found herself on the Embankment, going in the direction of Victoria. And the old river had a spring-night song for her, and the drifting gulls and the strutting pigeons were carriers of other lovely messages. Still it was hardly Silver who gave her such a happy heart. The red February sunset had more to do with it.

When Anna reached her rooms in Read Street she saw Lucia's car outside, and upstairs was Lucia. Lucia—Mrs. Aveline—had come in her car—the most luxuriously fitted little coupé on the market; in which coupé her perfect chauffeur waited—in her great sable cape, her velvet picture hat, her slender shoes with huge buckles of cut steel, silk frock, silk lingerie, perfumed, waved, manicured and pedicured, to see her sister from the Garnet Printing Works. She had come from her tiny house in Mayfair to these two mean rooms where Anna lived, which Anna proudly called home; and the rich woman's glance said, as usual, "Oh, my dear! This low hovel of yours! I can hardly bear it!"

"Lucia!" said Anna.

The sisters embraced. They loved each other. In spite of Lucia's silk and furs, Anna's cambric and woolen, they loved each other. After they had kissed they stood off for a mutual survey.

"You don't change," said Lucia in her high, restless voice; "you don't get sadder. How do you manage that? You don't get wiser. Can't you somehow manage that? You look the same as ever."

"It's only three months, Lucia, since you went."

"Three months, my dear, seems a lifetime."

"It seems three minutes."

Lucia stood looking slowly round the room.

"You see my new curtains?" said Anna.

"Are they new?" Lucia replied in wonder. Then: "Oh, my dear, it all looks unspeakable. So poor; so sparse; so terribly Spartan. Have you thought over what I said when we last met here—that it's so absurd for an attractive woman to be Spartan?"

Anna shook her head.

"You have all you want, Lucia?"

"Oh, who has?" said Lucia with her restless, high laugh. "But I have all that a woman can have; the alimony's big. Oh, I'm so glad it's all over—the fusses and frets and quarrels of eighteen years! And my life my own to do as I like with!"

"Sit down," said Anna.

Lucia seated herself in the uneasy oak armchair. She had left to her, in its entire beauty, her extraordinary grace of movement. Her overthin limbs fell naturally into a lovely pose. Anna remembered Lucia's grace so well, though she had seen it only once before today in the last eighteen years. And when Lucia, crossing her bony knees and lying back in the oak chair, took out of her gorgeous vanity bag her mirror and puff and lip stick and tiny pot of rouge and began to overlay with them the fatigue of her face, Anna was reminded of the bride Lucia, who, all those years ago, had stood in an even poorer room than this, the room that the mother and her two daughters shared, and gazed with excited eyes at her dazzling young reflection—Lucia at twenty-four; Lucia with her coveted prize of riches within her grasp.

"You remind me ——" said Anna almost unconsciously, and paused.

Lucia paused, too, in the exigent business of making up. She looked at Anna long and rather huntedly. Anna saw ghosts in her eyes.

"Go on, my dear."

"Nothing," said Anna.

"Nothing much, anyway," said Lucia; "but why not say it all the same? Because you reminded me, too, standing there like that, watching me like that, exactly as you watched me from your bed, sitting on that old checked counterpane, staring at me dressing for my wedding with Fred."

"And admiring you passionately."

"You were only four."

"But how I remember you then, Lucia! I used to adore you. I couldn't imagine the angels more beautiful than you."

"Angels!" said Lucia, laughing. She peered hard at her face in the little mirror she held up. Her hand was trembling. She swept the powder puff very slowly over her

face. "Much water under the bridge since then," she said. "But how some things come back to one, don't they? You knew I was going right away; I remember you realized it at the last minute—mother smacked your hands for grabbing my silk frock."

She went on powdering some seconds after her face was artistically finished, still hearing, in this sudden moment of memories, Anna's little voice, raucous with grief, crying good-by to her out of the long ago.

"That was Fred," she said, smiling again after a little while. "Neither you nor mother ever saw Gerald or Bob. How—how life varies! I was thinking this morning how extraordinarily some women live. Fred took me out of my misery with you and mother ——"

"Were you very miserable, Lucia?"

"My dear! I should say so! I always knew life held more than that for a girl with any attractions. Do you remember how mother used to preach and warn? Stuff! You see, Anna dear, one makes out all right if one has sense—and the necessary looks, of course. I haven't aged so much, Anna? Don't look my age, do you think?"

Anna was looking thoughtfully at Lucia. She hesitated.

"You were always lovely, Lucia. But, oh, Lucia, why—why—you're forty-two!"

"Don't!" said Lucia.

"What does it matter?" said Anna.

"What does it matter!" Lucia echoed ironically.

She got up, moved about the room, looking at the few sticks of furniture, all dwarfed by the piano, which nearly filled up the space of one wall.

"Yes," she said abruptly, "Fred took me out of this kind of thing. Eighteen years ago! I really loved Fred, Anna; I did, truly. I adored him. When he left me ——"

Anna tried to be silent, but her curiosity about this loved stranger sister so recently restored to her ken broke bounds. "Lucia, why? How could he!"

"Gerald," said Lucia, hesitating. She looked down and up, bit her lips and smiled. She looked proud, and somehow her pride was a little pitiable. "I was always so terribly admired."

"That was in Honolulu, Lucia?"

"Yes. . . . Oh, Anna, life was such a romance! . . . Why do I say 'was'? I mean, is a romance. I don't know why I talk as if I was old. . . . Does all this interest you, dear—you in your funny inexperience?"

"Oh, Lucia! Tremendously!"

"Married life gets humdrum, darling."

"And—and Gerald?"

"Died, my dear." She sighed, and easy tears welled into her big and rather hollowed eyes.

"Then you married Mr. Aveline."

"Five years ago. Yes, just five years ago."

"And divorced him, Lucia?"

Lucia nodded and sighed.

"How could he!" cried Anna again in a rush of sympathy.

Lucia did not reply. She looked a little bitter.

"Lucia—never any babies?"

"My dear, no! No! Men don't really care whether you have them or not."

"Don't they, Lucia?"

"Oh, my dear, all a man cares about is a woman's looks. They're all we have to trade with, Anna. I was careful never to lose my looks. You can see that. People often take me for a girl in the twenties. If one has children—well, one never knows."

"And so," said Anna, "you are well satisfied, dear?"

"What else could I get out of life than what I've got?" answered Lucia.

"I don't know," said Anna, laying aside her hat. "I'm not sure," she added. "It is so bewildering, Lucia, so bewildering."

Lucia looked, fascinated, at her sister's beautiful, thick, smooth, tightly dressed hair. It lay like satin over the crown of her head, curled over her ears and took subtle shape in a heavy coil just above the nape of her neck. She was tall and slim, firm and strong, with a grace of movement almost equaling Lucia's, but less languorous and exotic.

"Anna, anything could be done with you if you were dressed. Oh, if I could only dress you! If you would only submit, my dear, to me!"

"I don't submit to anyone, Lucia."

"But I could do such wonderful things!"

"What do you want to do with me?"

"Anna, your looks are all you have to trade with, just as mine were. Believe me, my dear, looks are the only asset that really counts with men—with wealthy men who can afford their fancy. Why do you stay in that dreadful printing works—you said a printing works? You must marry like I did!" Anna did not reply.

"Darling," said Lucia, thrusting forward her sables so that Anna could get the feel of them against her cheek, "don't you like these things?"

"I love them," said Anna. "One day I may get them for myself."

"Oh, fool! How? That idea of yours about your voice? But listen! If you married well you could train ——"

Anna smiled. Lucia paused.

"Anna darling, I can't have you to live with me ——"

"I wouldn't come if you could."

"—— because Bob Aveline made that condition. Oh, Bob is a hard man! He knew I had poor relations. He makes the alimony three thousand pounds a year on condition that I don't spend more than fifty pounds a year on any poor relations. I give accounts to his lawyers regularly. I have to if I want the money. He always said he would never support hangers-on in any form."

"He needn't have feared me."

"But I could do things. I could give you some of my frocks, give parties for you. In six months I'd guarantee to have you married as well as I married—as well as I married three times!"

Again Anna smiled, and again the smile checked Lucia.

"What do you mean?"

"Has it been so wonderful, Lucia?"

"I—I've had all I could wish for."

"It doesn't sound—lovely, Lucia."

"Lovely? My dear! As if everything—as—as if life could be lovely! Besides, what do you mean—lovely?"

"I am not sure."

"Is your life at this damnable printing works and in these atrocious rooms lovely, darling?"

"It is beautiful," said Anna.

"The life of a working woman of the commoner sort—not professional, not successful ——"

"Lucia, I keep myself and I kept mother before she died, and I paid for her last illness myself. I did it myself. I am successful."

"Oh, Anna, but you don't know! You see, you've never tasted ——"

"And, Lucia, it is my own life; my own rooms; I belong to myself; I can make myself as I choose. It's fine!"

"Fine!"

"I contrast it with mother's life—and yours."

"You can't compare mother and me. Poor mother was a fool. I'm not. I—I well understand that. Mother's life was a lesson to you. Oh, I well understand that!"

"Lucia, mother married a very poor man, who didn't treat her well, and she lived unquestioningly the life of a drudge and a slave. You made up your mind you would never submit to anything like that, and you didn't. But—but what have you done?"

"Well, you know I've had everything ——"

She fingered a rope of pearls that hung from her overslender neck. The hunted look was in her eyes again, but she scared it away with her light, high laugh.

"You haven't had enough for me," said Anna.

"Well," said Lucia, and she almost whispered, "what do you want?"

"The best," said Anna.

Lucia stroked her sables without speaking.

"I don't know where is the best or what is the best," cried Anna. "It isn't only pearls; it isn't only sables; it isn't only three husbands; it isn't what mother had; it isn't what you had. It isn't necessarily here or necessarily on the other side of the world. It's somewhere at the top of the world, Lucia. I do know that."

"The top of the world," Lucia repeated.

"Somehow," said Anna in a passionate voice—"somehow, Lucia, I want life to be fine. I will wait and wait, and look and look, and work and work, and presently I will see just how ——"

"You think ——" began Lucia tremulously.

"I want life to be fine, Lucia. I—I want men to be big, not just rich husbands. I—I think, I know somehow in my heart, that if a man or a woman does not miss the way that's what each can find; what each can be, Lucia."

Lucia plucked at her pearls.

"Silly!" she said in an uncertain voice. "Silly to feel—to think like that. But we must talk again, my dear; t-t-talk again."

"When you like, Lucia," said Anna.

"I'll have to go now, Anna; I have people coming to dinner."

"I too!" laughed Anna, suddenly gay.

"Here?" exclaimed Lucia.

"Here," nodded Anna.

"Who comes here?" demanded Lucia, curious.

"A man is coming," said Anna; "a man whom you would disapprove of, dear; not rich, not powerful—a nobody."

"Anna, do listen to me! I'm—well, forty-two. We both know it. You're twenty-two. Your sole assets are your looks, your reputation and your wits. Use your wits, my dear, to guard your looks and your reputation. I did. You can't be too exclusive, too circumspect ——"

"Do You Remember How Mother Used to Preach and Warn? Stuff! You See, One Makes Out All

Anna Land

Right if One Has Sense—and the Necessary Looks, of Course"

"I am both," said Anna.

"People won't believe it—a girl like you letting a man—a nobody—come to her rooms."

"People can believe what they like."

"If you only knew what you're throwing away!"

"If you only knew what you've thrown away!"

Lucia started. Color mounted higher in her face. Her eyes and cheek bones both seemed to glitter. She bit her lip. Her breath caught.

"Anna," she managed hardily, "you're one of these fatuous idealists. We'll talk again. I'll go before my dinner spoils and your guest arrives."

But as she turned towards the door Silver's knock fell upon it. Anna had screwed a funny little brass goblin knocker to her door and its rat-tat was very clear and loud.

"Don't introduce us," said Lucia sharply, drawing her great cape, as supple as gossamer, closely round her. "I shan't countenance it."

Anna opened the door, and Bertie Silver stood aside for Lucia to step disdainfully past him; then he came in. The door was shut upon him and Anna. "What a fine lady!" said Silver.

"My sister," replied Anna.

She motioned him to lay aside his hat and coat on a chair in a corner. She herself went to the hearth, and kneeling down put a match to the fire.

"I didn't know you had a sister," he was saying behind her.

"There are twenty years between us," said Anna. "She married a rich husband when I was only four. He took her away. I did not see her again till three months ago; and then, again, tonight."

"And the rich husband?"

"There have been three."

Anna coaxed the fire and a flame ran a long tongue chimneywards.

"Never mind your sister just now," said Silver softly, with an eager cry in his voice. Softly he came up behind her and dropped to his knees at her side. Their shoulders touched. "This is wonderful, Anna! Wonderful to be here! It seemed as if I would never see you alone. There have always been passers-by."

"Make the fire burn," said Anna slowly, "while I change my frock." She smiled, and Silver covertly watched the dimples that sparkled on either side of her lips. "I meant to have been ready, to have laid supper; but Lucia was here."

"And now Lucia isn't here," said Silver more eagerly yet.

His shoulder touched hers. Anna was on her feet with one soundless movement. She stood aloof, leaving him on his knees. He stared up at her. Then he sprang up too.

"How wary you are! How cautious of everybody! But, Anna, I ——"

"Make the fire burn," said Anna, and disappeared into the adjoining room.

As she shut the door between them she was conscious of the quick beating of her heart. She felt rather like a little wild animal, withdrawn into the dark, watching an enemy go by. But it did not occur to her—as it would have occurred to most of her girl associates—to turn the key in the lock of her door. She, who was so cautious, would have despised such a caution. She went to her dressing table, turned up the gas jet that hung over it and looked at herself. She had a wild flush and a wild brightness. She was a little startled at the unguessed exaltations that the admiring rapacity in Silver's eyes could conjure up. Yet she did not love Silver. She was sure of that.

She took off her knitted working dress, her cotton stockings and changed into a short-sleeved, short-skirted frock of black silk. She put on silk stockings. In spite of her firmness of purpose and her clarity of brain and her untouched heart, she was woman enough to feel she owed that much—the soft frock and the sleek stockings—to Silver the man. Her caution had not entirely overlaid her natural instinct of pleasing. She smoothed her hair still smoother, and washed her hands and put a few drops of perfume on them; then quietly opened her door and stood on the threshold, regarding Silver.

He was on the hearth where she had left him. He had made the fire burn. The flames were like fairies transforming the sparse room. He stood with his elbows on the mantelpiece, his head between his clenched hands, which was a characteristic attitude of his. His shoulders hunched up as she had seen them hunched scores of times, when he was talking, when he was excited, when he hunched them against the cold as, with her, he had walked the Embankment, overcoatless, because he wanted to give a wonderful girl wonderful dinners.

They had been wonderful dinners in little Italian restaurants; cheap, smelly, savory, lengthy dinners for the money, when a flask of Chianti set them both dreaming. Her heart was kind and grateful towards Silver as she regarded him.

"Sit down," she said.

He started round, came and took her hands, and in spite of her resistance kissed them.

"I'm going to help you lay this supper. I say, this is homelike. This is awfully sweet, Anna. If a man had a place like this to come home to every night ——"

"If I can have a place like this—a little, dingy, scrubby place—a man can have it too."

"Ah, but there'd have to be you in it!"

"The cloth and the knives and forks are in the table drawer."

He laughed quietly and let her slip away from him, while he found the things and laid the cloth and arranged the two covers upon it. But all the while he watched Anna about the room. She was turning out a canned stew into a saucepan, finding cheese and biscuits, and coffee and condensed milk. When he had finished he sat down in the uneasy oak armchair beside the fire and watched her. He crossed his knees and leaned back and gloated over the girl in the short-sleeved black frock moving about her housewifely ministrations for his comfort.

"Yes, Anna. How wonderful it would be!" She brought the saucepan to the fire and set it on to heat, kneeling on the hearth rug. Silver looked at her, wanting to draw her against his knees and kiss her—for the first time; but somehow he never dared to attempt it with Anna.

(Continued on Page 141)

He Edged Beside Her on the Wide Plume Seat. "You Know I'm a Mastering, Obstinate, Overbearing Sort of Fellow"

ABSENTEE CAPITALISM

PHOTO. BY DIX, BISBEE, ARIZONA

Hearing Preliminary to the Bisbee Deportations Trial—the High-Water Mark of the Struggle Between Capital and Labor in the Copper Mining Industry

By Albert W. Atwood

NO POLITICAL and economic issue of national scope is more persistent than the misunderstanding between the producing interests of the West and the financial and moneyed interests of the East. Years ago a cartoonist expressed a very common view of this disagreement by picturing a cow whose head and body were in the West, but which none the less was being milked by Wall Street.

Naturally the men who work near and with the resources of one section and those who handle the money of the other must and do coöperate. Otherwise the country would split apart. But all the same there is no denying that the conviction of Western agricultural, livestock and other groups that Wall Street and absentee capitalists get the best of the bargain is one of the outstanding facts of American life.

But this opposition, this conflict of interest, is not primarily sectional or geographical. To an extent it is sectional, but that is so because financial and banking power is largely concentrated in the East. In reality it is part of a broader and perhaps a deeper and more fundamental alignment. It is a part of that alleged, that supposed antagonism which exists between labor, the consumer, the small producer, and the people at large, on the one side, and the big corporations, the trusts, the bondholders and stockholders, the absentee owners or capitalists, big business, the vested interests, Capitalism with a big C, and Wall Street, on the other side.

Looking In From the Outside

NOW, it may be that this alignment or classification of interests and groups does not hold water. It is false in many respects. Modern life is not so simple as such a glib and easy grouping would make out. But it is very real in that political issues have often depended and will probably continue to depend upon this supposed division.

A few months ago in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the writer sought, in an article entitled Big Business From the Inside, to show the point of view of the money lords, so called, who shepherd the absentee investors. It was a statement of their own view of their own power. It was a view of industry from the very inside looking out. To secure it the writer did not have to walk more than two blocks up and down Wall Street.

This article is quite different. It is from the extreme outside looking in, in a geographical sense at least. It is not written from Wall Street at all, but from a distance of at least three thousand miles away from that financial center. It is written from the desert and mountain mining camps of Arizona, and even Sonora, Mexico. It is an effort to report just how absentee capitalism works out in those far-distant places.

One could study absentee capitalism, of course, in many other places than Arizona. There are the great mining camps of Butte, Montana, and Bingham Canyon, Utah. Or if the hidebound Easterner does not care to go so far afield there is plenty of material in West Virginia and Illinois, or even in Western and, indeed, in Eastern Pennsylvania, only two or three hours' run from Wall Street's very self.

But Arizona is an excellent place to watch the operations of the industrial and capitalistic system in its absentee phase, because such operations come nearer to dominating the whole scene than in the older, more settled, populous and complicated Eastern and Middle Western states. Here in the newest state, and one that is among the two or three most sparsely settled, has developed, mostly in a short space of time, a great industry, dominated and controlled from Wall Street, part of and typical of big business and modern capitalism.

Now, let it be frankly recognized that a big corporation, with headquarters in Wall Street, rarely goes into the Far West, or Mexico, or Central or South America, or Asia or Africa, without there being talk of its exploiting the resources of those undeveloped regions for the selfish benefit of absentee capitalists. Such operations seem inseparable from a certain amount of criticism, friction and at times open warfare. It is with such criticism, such friction, that this article proposes openly to deal, as dispassionately and disinterestedly as lies in the writer's ability.

It all depends upon the attitude. If by nature one feels that all critics of corporate interests are radicals, then Arizona may appear to be running wild, to the extent that the corporate will and purpose are thwarted in any way. Such a person will look upon that part of the country as raw and experimental.

But if on the other hand one regards or pretends to regard nearly all corporate activities as a phase of Toryism and a menace to the liberties of the people, then the attitude will be that absentee capitalism is a more burning issue in Arizona than elsewhere, because the people are concentrating within a few years the same fight for their rights, for independence, against the massed power of wealth and capital that in older states has been spread over fifty or a hundred years.

Whichever side one may take, there can be no question that the issue is intense, concentrated and bitter in the copper districts of the Southwest, and permeates and colors the economic and political life of that great region. This statement stands and must stand undisputed despite the development of other industries than mining, and the earnest effort to increase population through other occupations and attractions.

Arizona is the copper state, and it is to the copper camps that one must go to find in their bare, naked form the searching, fundamental and controversial questions that such a phrase as "absentee capitalism" brings to mind.

The Land of Individualism

THERE are those who maintain that an era of peace and good will lies ahead for the copper industry, and there are others who argue that the greatest industrial war in history will be fought out in the next few years in the mining camps and legislature of Arizona. I am no prophet, but would be inclined to discount both statements.

During the war there is little doubt that there were disloyal efforts to hinder the country's program in the copper districts. I. W. W.'s poured in, perhaps in response to German money, and there was open war. On the other hand, labor, conservative as well as radical, sought the highest obtainable wages and union recognition, which it did not get. The prolonged shutdown and depression which started in 1920 brought a truce, and victory for absentee capital. The companies have brought in thousands of low-paid nonvoting Mexicans, and the ranks of the agitator, whether he be a desirable or an undesirable citizen, have been thinned.

But it is a truce only. The corporations have won a great battle, but not the entire war. The Southwest is still the land of individualism and of passage; the individual criticizes and agitates as he moves along. The fight is always going on in politics, and nowhere is it so true that politics is economic as well as political. It is probably safe

to say that half of all the bills presented to the legislature and of all proposed constitutional amendments are wanted either by the copper companies or by those who are fighting the companies for one reason or another.

But just what is the charge against absentee capitalism? What are its sins and omissions? What is the worst that can be said for it, and what is the best? Of one thing we can probably be certain before we start: That no matter how earnest and fruitful the search may be, the truth will not lie, in the very probabilities of the case, either with the worst that is said or the best.

In a general way the absentee capitalists, who in this instance are the larger copper companies, are charged with being interested only in the selfish exploitation of the resources of the West, and with being ruthless, domineering, feudalistic and autocratic. Never mind who brings the charge. It will be examined on its merits, without any attempt to discredit either those who support it or deny it.

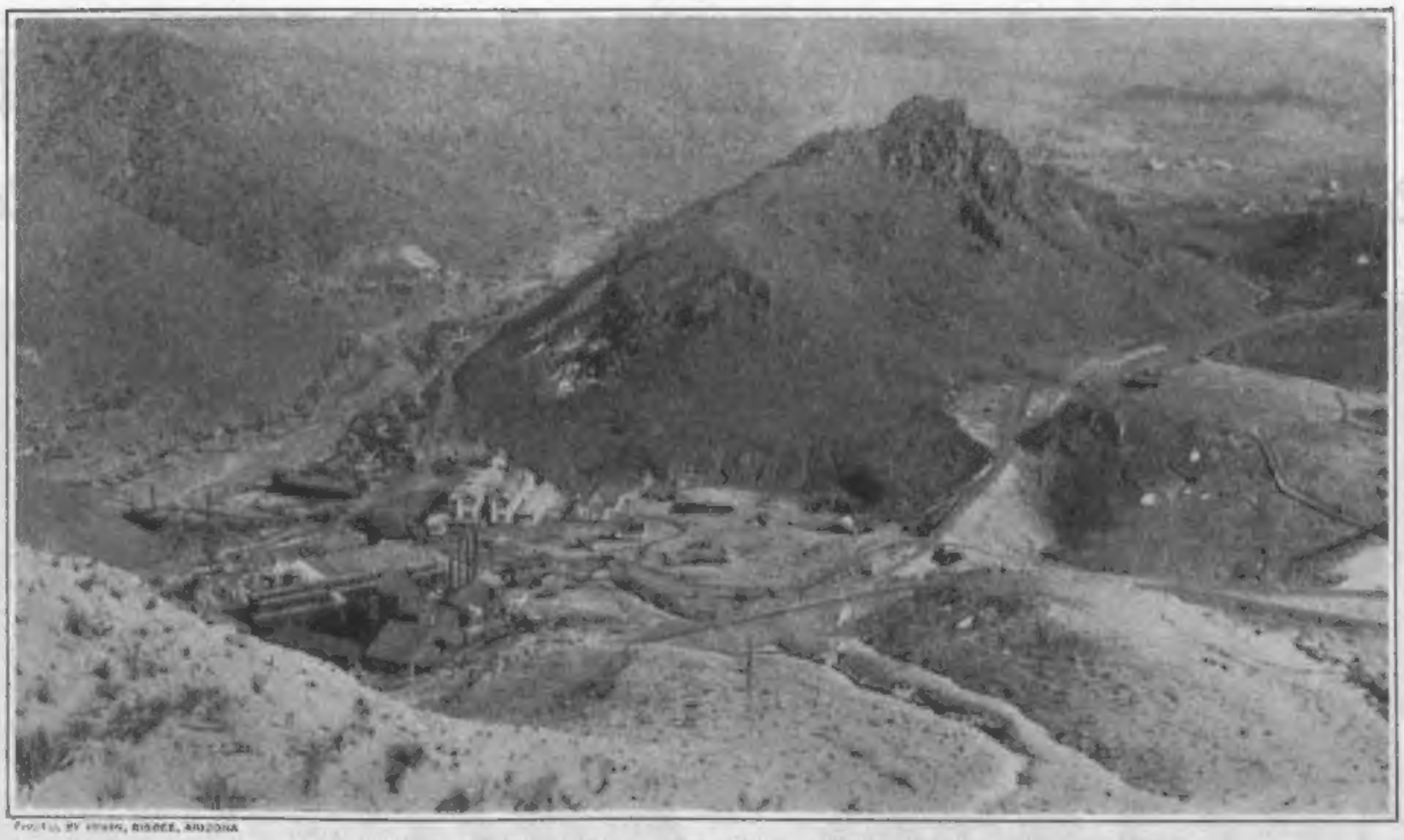
One man who has fought several of the companies for years puts it this way: "The copper people have the same majesty of feelings that the kings had," and his newspaper expresses the same thought a little more fully: "The idea that capitalists who come to Arizona are kings with royal prerogatives finds little sympathy here. It would be a wonderful reversion back to medieval glory, indeed, if the copper kings could strut down Fifth Avenue wearing their crowns."

A prominent labor organizer, in discussing the copper industry in the Southwest, said that if the industrial barons continue to learn nothing from history they will surely go the way of the kings of old. When the writer objected that the industry was quite probably on the road to working out its problems peacefully and to the satisfaction of all, this authority replied that the companies were managed by autocrats, and "no autocrat can be so benevolent as to stifle in the long run the urgings of democracy."

Two Black Snakes

"THE marvelous resources of the state," says one extreme controversialist, who has in mind the possible use of the Colorado River by private interests as well as by the copper mines, "are transformed into two black snakes, one tipped with a copper lash, the other with an electric lash, and the public crouches and quivers before these whips. Far better the copper ores were yet untouched, and that the Colorado River was permitted to flow to the sea unmolested. No false hopes would be raised among the people; no punishment would come to them for their own resources."

But all this is rather nebulous in nature. One must know in what respect these corporations are autocratic. Perhaps the best brief general statement, though still perhaps somewhat too vague, was that made a year or two ago in a series of articles by H. S. McCluskey, a former president of the Arizona Federation of Labor and now secretary to the governor of the state. Mr. McCluskey, after referring to what he describes as the military theory of organization of the mining and smelting camps, says that this theory of industrial control has its reflex in the social and political life of these communities, and adds: "It gives birth to a foul miasma that poisons democratic institutions. It goes hand in hand with a spy and espionage system. It creates cringing, groveling sycophants, seeking the favor of some superior officer in order to secure a so-called good job. It hampers the right of free citizens to govern themselves politically. It creates hatred and suspicion on the part of man against his neighbor. It makes for a caste system socially. It has only two ways to function: First, it may be a benevolent and paternalistic feudalism; or it may be a ruthless, brutal organization to wring profits from the utter misery and degradation of the unfortunate workers."

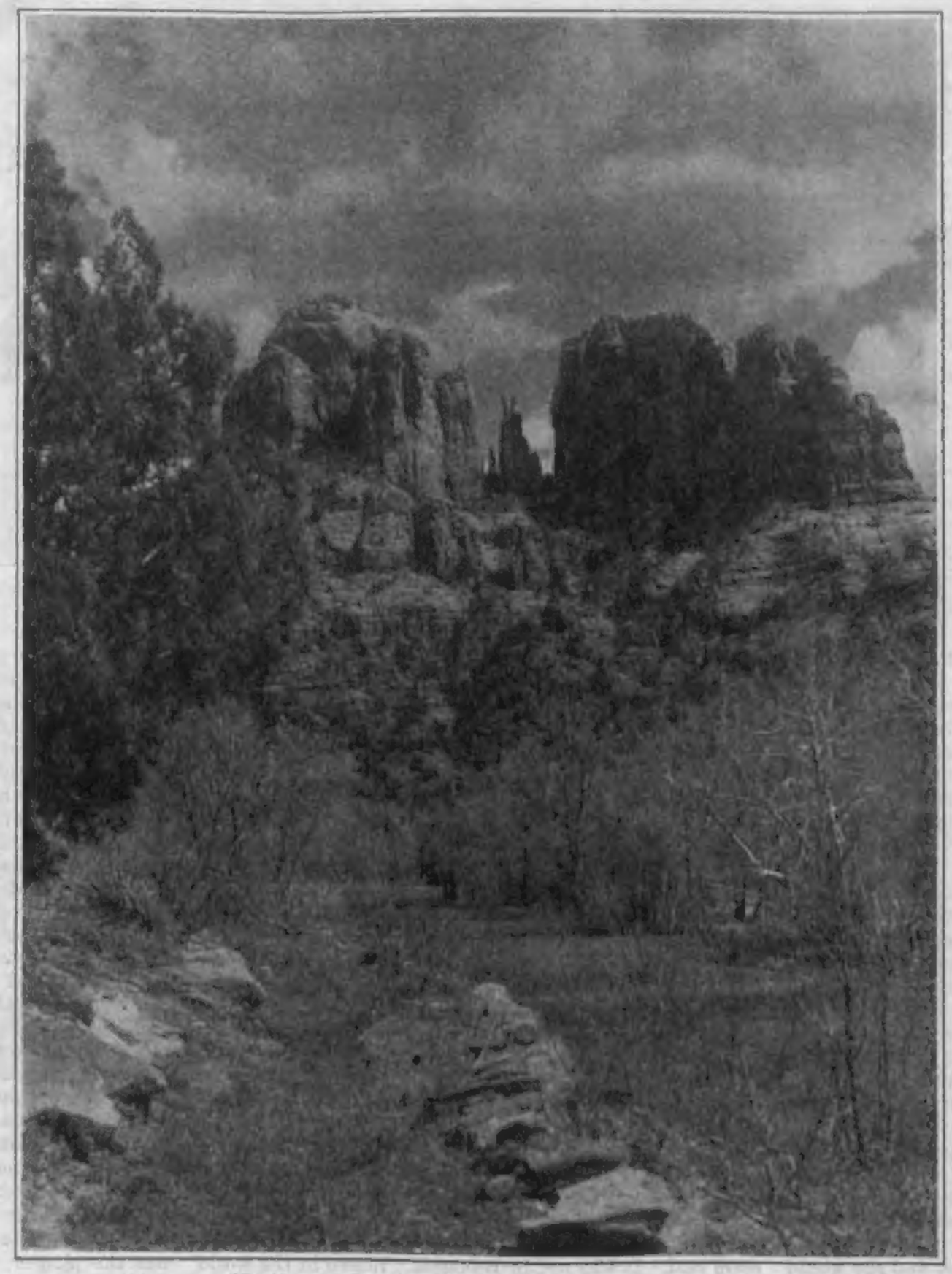


Sacramento Hill, Bisbee, Before Stripping Operations Began

To save time, let us drop the eloquent and passionate but rather meaningless language of denunciation and see just what the specific allegations are. Boiled down and free from adjectives, it is alleged that company-controlled towns, company-owned stores, company-owned newspapers, the reputed activity of companies in politics and legislation, their employment of detectives and guards, and finally their attitude toward the payment of taxes, are not for the best interests of the communities in which they operate or of the state as a whole.

It will be observed perhaps that no reference is here made to the immediate implication in the title of this article—that is, the physical absence or distance of the owners.

"Who cares a snap where these men of millions reside?" is the caustic question of a procompany paper. "The thousands who draw their daily wage from the coffers of the copper corporations have little or no interest in the habits or abiding place of the men who are backing these enterprises. . . . Their interests lie in the continuity of operations alone. It means little to them whether their employers live in Timbuktu or Yucatan. These toilers being the parties chiefly interested, what is the purpose of the wail about absentee capitalists?"



The Rugged Beauty of the Copper Country in Arizona

The Vital Point

"THE thousands of contented and prosperous persons who make up this community might have been struggling for existence under far less favorable conditions in other corners of creation but for the enterprise of the nonresident capitalists who have expended millions in making this the best copper camp in the United States. Yet every once in a while some political pap sucker lets out a squeak about absentee capital. The purpose of these sneers not appearing, they are accepted as the slaverings of senility, the foolish ravings of a politically deranged imagination."

Without in any way subscribing to the sentiments in the last two sentences just quoted, we may none the less assume with entire safety that such words as "absentee ownership," "landlordism" and "capitalism" constitute mere catch phrases behind which lurk a general summation of undefinable bitterness, either warranted or unwarranted, against corporations and capital as such, or else specific charges of a much more serious nature. Certainly one of the important points about capital is not where the owner lives, but whether he has the nerve to put it into a specific proposition, in competition with all other industries and sections of the world available for investment.

In every mining camp visited I asked whomever I saw whether he thought the miners cared whether the owners were absent or present.

"No," said one company manager, "if you listen in on the average miner's conversation you will find it has to do with gossip concerning the waitress in the restaurant."

A less flippant view was that the average miner on the day shift eats

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Our Sentimental Pilgrimage

The Return of the Native—By Marcus Eli Ravage

NEARLY a whole year passed before I managed to get away. It was the most restless and discontented year of my life. Somehow, as long as I stuck in the rut back there in America I did not fret. Now I looked back at those twenty incredible years and marveled that I had survived them. The longing for Vaslui was getting so keen it bordered on pain. It was something vastly more poignant than just homesickness. It became an obsession, a downright hunger.

Time and again I paused and pinched myself to make sure I was not dreaming. I had dreamed about it so long and so often—yes, literally dreamed; back in my slum days, regretfully; later, in the Middle West, with a dull ache; more recently with an adoring tenderness—that I could no longer think of it by daylight as a real place. How many nights, do you suppose, had I seen myself pulling into its little brick station, and heard the conductor shouting "Vaslui, ten minutes," and found my mother exactly where I had left her, and walked up that long road to town, that Via Dolorosa of hers, and reveled in its familiar sights, and vowed that never, never would I go away again? Was there now actually such a place, or had I invented it for some novel I was going to write? Or maybe it was like that village of Germelshausen which I had read about, and which had a trick of disappearing for a hundred years at a time. It would not have surprised me at all if, after landing somewhere in Rumania, I had stepped up to the window to ask for a ticket to Vaslui and had been stared at by the girl agent in stark terror.

PHOTOS FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Soldiers and Shoeless Peasants at the Bukharest Railway Station. Above—Immigrants Enjoying a Thanksgiving Day Dinner as Guests of the United States Government

This dawdling abroad and not getting to the one place that was Europe to me was getting on my nerves. What did I care about Paris and all the rest as long as my Eldorado, Vaslui the Golden, was still hundreds of leagues removed? It was but a station on the way. And I felt as irritated as any traveler whose train is needlessly held up at some junction halfway to his destination.

Longings for Vaslui

ON ONE occasion this tantalizing delay brought me nearly to the breaking point. Not more than a month after our landing in Europe I did succeed in wrenching myself away. I got to Prague. I stopped ten days in Vienna and a week in Budapest, almost touching the threshold of my own country. Then came a telegram, and I had to rush back posthaste to Paris. It looked as if the fates had maliciously conspired to keep me from my goal.

My wife's cruel disillusion never gave me pause. We are supposed to learn by experience. Well, maybe we do by our own, though I doubt even that as a general rule; but never a thing by the experiences of others. I sympathized with Jeanne, of course. At times I smiled inwardly, and if I had dared I might have reminded her that she had been warned. And then again I was glad too. She was getting weaned from her old ties, and she would be all the happier for it when she returned home. But never for one instant did it enter my mind that I was heading for much the same kind of rude blow myself. I dare say that even if some doubt had occurred to me I would not have been disturbed by it very long. I would have told myself that the two cases had practically nothing in common. They never do, you know.

Really now, when you stop to think of it, they were different. Jeanne was a foreign resident returning home. I was an American going to take a peek at a place that in some strange way had once been my home—so strange that it might just as well have been in another life. To Jeanne that birthplace of hers was part of a country and a civilization to which she still belonged. She was going back with more than half a notion to pick up her old threads. That was her undoing. Americans—native ones—may be happy in Paris. There is a whole ghetto of them there. I have even known some of them to settle in Bukharest, which they found quaint, or whatever the word is. But no European who has drunk American water can indulge himself in that luxury and survive.

To me Vaslui was something of a sacred memory. That was about all. It was the place where my father and mother had lived and died. Half the time it was the hardest thing imaginable to convince myself that I had ever been there in the flesh. I had merely heard about it from my parents, so often and so vividly that it had come to seem real. It was not in Rumania. Where in the world was Rumania? I could as easily place Vaslui in Tennessee; but I could not make myself realize that I had ever belonged anywhere but in America.

That green youth who emigrated twenty years before from Vaslui, and who was supposed to be no less a person than myself, was as thin as air. He was just a character in my own book, a mere invention. I could not help smiling as I went back and read of his exploits. That raw, romantic innocent who, without ever having quit his mother's apron strings, setting out to conquer America! And then his fantastic doings in the slums and sweatshops of New York—had I ever been in the skin of that young fool? But little by little he was taking shape. Pretty soon he found his tongue, shed his steerage trappings and wrenched himself loose from the foreign colony altogether. The dumb, gesticulating, unkempt, comic-opera alien dived down into the seething rapids of American life and came up again—a student in a Middle Western college, speaking the language of Missouri, rooting at the games, earning his way through—for all the world one of the hundred million; a sample product of the American miracle plant; a full-eared cornstalk shot up out of a Rumanian mustard seed; an American, not to be distinguished from his fellows, kneaded out of East European dough. And then, and then—he was coming right on. By the eternal, he and I were one!

Anticipations

BUT he had not conquered America, after all; not according to plan anyway. That gave me pause. We were going back to Vaslui, he and I, but minus the million of which he had been so sure. I was not unhappy about that lost hope, nor so much as disappointed. Why should I be? I had not even tried. I had not, when the time came, gone in for that sort of thing at all. I was taking back riches of quite another kind, things that Vaslui never dreamed were to be found in America. Yes, but how would Vaslui take that? To tell my fellow townsmen that I had come home without the one thing that people went to America for, what a ghastly failure they would put me down for! And even if they were to believe my sour-grapes tale it would only make matters worse. It would show me up as an ambitionless ne'er-do-well. What? After twenty years in the land of gold, and not so much as a single million? Others less hopeful than I had come trailing back with theirs in half the time. They said so themselves, and gave proofs of personal grandeur and of munificence that were beyond shamming. I tell you, that was a sobering thought. You can think me vain, if you like; but I was not going home just to make a cynic's holiday. I don't mind admitting that I rather looked forward to a bit of a triumphal entry.

I called to mind that relative of mine—he has figured as Couza in my recollections, and Couza he shall remain—who first set me thinking about America. Of course, I could not hope to get all he got from my home town. He was the pioneer, after all, of returning emigrants. The public welcome at the depot, the banquets and the official

reception, the admiring, cheering crowds in the streets, the hushed whispers about his skyrocket career and his vast fortune—oh, it was splendid! But somehow I was not quite sure that I wanted all that. As a boy of fifteen I had thought it a royal show and added my voice to the resounding ovation, and maybe even dreamed of some day being in Couza's shoes. It seemed a novel kind of parade; an American was a more interesting species of performing bear. But I had found out Couza in the meantime, seen him in his East Side tenement home, and his performance revolted me. Ugh! The bumptious fraud! The stupid lies, the shabby display, the soulless misleading of poor simple people for personal vainglory! No, I would have none of that. Writing and lecturing in America had brought me as much of that counterfeit coin as I cared for. I need not go all the way to Vaslui for the small change. I was not going to set the beloved place on its ear, send my own people grasping after American shadows and make them discontented with their humble lot.

I had a very different kind of message to deliver, and the gist of it was that Couza had lied to them. I would undo the mischief he had perpetrated. I would tell them the plain truth about the land I had made my own. Couza had never emerged from the foreign colony he had tumbled into on the day of his landing. He had never touched elbows with the American reality at all. Therefore he had come dragging with him that rag bag of legends and half truths about the New World that have such a perpetual circulation in the foreign colonies. Perhaps he had not been an impostor, after all. For all I know, he may have believed those tales himself. But I had had the luck to break through the alien's barriers, strike across country and stumble onto something like the real thing. If only I could muster the skill to make my people see what I saw; if I could paint for Vaslui America as I had come to know her; not Couza's stage paradise, but the America that lived and breathed, a land of imperfect men and human institutions, but with the blessing of heaven and the promise of salvation upon them. If I could bring that home to the people of Vaslui I should feel that all my struggles and sufferings had been worth while.

Memories of Hard Knocks

WHAT wouldn't I have given twenty years ago if I had had some honest, intelligent guidance? What heartache and starvation, what disappointments and wrong starts mightn't I have been saved if that fellow Couza had had an eye and a tongue for the truth instead of a mountainous bump of conceit? Well, no youngster from Vaslui should ever be exposed to the hard knocks I got if any warning from me could prevent it. I was not exactly going to scare anybody away from America. But I would see to it that whoever planned to emigrate should embark with his eyes open to what was before him. If Vaslui came bombarding me with questions, as I was certain it would, about the land of gold I had come from it should hear something about the gold, all right; but equally as much about the dross and the hardships of digging for it.

I would tear aside the veil of silence and let out the secret that most of the Rumanians in the United States were peddlers or mine laborers. I would tell my fellow townsmen that there was poverty in America; that a livelihood was not to be picked up in the street but had to be toiled for harder than anybody had ever toiled in Vaslui; that the life of the foreigner was one long, bitter struggle for a foothold. I would warn them that unless they had the rarest gifts or the rarest luck they would be greenhorns, just as I had been, for many long years, and work at dull and ill-paid trades, and live in dark, airless tenements, and be treated to "hunky" and "Dago" by their native neighbors. Worse yet, for the greater number of them the battle would end in no personal triumph of liberation. All but a few would never come out of the wilderness into the promised land. They would finish as they began, inconsiderable nobodies, factory hands and petty traders, aliens in an indifferent world. Some would lose their way altogether and drift into the underworld.

I would say a word, too, about the sorrows of divided families in immigrant households. Here in Vaslui their wives would be of their own race and temper, sisters of their friends, girls who grew up along with them. Their children would be their own, because they would be reared in the ways and traditions of their fathers. Over there,

Rumanian Farmers

America would thrust a meddling hand into their homes and drive a wedge between husband and wife and between parents and children. The women they married would doubtless be immigrants like themselves, but they would probably hail from some other end of the world, with strange ideas and tastes and prejudices. And their descendants would speak an alien tongue and think alien thoughts, and not infrequently they would scorn their elders as greenhorns and inferiors. The American foreign colonies were full of these little domestic tragedies.

But then, having raised my danger signal, I was going to turn the medal on the reverse and sing of the glories of my adopted land as only we adoptive Americans know how. They had heard, hadn't they, Couza and all his successors ring the welkin with the liberty and equality and the unbounded opportunities of America? Well, it was true; more than true. It was no wild romance; it was pure gospel. The facts were immensely more wonderful than any emigrant prophet had reported them. There was education, for instance.

The Land of Opportunity

HERE in Rumania even the common schools were so few and cramped that a large number of children were forced to be tutored at ruinous expense to their parents. High schools and colleges were practically beyond the reach of all except the rich and the socially elect. In America any youngster who had the will and the ambition could go straight through from kindergarten to the university without the cost of a cent to his parents. The state or the city would even supply him with books and lead pencils. If he was very poor he might in some places get his lunches free of charge. If he showed the right mettle the school would find him work for his afternoons and summers, so that he could clothe himself properly. And not only boys and girls; the Government and a multitude of civic bodies provided free evening schools for adults so that the forward-looking immigrant might as quickly as possible acquire the language and the ways of the country and make the most of his energy and ability.

Indeed, in spite of my warning, the foreigner with talent and determination would find little to hamper his progress. America threw no artificial handicaps in the way of ambitious, industrious men. All the reports they might have heard about race prejudice and discrimination were nothing to be disturbed about. They were confined to little

(Continued on Page 129)

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

A Group of Rumanians at the Sunday Market. Above—Examining Immigrants at Ellis Island

PINE MAST

By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

He Knew That He Was Disgraced in the Eyes of Scaur People When He Allowed His Wife to Help Him in His Hay and Corn

WHEN Eddie Tuck, grimacing and mewing in default of articulate speech, toiled up the steep slant with his letter, David Treadway stood thigh deep in seedling pines, his head tilted far back to scowl up at the great gaunt tree beyond the line fence. He did not at once respond to the half-witted boy's squeaks and gurgles. The Mark Pine had spread these weeds over his upper pastures so that the sheep were finding less grass than ever, although it was only June. Twice in the last twenty years Treadway had carried his grub hoe over these rocky uplands, clearing away that infringing overgrowth so that the soil in the shallow pockets between outcropping ledges might yield a niggardly pasturage for his flock. He saw now that the work was to do again. In his mood a more demonstrative man would have lifted a clenched fist at the solitary giant that scattered its winged seed over his acres. David Treadway, grim and still, merely lifted his hawk's face to express his malice.

The old tree had begun to die years ago. A bare, gnarled fang projected twenty feet above the spread of wind-tortured branches, and from the naked summit a sentinel crow, marking the absence of a deadly weapon, proclaimed the fact to invisible companions. As he gazed upward at his ancient enemy Treadway saw, with a glow of helpless anger, that the bougha were heavy laden with new cones. There would be another fall of mast this year to seed down his pastureland with pines. Even when he had sweated out the present overgrowth the work would not be done.

To Treadway's exasperation, there was something impudent, almost indecent, in this senescent vigor. It made him think of old Simeon Tuck, with one foot in the grave and the other ready for the county farm, taking a fourth wife at seventy and fathering the mumbling idiot who twitched now at Treadway's sleeve. This tree, he thought, was old enough to know better. And yet, as he turned slowly from the sight of those thick-clustering cones, he became aware, unwillingly, of a formless sympathy, as if, too, there was pathos in the spectacle.

Eddie, delighted like a dog that succeeds at last in attracting notice, capered and pranced and mewed. Treadway took the folded paper from him. He knew the stiff script at once for Persis Maldrum's, and again his glance lifted to the pine, protected against the ax by her obstinate whim. His lip twisted as he read the stilted, formal phrases. If he could make it convenient to come immediately to the Maldrum house he would confer a sensible favor on Persis and her husband. He scowled again. The Maldrums had money in stocks and things. Persis took it for granted that everybody else could afford to waste half a day on a neighborly attention. In spite of himself he was a little gratified by the innuendo of the appeal. It included him, somehow, with the Maldrums, in a different class from the other people left in the Scaur—the Tucks and the Whitchers and Slacks.

He struck slantingly down the hill, Eddie frisking beside him. In a fold of the slope, presently, he saw the grouped roofs of his farm buildings, and his mood lifted. Always the sight of them pleased him square, solid structures, in decent paint and order, a proof that a man could support life and self respect in the Scaur a man with proper path in him. He quickened his step. Eddie helped him hitch the colt to the buckboard and crowed happily as they drove down the narrow road toward the cleft in the hills from which the Scaur took its name.

Here, in the deeper soil, the spring was farther advanced than on the harsher slopes. There was a smell of eager growth in the still air, touched with the wet breath of the brook. Twice, passing dejected homesteads, far fallen in decay, Treadway nodded approval at small, irregular cornfields, showing a sturdy young crop.

Somehow, now, the thought of the Mark Pine no longer irritated him. There was, instead, a kind of pity in him for the old tree, gathering its dwindling strength for another futile effort to procreate its kind on the naked hills. It seemed to induce in Treadway a dim sense of self-pity. He and the Mark Pine were alike in this, at least: When they were gone the line would end. There would be no more Treadways in Treadway's Scaur, after David.

He seemed to regret and resent this for the first time. It wouldn't be long now. He felt as strong as ever, but he was fifty. He dwelt on the reflection as he drove; it was queer that he didn't feel fifty; it might have been last year that he'd come back from Andersonville to the empty house.

At the granite retaining wall at the foot of the Maldrum lawn Eddie Tuck made a great show of hitching the colt, tying and untying the strap until Persis Maldrum came down the graveled walk and sent him sharply back to his work with the lawnmower. She was small and fragile; her figure, in its inevitable black silk, almost youthful, in spite of the limp in her walk. She rested one hand on Treadway's arm as they went up to the house, her voice brisk and indignant.

"I can't imagine what they mean by it, David! I've done enough for the society, all these years, to deserve more consideration than this! The creature can't speak a word of English, and she looks—well, you'll see soon enough what she looks like. If I hadn't remembered that you could talk French I'm sure I don't know what we'd have done with her."

Treadway made no effort to interrupt. He knew that eventually the gaps in Persis Maldrum's narrative would be adequately filled in, and something to spare, by old Herb Maldrum. It was easier to wait for enlightenment.

"Don't know if I can remember any French," he said in a pause. "It's a good while since I learned what little I knew. Forget a sight in twenty-odd years, Persis."

She paid no attention.

"I'll put a fly in that secretary's ear, I can promise you!" Mrs. Maldrum had a trick of amending and refining locutions that impressed her as crude. Nice people did not speak of fleas, even in a figurative sense. Flies were decently mentionable. "The idea of sending me a woman ——"

Presently, under Herbert Maldrum's supplementary remarks, the story came clear. His wife had at last admitted the need of help in her housekeeping, and, rather than experiment with the run-down breed of Tucks or Whitchers, had written to the secretary of one of her select charities, a society for protecting immigrants, asking for a suitable servant.

"And the woman sent me ——" Persis let her shoulders complete the sentence. "Wait, I'll fetch her. Maybe you can make her understand that she won't do. I can't."

In a rear room her voice rose, as if loud speech would somehow cross a linguistic gulf.

"You come right in here. We've got somebody that can talk to you, I guess."

David Treadway stared at the woman who followed her into the sitting room. She would have looked queer anywhere, he thought. Here, in the prim, stiff artificiality of Persis Maldrum's house, she was almost comic—a short, strong figure, deep of chest and hip and thick of waist; a wide, square face, from which dark eyes seemed to stab at him; hair smoothed flat in some strange foreign style; a firm, straight mouth, as tight lipped as his own. He fumbled uncertainly for memories of those French lessons, a mere device to kill the suffocating dullness of the prison months in Andersonville. At the first stumbling word a rush of swift, unintelligible jargon overwhelmed him. He lifted his hand protestingly. Gradually, as he made her understand his limitations, as his sleeping recollections stirred again, he pieced out her story and interpreted it for Persis and her husband.

"Says she's from Alsace," he told them. "You know—used to belong to France till the Germans took it, back in '71. Near as I can make out her brother ran away and 'listed in the French Army soon as he grew up. Germans made it so hot for her folks they had to get out. Father died on the ship coming over."

"Yes, I know all about that." Persis sighed. "That secretary wrote. What I want is to make the creature understand that I can't keep her. I'll pay her fare back to Boston, although I've no call to. I ought to make that secretary pay it."

He managed, with some pains, to convey the message to the foreign woman. He made out something of her answer.

"Says she wants to stay," he announced. "Says she can work hard." He listened once more. "Guess she's trying to say she likes the country; says it's kind of like where she came from, up here."

Persis Maldrum's tongue clicked impatiently against her teeth. He did his best to interpret her answer to the black-eyed alien, marveling at himself for a mounting disapproval of Persis; a blind, reasonless sense of identification with this strange, outlandish woman; and, below this, a recurring thought of the Mark Pine, as if, somehow, there was a relation between the three.

"Says she'll go back," he announced at length. Persis hastily counted out money.

"Tell her to pack up her things in a hurry," she ordered. "Tell her the train goes in two hours, and it'll take half the time to get to the station."

The Alsatian woman took the bills as of right, without thanks, and went out of the room, evidently to pack. David Treadway's mission was seemingly completed; but he kept his chair in spite of a reproachful thought of his neglected work. The Mark Pine came uppermost in his mind. It was a good time to speak of it to Herb Maldrum, after driving all the way down here to do him a service.

"Scatters seed all over my land," he explained. "Sheep won't eat it back, and I got to clear out the seedlings every little while. Cut it for you—draw down the saw log if it's sound wood, free."

He heard, inattentively, a counter argument. Persis liked to see the tree from her window; it made a good landmark, standing due north from the Maldrum house; it was the only survivor of the pine woods that she remembered, the forest that had covered the whole slope of the hills. Still, if he made a point of it ——

"Bound to die pretty soon, anyway," he said. "Probably winterkill this year."

"Seems a pity to cut it, then."

"Spread another crop of mast this fall," he explained. "Blows all over my upper fields."

The woman reappeared, wearing an outlandish cape that made her seem even sturdier than before, and carrying a clumsy bundle. Again he had that baffling sense of

some association involving her and David Treadway with the Mark Pine. It puzzled him so that he hardly heard Herbert Maldrum's grudging assent to his request.

"You'd better tell her the road, David, before you go. She's bound to lose her way if you don't, and there's nobody else in the Scaur could make her understand."

"Got my rig outside," he heard himself saying. "Might as well drive her down to the railroad. Kind of a long walk."

Persis thought this was very considerate and told the woman so, speaking loudly. Treadway repeated his offer in his limping French. The woman nodded, without a sign of gratitude. He wondered why he should keep thinking of the Mark Pine and this queer alien, as if there was a link between them. He stowed her bundles under the seat of the buckboard and cramped the wheel to let her climb in, Eddie Tuck's amiable mews of farewell in his ears. He was oddly conscious of her nearness as he climbed over the wheel to his place beside her, of an unfamiliar constraint upon him, of fragmentary thoughts which would not steady and clear to coherence.

He drove silently, contemplating this inner confusion with a reluctant, curious interest. Inexplicably he was suddenly sorry for himself. It became a cause for pity that he was fifty, the last of his breed, dying slowly, like the Mark Pine, in the upland glen that had been named for old Daniel Treadway, holding it by the strong hand against the Indians and their French and British allies. His self-compassion deepened at the thought of Eddie Tuck, capering idiotically on the Maldrum lawn. Eddie seemed to stand as a kind of symbol of the stock that would be left when David Treadway died—Tucks and Whitchers and Slacks, inbred, generation after generation, from the poorest of their poor strains, the human dregs that settled in the Scaur after successive drainings.

He thought of the men he had envied as they left the Scaur in the days of the gold rush to California; of the others who had followed him down to the county-seat recruiting office during the war; the steady outward stream of the succeeding years. Now, where there had been fifty families and farms, the land was going back to weed and scrub and waste, the houses falling apart; perhaps a dozen homes remaining—homes where slack-jawed, slattern women bore such progeny as Eddie Tuck. He moved his head so that the tail of an eye could see the woman at his side, as if, absurdly, to contrast her with those others.

She gave him, in that brief oblique inspection, a sense of kinship, sudden and strong, across the difference of race and speech. He seemed to know that she was nearer to his own kind than even the Maldrums. He thought of the one daughter to whom that line had dwindled, the clever girl who had escaped the Scaur by marrying the thin-chested professor from the academy at Rannett. Ridiculously, it was Edith Maldrum who seemed alien to him now, this woman who stirred in him that half-forgotten clan instinct he had not felt since the old wound had killed his half brother the year after the war.

He found words to ask her why she wanted to stay and caught the sense of her answer from the one look, the swift, fierce motion of arm that seemed to include the whole inclosure of the hills. Incredibly he heard his voice stumbling through an insane suggestion, pieced and illuminated by awkward gestures. He saw her twist her body to face him, felt the stabbing question of her black eyes, saw them soften and go strangely bright again. The protests of his common sense seemed to come from far off. He barely heard them. A slow heat of triumph came upon him, a reviving conviction of strength and youth that would endure. He seemed in some strange, unreasoning fashion to lay fresh hold on something that was more permanent and substantial even than these things, even than life, so that as the wheels creaked down the slope to the huddle of houses beside the tracks he could see death as a futile and trivial event.

Persis Maldrum met him at the front door, her sharpened features eloquent of determination and displeasure.

"Don't tell me the creature's persuaded you to fetch her back, David. I won't ——"

He held out the bills she had given Berthe.

"She won't be needing this money, Persis. She ain't going." He thrust the bills into her hand, resisting a desire to laugh at the blankness of her eyes. "Going to take her up yonder to keep house for me. Been needing somebody a good while."

He watched the look change, waited until he saw her draw breath. Then, before she could speak, he added, "Elder married us, down t' the village, Persis."

"Married! That woman!"

He saw her glance flicker out toward the buckboard like the lash of a whip; saw her face harden as with disgust, contempt. It was the strangest of all the day's absurdities, he thought as he walked back to his wife, that he could face that look with only an amused compassion for Persis Maldrum's utter failure to understand what seemed so clear to him, the conviction, deeper than reason, that this Aleutian woman was his kind—yes, Persis' kind too.

II

A CERTAIN stealth brought David Treadway soundlessly to the woodhouse door. In his six weeks of married life he had learned to substitute diplomacy for argument in certain matters, especially this mysterious conviction of Berthe's that a woman might decently work in the fields at her husband's side. His fragmentary French could not enlighten her on the point, especially now that she had taken to insisting on English as their common speech, affecting stubbornly to misunderstand him when he used her tongue instead. He discovered in himself a strangely divided attitude toward this peculiarity of hers. He knew that he was disgraced in the eyes of Scaur people when he allowed his wife to help him, like a hired hand, in his hay and corn; and yet, after his years of solitary labor there was an obstinate satisfaction in her company, an unworthy pride in the strength and skill that all but matched his own. It seemed, somehow, to vindicate the rashness of his marriage that this woman of his could cook and wash and mend and still find time to do a good half day's labor on the farm. He opposed the thought when he remembered his birthright, but it persisted in spite of him. Even now, as he moved quietly to the open arch of the shed, he half hoped that Berthe would hear him and come out. It was a long climb up to the hill pasture; it would be shorter if Berthe should insist on coming with him.

He paused with a hand on the helve of his best ax, flat against the wall in its strap socket, his glance on the stack of fuel piled nearest to the kitchen door. There was again a touch of shame below a reluctant admiration. Even the shiftless slatterns in the tumble-down houses on the glen floor would have despised the stinginess of using such stuff for their cooking fires when there was plenty of good stove wood to be had for the cutting. And yet, against his will, he liked to remember Berthe, obstinately refusing to let him burn that great heap of brush he had trimmed out of the old orchard, wielding her short-handled ax on the twigs and gathering them swiftly into such fagots as these. She'd cooked with the stuff ever since the day she caught him in the act of burning the pile. His lips moved reminiscently; Berthe could cook, no matter what sort of wood she used. He sniffed at the suggestive smell from the kitchen—she was making soup again, out of nothing, as always. He had done his own cooking long enough to be interested in the mystery of her thrift. She seemed able to feed them both on such odds and ends as he would have thrown away.

He heard the creak of hinges and saw her in the doorway, the slow smile lifting the corners of her grim-lipped mouth

"Ready," she said. He grinned at the sound of the word, the rolling value of the "r," deep in her throat. He shook his head.

"You stay here, Bert. Got to go up on the hill. Cut a tree. Too far."

He had learned not to condense his sentences beyond his habitual brevity. She had made him understand that she would learn his language faster if he used it naturally. He discovered that she was right; already she could understand most of what he said.

"A tree?" She frowned. "Not good now. Not good wood."

He nodded agreement, pleased at another sign of her shrewdness. Summer was no time to cut timber, of course. But the thick-clustered cones on the Mark Pine would soon be letting their winged seeds float over the pasture again. He wagged his head. No use trying to explain that to Berthe.

"All right to cut this tree," he said. "You come and see if you want to."

She nodded, went into the house and reappeared, wearing the wide-brimmed chip hat she had made him buy for her after her first sight of his. He shouldered his ax contentedly. She'd never been clear to the line fence. He felt a new pleasure in the mere size of his holding as he saw those barren, rocky fields through Berthe's eyes. Never, till she had come, had he thought of his four hundred acres as anything to be

She Had Jumped Between Him and the Great Pine, Her Back Against the Trunk, Her Arms Outspread

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A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

By RICHARD CONNELL

I MET him again in this way: The revolving door of the excessively fashionable St. Erdman Hotel was spinning around furiously—and yet no one came forth. My eye spied this phenomenon; and, ever curious, I paused on Fifth Avenue and watched. Round and round sped the door like the Ferris Wheel in a squirrel cage propelled by an athletic squirrel gone mad. So fast did the door revolve that with difficulty I made out a small figure in a brown suit in one of the compartments. It was he who was making a whirligig of the door. Then I saw another figure, very bulky and cholerically red in the face and wearing the purple-and-gold livery of the hotel, stop the buzzing door and with outraged thumb and forefinger pick up the little man in brown by the collar, pop him out of the door like a tiddledywink and send him bouncing across the sidewalk in my direction. The little man picked himself up, apparently not in the least angry, cast not a single malediction at the broad purple back of the doorman, but began to brush himself off thoughtfully. Then I saw that he was Hosmer Appleby, with whom I had had a casual acquaintance in college some five years before.

"Why, hello, Appleby," I greeted him. "Are you hurt?"

"I shall not have one," was his reply. "I do not like them."

I stared at Appleby, uncertain whether he was dazed by his recent experience, or was perhaps psychopathic, or had been drinking.

"You do not like what?" I queried.

"Revolving doors," he said. "I've tried them in seven buildings now, and I don't like any of them. No; I shan't have one. That's settled."

He addressed me as if I were trying to compel him to have a revolving door, willy-nilly

"There, there," I said soothingly, convinced now that his mind was affected. "You need not have revolving doors if you don't want them "

"But what kind shall I have?" he demanded, looking at me anxiously. "What kind would you have?"

"Have? For what?"

"Why, for your house, of course," he said.

"But I have no house, Appleby."

I fancied that he looked at me pityingly.

"Neither have I " he said; "but I am going to have one."

"Are you? Where?"

"In the country."

"Whereabouts in the country?"

"I don't know yet." Then, in a tone that was rapt, if not actually reverent, he said, "Yes, some day I'll have a house in the country."

"When?"

"I wish I knew," Appleby said. "As soon as I save enough to build the house and to provide a small income for myself."

"You're married then?"

"Oh, no; no, indeed. Nothing like that," he assured me hastily.

"Then what the dickens do you want with a house in the country?"

"I'll tell you," said Appleby. "Where can we go and talk?"

I suggested a certain coffee house, hidden away in a side street.

"The coffee," I said, as we started there, "is the best Java in New York. It is raised for the exclusive use of a royal family in Europe; but now and then the royal steward sells a bag to this coffee house. It has to be smuggled in, bean by bean; the man said so."

"Smuggled in, bean by bean," repeated Appleby. "Do you think I could get a bag?"

"A whole bag? What for?"

"For my house, of course," he said. "I could serve it at the housewarming."

"Well," I said, "it strikes me that a fellow who plans what sort of coffee he'll serve at the housewarming of a house that isn't even started yet must like to peer into the future "

"I do," said Appleby seriously.

As we neared the coffee house he suddenly darted from my side. With some apprehension I saw him, by a somewhat hazardous display of gymnastic ability, mount a window ledge that he might examine closely one of the old ship lanterns that served to light the sign of the coffee house.

He climbed down, shaking his head.

"It won't do," he said.

"It won't do what?" I asked.

"It won't do for my house," he replied.

As we entered the vestibule he dropped to his knees and ran an appraising hand over the doormat.

"Too prickly," he announced. "For me, at any rate."

While Waiting for the Customs Inspectors I Decided to Take a Last Stroll About the Vast Ship

We took a table in the little back room, and while Appleby inquisitively fingered the curtain material and searched the bottom of the sugar bowl for the maker's mark, I examined him. Save for the addition of a blond snippet of mustache, he was much the same as he had been in college. He wore the same sort of assiduously brushed brown suit, the same careful necktie, the same intent, intense air.

"Did you see the Yale game this year?" I asked.

"No; but let me tell you about my house," he answered "Just now it's to be a rather simple affair of, say, ten rooms; a low, rambling house of the English type, with plaster walls showing the trowel marks; or I may have it of field stone, with a beamed ceiling in the living room and "

"But why are you going to build it, Appleby?"

He looked solemn.

"Because of my philosophy of life," he said.

"I don't see "

"This is what I mean," he explained: "I came out of college about as well prepared for life as a snake is prepared to ride a bicycle. I'd no idea what I wanted to do. First, I thought I'd like to be a painter; I lived on art and sausages for five months; then I ran out of paint and sausages. So I went to work in an advertising agency. I'm not just sure now why I did. I think I ran into some fellow who said advertising was a young giant still in its infancy and advised me to get in on the ground floor; I remember the metaphor, if not the fellow. I did get in on the ground floor and I stayed there for four months. Then I lost interest in the superlative merits of the hair restorer my company advertised, and left the young giant still in its infancy "

The coffee came; he, absent-mindedly, drank some.

"I entered finance," he went on. "That is to say, I trekked all over town trying to find someone feeble-minded enough to buy a bond from me. Not finding anyone, I entered foreign trade; meaning, I sat at a desk and tried to sell dolls in gross lots to Peruvian importers. I did this for some endless months. One day I found myself looking out of my ninth-story window and wondering why I didn't jump. 'Why,' I found myself asking myself, 'do I continue to live? Do I care a snap about dolls in gross lots? I do not! Do I like Peruvians? Not at all! In fact, they both bore me. Life,' I said to myself, 'is as empty as a used cantaloupe.' What had I to live for?"

Appleby sipped his coffee, and I said I didn't know.

"Nothing," he said; "nothing. What was my life? Same routine. Get up in the morning: miserable business, getting up. Shave myself; always painful; tender skin, you know. Breakfast; same old coffee, same old cereal, same old eggs. Jostle down to the office. Same dolls: same Peruvians. Lunch with earnest young exporters; same oatmeal crackers and milk; same talk about profits and markets. Back to the office; 'Miss Gurry, take a letter: "Yours of the fourteenth received, and in reply would say in re shipment of 325 gross of best India-rubber dolls, style 7BB—squeaking—am shipping same f. o. b., Wappingers Falls, N. Y., at once."' Oh, you know the line. Home to my apartment, the size of a police patrol. Read the papers. Same old bunk. 'Strike Situation Serious.' 'International Situation Serious.' 'Pugilistic Situation Serious.' Everything serious, everybody serious Dinner; that's serious too. Same old question: What shall I do to kill the evening? Read a book? The usual bunk; either romance about people who are too happy, or realism about people who are not happy enough. Go to a show? The old plots, the old lines, the old girls. Same banalities; same strutting hams spouting moss-covered buckets of bunk. Call on a girl? Ghastly bore. Same old 'Have you seen this or have you read that? Isn't it shocking about the Warps getting a divorce, or nice about the Woofs getting married? Do you believe a man and a girl can really be friends in the strictest sense of the word, and how is your golf game getting on?' Home to bed, wind the alarm clock; same old dreams, and then -br-r-ring—7:30—same thing all over again. I was slaving at work I hated, and what was I getting out of it? What was it all leading to?"

Again he sipped coffee; again I said I didn't know; again he launched himself.

"Nothing," he said; "nothing. There I was at twenty-four doing work I loathed in order to lead a life that bored me. The whole business seemed as pointless as an aquarium without fish. What could I do to make life worth living?"

"Well, what did you do?" I asked.

"First, I analyzed the situation. I always was analytic, you know. Then I decided what I must do. I must have

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UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

THE summer is a dead season in the real-estate business," said old Hopper as he shook hands with his son Harold at the foot of the gangplank. "I guess you won't be able to do much to the business while I am in Europe."

"You'll be surprised, dad!" called Harold confidently as his father clumped up the roped way to the ship.

A bell rang. "All ashore that's going ashore!"

The old gentleman leaned over the side and megaphoned through his hands. "I don't want to be!" he shouted almost inaudibly.

"I say—you'll be—surprised!" roared Harold back. "Good-by, dad, good-by!"

That was a week ago, and already—so quickly had Harold caught on—he perceived several ways in which his father's business could be improved. He would make changes. His father was sixty and Harold was twenty-two. A man of twenty-two, feeling his life in every limb, believes in change: a man of sixty is impressed by the fact that there is a great deal of change in the world already; one should seek, rather, after conservation and stability in a universe where nothing stands still, or can.

On the wall of the Old Man's room in the big real-estate office on West Seventy-second Street—you know Hopper's, if you've done any house hunting—hung Harold's Bachelor of Arts degree, from Central University. His father had hung it with pride; his boy had done something. On the cream-tinted walls hung also mementos of things that the Old Man had achieved: There was a photograph of the last annual dinner of the Board of Realty Brokers—at the high table at the right hand of the president of the board sat Old Man Hopper with face steeled against the unnerving glare of the flashpowder; there were pictures of Astoria Court and Britton Chambers and Graham Hall, great apartment houses under his management; there was a holographic letter from Samuel Untermyer thanking Felix J. Hopper for his services in helping to pass the rent laws—this latter was hung modestly, as a view of it affected real-estate owners varyingly. The past, Old Man Hopper might have said, is an investment; the future is highly speculative. His boy might prove a dub at the real-estate business, but he was certainly a Bachelor of Arts.

He Rose and Approached the Officer as Though He Would Leap Upon Him and Throttle Him

Harold glanced through the open door at the long rows of desks. The desks were big and heavy, mahogany, brass-bound—sixty of them. He saw the clerks and brokers out there, all correct, smart. His glance touched the uniformed doorman, flitted approvingly over the pretty stenographers, counted the prosperous-looking clients distributed about. A fine machine! But it seemed to him this morning that the machine was functioning lazily, almost as though it were slowing to a halt; there was not enough of the noise of industry. Girls were gabbing in the typewriting room; a half dozen brokers were gathered about Pennefether's desk, obviously waiting for him to spring the point of a funny story he was telling.

"And an overhead of one hundred and fifty dollars a working hour!" murmured Harold. He frowned at the pink-and-white profile of old Pennefether.

He spoke to Ketch, the manager of the renting department. "What does that Pennefether do, anyway?" he asked sharply. "I never see him doing anything, and he's drawing forty-five per week!"

Ketch took his pipe from his mouth, and his feet from the windowsill, and stopped rubbing the back of his thick neck. He had been deep in contemplation of the renting possibilities of a new apartment house. It hadn't been renting well; would it be advisable to break the price of the apartments immediately after Labor Day, as was usual, or dared he hold to the present schedule for a week or two longer and get the benefit of the first big rush to town from the country? The weather had been very hot, and not many lookers had called at the house; on the other hand, those six-room apartments that had been sticking so had only two baths. The layout of the fours was excellent, but the fives ——

"What's that, Mr. Hopper?" he ejaculated.

"I asked you," said Harold, lifting his eyebrows, "if there was any earthly sense in paying Pennefether forty-five dollars a week to do nothing!"

"He never did anything else," said Ketch, keeping his mind on his problem. "Pennefether is just a business getter. He's a good old skate and everybody likes him."

"I don't."

"Well ——" drawled Ketch doubtfully.

"The overhead in this office is something terrible," said Harold crisply. "I have been going over the statement lately, as I did not want to take any action until I was thoroughly acquainted with all angles. I don't want to interfere with your department, Mr. Ketch, but I must say there are too many men in this office drawing big salaries for doing nothing!"

"Meaning whom—besides Pennefether?" asked Ketch aggressively.

"I was thinking more specifically of Pennefether just now," said Harold.

"You take my advice and leave Pennefether alone," grumbled Ketch. "I tell you he's a business getter. We can afford to pay him to do nothing. He's a real good fellow and everybody likes him, and lots of people give us their houses on account of Pennefether."

"I don't believe it," said Harold. "That's an obsolete notion, Ketch. People give us their houses because we're capable of managing them. Don't confuse personalities with business, Ketch. Business is a hard matter of dollars and cents, and people give us their houses because it pays them—and that's why!"

"Maybe so," said Ketch. "But we're not the only real-estate firm in the city that knows its business. I remember when your father and I were renting agents at fifteen dollars a week: that's thirty-five years ago, Mr. Hopper. I knew as much as your father in those days, but I always let him handle the lady prospects. He was smooth! They liked him. That was before you were born, eh? Pennefether was one of the first men he took on when he hung out his own sign in the basement of the old private house that used to stand here. If you think Pennefether isn't worth forty-five a week—fire him, and see!"

"That's just what I'm thinking of doing," said Harold.

Ketch shrugged his shoulders and turned away to stare at the windowpane and to massage the back of his neck leisurely, while he mulled over the possibilities of the Doremus apartment house. He was under the necessity of making a vital decision: the rent roll of the house would spell success or failure.

Harold stood for a moment in the doorway, considering with disapproval the renting manager's relaxed attitude. Ketch was an executive, but he did not look like one—to Harold. An executive—or Harold was mistaken—was a uniformly snappy person, crisp, electric, dominating, Napoleonic! -in a word, a person surprisingly like Harold himself. Napoleonic, yes—the central figure in brilliant episodes. Harold's historical reading had not shown him the little marshal planning a campaign, sunk in his coat, slumped in his chair, silent, brooding, while his council debated above him. A power of decision—instant, radical, startling—was, to Harold, an attribute of any proper executive. Harold had it.

Harold returned to his private room and sat in his swivel chair. His eye lighted on a polychrome motto that he had inserted beneath the plate-glass top of the desk; it said Do it Now!

He had added several such wise sayings in polychrome to the decorations of the office. Among these were Today is My Busy Day, and Private Grounds—No Camping! and We Can't Pay Rent With Your Funny Stories. These were not entirely satisfactory to him as condensations of business philosophy, and at times he was not sure that they were courteous, but they were the best he could get. He believed firmly in the virtue of apothegms; he believed that if one were acquainted with enough wise sayings, and should act upon them inexorably, his success would be automatic.

It would be a harsh thing to discharge Pennefether, but ——

"Business is business!" he muttered, frowning.

And that, no doubt, was a wise saying too, and meant a great deal to anybody who understood what business was.

II

"GOOD morning, George," said Pete Pennefether, strolling into the office with a jolly smile for the colored door man.

"Mawnin', Mist' Pennefether, suh!" bowed the door man, grinning.

Pete strolled down the aisle between the desks. Pete always strolled; his gait was rolling; he was a member of the veteran association of the Seventh New York Militia, but he must have been an awkward soldier, marching easily only at route step. He walked boyishly, as though his body were not yet hardened into maturity; he was fifty-two years of age. His thick hair had been black, and was now white, but his face was round and unwrinkled, his teeth were perfect, and his brown eyes were full and merry. He was broad and fat, and stepped widely for ease—an easy-going, lazy, good-natured fellow, intelligent, sophisticated, but lacking any will to succeed in life.

"Hello, Pete," grinned the new office boy, who had never heard the broker's last name.

"Hello, son," grumbled Pete, unoffended.

He walked into Ketch's office.

"Hello, Joe," he said, placing his hand upon the manager's shoulder. "Here's a house I got for you last night. Cold-water flat over on Columbus Avenue; Jenkins can put it on his list. The owner's an old lady that knows somebody I know; she asked me to take charge of it for her. There's nothing much in it, but I guess we can take hold of it."

"Sure, Pete," agreed Ketch. "Give the rent list to Jenkins. And, say, Pete "

"Well?"

"Never mind. I was going to speak about something, but—it'll do later on. But, say, Pete!"

"Yes?"

"Come in and see me in a day or two, will you? I think I'll have something for you "

"What's the matter with coming out and seeing me?" said Pete, strolling off.

He lumbered to his desk and hung his near-Panama on a paper file.

"Hello, Jim, old sock!" he called jovially to the broker who was facing him across the abutting desk.

He stared about the office, waving at employes, calling aloud, as though he had not seen them in months instead of in sixteen hours. To gaze anew upon a friend's face seemed to fill Pete Pennefether with a delight ever renewed. For all his easy geniality, his friendship was not held lightly; people were glad to know him, for he was a man of some natural distinction. He was of impressive physique, and as shrewd as any, but mentally and physically lazy, taking the easiest way. He could be very active in the cause of a friend, though never in his own. And in his fifty-third year he was an employe, drawing forty-five dollars a week. One who could penetrate the loyalty of Pete's friends might have heard a story of his early manhood, and of a wife who had died in childbirth.

Jim Cameron had looked up and spoken, pleasantly but shortly, and had plunged again into his work. He was a plugger, clever but unimpressive; he was ordinarily addressed in the office as Cameron. He was a deferential and unassuming fellow, rather short, strongly but plainly built, a work horse. His face was full and sallow, his mild blue eyes were faded, his straight and dust-colored hair was thinning on top although he was only twenty-seven. He had been raised on an upstate farm, had come to the city in his twenties, was used to hard work and knew the value of a dollar while he had it. He was the sort of fellow that does the routine work in every big office—an invaluable man, but not decorative. He liked and admired Pete Pennefether, refused to let Pete waste his time, and offered him no advice. Pete appreciated Jim and confidently predicted that Jim would be president of the Hopper organization some day.

Because of his length of service and his knack for pouring oil on troubled machinery, Pete was assistant manager of the renting department of Hopper's. The renting department paid the overhead, and a little more: Hopper's had charge of four hundred and twenty apartment houses, with over ten thousand tenants, and a rent roll of more than a million dollars a month; Hopper's charged 2½ per cent for management and collection. The velvet was in the brokerage department, a group of shrewd and intriguing gentlemen who regarded themselves as the class of the office. They were so regarded by Harold Hopper, who was impressed by the inflow of big commissions all of which were apparently clear profit.

When Harold entered this morning Pete Pennefether was sitting on a desk and knocking his heels against its

He Strolled by Her, Looking Majestic in a Purple Bathrobe

panel and listening to a broken but animated account of a party that the young lady at the switchboard had attended the evening before. Pete glanced up, nodded silently at Harold, and bent his sympathetic attention again to the tale of the party. He would have greeted Old Man Hopper similarly under the circumstances; had he encountered the Old Man in the aisle, and had he had a matter to discuss with him, he might have put his big arm about the little Old Man's shoulders and walked so with him into the private office. Pete liked the Old Man, and had no envy for his superior estate; he liked the pretty switchboard lady too. Pete conceived of the business as a scheme of friendly coöperation. He saw no reason why the Old Man should not take the lion's share; Pete would have taken it with amiability in his place.

He drifted about the office, dropping a word or a joke here and there, making faces to brighten, soothing irritated persons, renewing the self-respect of Hopper's people. To the strictly logical mind, obsessed with the notion that business relations are strictly contractual, he was an unnecessary quantity, an interference with the drive of the office—as logically unnecessary and interfering, say, as is lubricating oil in a machine. When the minds that control industry are overlogical they elide the lubricant of human kindness and fellow feeling, and they are outraged when the machine begins to stick and sputter and strike. Should the machine not go unfalteringly while the fire-making stream of wages is being poured into it? More power! Drive it harder, and the ingots must tumble out and the coal come up!

Pete strolled back to his desk, having made his morning round and spoken to most of the renting agents; the houses were being taken care of properly, the necessary repairs were being attended to, and the rents were flowing in. He called another agent to him with a jerk of the head.

"How did you make out with Mrs. Flegel, Frank?"

"Say, Pete, she's funny," said the agent, Frank, approaching with a chuckle, sure of a sympathetic audience. "You know the apartment she's got—that twelve-room duplex in the De Forest? Well, I go there yesterday morning and a Jap butler opens the door. He shows me into the dining room, and there's Mrs. Flegel eating her breakfast. I bet you couldn't furnish that dining room for less than twenty thousand dollars, Pete. And there she is, eating bacon and eggs with the plate on that beautiful big table, and not even a napkin or a tablecloth. She begins to bawl me out about that spot on her bathroom ceiling. It had her all worked up—a little discoloration that you can't hardly see—and you know where she lived five years ago. Well, she's eating and talking, and she gets a big piece of bacon on the end of her fork, and she begins to wave it at me, and she says, 'Now, look here, Mr. Harris, I ain't used to this kind of service'—waving the bacon. 'Us high-class tenants,' she says, waving the bacon—'us high-class tenants ——' Of course, I never cracked a smile, but—funny!"

"Ha, ha," chuckled Pete. "She's funny, Frank. But she's a good skate if you take her right; if you rub her the right way. But, say, Frank, whether she's funny or not, she's paying five hundred a month for that flat, and she is entitled to A1 service. You get Schlesinger right away, and hustle him around there, and tell him to do anything she wants done to that bathroom ceiling. That was funny about the bacon, wasn't it! But, say, Frankie, don't tell anybody else about that. It's likely to get around to Mrs. Flegel, and she'll get on her ear. She's really a very nice woman, Mrs. Flegel."

III

THE new office boy walked down the aisle. In his hand he held a small yellow envelope of the sort used by the Old Man for the sending of office messages. He walked to Pete Pennefether's desk, leaned over it, and sailed the envelope across to Jim Cameron.

"Mist' Pennefether," he muttered as he walked away.

Pete looked up, supposed the boy had apologized for jostling him, and looked down again at his work.

Jim Cameron picked up the envelope, ripped it open and read the message. He turned more sallow and sat back in his chair. As an afterthought he sat forward quickly and snatched up the envelope to read the inscription. He drew an agitated breath.

He was staring at Pete, who felt his gaze.

"What's the matter, Jim?" asked Pete sharply, noting the trouble in his friend's face. Jim leaned over and gave him the slip, and Pete scanned it:

I beg to inform you that your services will not be required by this company after Saturday noon *prox.* You may use any part of your time until then in seeking to locate yourself elsewhere.

(Signed) HAROLD Q. HOPPER,
For the Company.

"Well, the little pup!" sputtered Pete, turning very red. "Just like that, hey? Don't worry about this, Jim. I'll take care of this. This is a mistake and I'll let him know it mighty quick!"

"Why, yes, Pete," said Jim Cameron, looking still more confused. "It was a mistake. I—I don't think it was meant for me, Pete!"

"You bet it wasn't meant for you!" exclaimed Pete, choking down his voice, which he would have liked to let expand to an office-filling roar. "Why, it would be an infernal outrage! I'll tell him, Jim! I'll tell him that if he wants to start anything like that he can start by discharging me! I guess that will give him something to chew on. Why, Jim, my boy, there isn't a better man or a harder worker in the office than you. Oh, this is a mistake! You bet it is, and I'm going in to tell him so!"

"Well, Pete," said Jim, turning the little envelope about in his hard hand, "I have to tell you that the fact is ——"

"You don't need to tell me anything about it!" cried Pete, his resonant voice breaking loose and being quickly caught again. "I know all the facts, Jim! I know all about you, and if this young fellow thinks he can come in here from nowhere and begin to fire my men without speaking to me—why, he can fire me, that's all! He can have my job like a shot!"

He picked up a glass paperweight and replaced it with a bang. Then he successively picked up an inkwell, a book, a tobacco can and a telephone directory, and slammed them down in place again. He commenced to push the telephone about the desk as if nagging it to accept a fight.

"I'll tell him!" he spluttered. "I'll tell him! I guess he'll listen to me! Not a word out of you, Jim! You sit right there and let me handle this. This is my fight! I wouldn't take this from the Old Man himself, and I sure won't take it from any of his relations. Sit right down again, Jim Cameron, and shut your mouth. You're excited and you'll say something you'll be sorry for. Leave this to me!"

The office was looking up. They gathered that old Pete Pennefether was going in to blow up young Hopper, and they looked forward to the event with pleasure; young Hopper had not been a lubricant. Harold had a strictly logical mind, a martinet's mind, a mathematician's mind, a mind of the classic military type.

Most of them could remember several occasions on which Pete had swaggered into that private room to blow up the Old Man; employes ordinarily stayed with Hopper's They had seen Pete carefully closing the door, closing it behind him with ominous care, even as he was closing it now.

And then had come the blowing up; there had been a startling effervescence of talk behind the door, a few muffled cuss words, and then the door had been flung open, and a diminished but still warlike Pete had swaggered back to his desk. Shortly thereafter the Old Man would issue forth with a face like a thunderclap, and stalk over to Pete's desk, and lean on it, and hit it with his fist, and tell Pete nose to nose who was running the business! Pete would take the Old Man's cigar, but would be unmollified, and would bite it and reject the tip as though it were poisonous, and would strike a match and hold it to the Old Man's cigar, meanwhile shaking his free fist. The Old Man's eyes would bulge from the pressure of the contending wishes to answer Pete and to light that cigar properly. Oh, yes, the Old Man would blow him out again!

The office continued business as usual, talking with a far-away look to clients, totting up figures mechanically, with ears pricked.

Jim Cameron sat staring at the little yellow envelope lying on his deskpad. On the envelope was written: Mr. Peter Pennefether.

Pete carefully shut the door to the private office before addressing Harold; Pete believed in discipline, and it was his fond delusion that the tenor of the conversation on these occasions was unknown to the office at large; he intended so, at any rate.

Harold's eyes brightened suddenly and his jaw set; the face of the man whom he had just discharged foreshadowed trouble, and Harold would not shirk the issue. When Pete turned his daunting glare on him Pete perceived for the first time Harold's resemblance to the Old Man; here was a young Old Man, an Old Man whom life had not yet humanized.

Pete was pleased, anticipating battle.

"Look here, Mr. Hopper," said Pete, leaning on the desk and thrusting his face toward his young employer, "do you want my job?"

"Yes," said Harold hardily.

Pete snorted. "I'm not joking, Mr. Hopper. You can have it, like a shot, and don't make any mistake about it! But so long as I'm here I'm in charge of the outside men in the renting department—I, and nobody else! If you want to discharge any man of the outside crowd you want to speak to me about it first! What have you got against young Jim Cameron?"

"Not a thing, Mr. Pennefether."

"Jim Cameron, if you want to know it," said Pete, brushing aside Harold's apparent evasion of responsibility, "is the best man in that department, bar none! Your father would blow great guns if he heard you'd tried to discharge Jim Cameron. He knows Jim, and you don't! Jim's fit to step up and take hold of that department right now, and I'm going to see that you give him a fair show.

"It's very easy to fire a man out into the street, a man that's been with this company for years! You've never worked for a living, and you don't know what it means to be fired. It means a man has got to begin all over again, and maybe you might take the heart out of him. You didn't think of that when you wrote out your little note. I read it! I read it just now, and I want to tell you that if that goes then I'm through with this company! I'm through—right now!"

"That was my understanding, Mr. Pennefether," said Harold grimly. "You may go as soon as you please. You'll be paid up to next Saturday."

"You think I'm bluffing, do you?" cried Pete. "You think you can call my bluff like that, eh? Let me tell you that you can step another man up this minute, because I'm through!"

He brought down his big fist upon the desk so that its furnishings jumped affrightedly. Then he turned on his heel and swaggered from the room.

"Sorry, Jim," he grumbled throatily as he passed Cameron. "I can't help you any more. I'm quitting myself. Now don't let this worry you, my boy. I know half a dozen places where we can work in. I'll guarantee that we'll both be placed before five o'clock tonight. I've had dozens of offers while I've been here, and I'll take you with me wherever I get in. You see me during lunch hour at that Eightieth Street restaurant, and we'll go over the prospects. Never say die, son!"

He clapped his near-panama on his shaggy head and strolled from the office.

IV

HE STROLLED across the street to the real-estate office of Pray & Ellinger, a rival firm. He went in and saw Mr. Ellinger.

"You know how it is in the summertime, Pete," said Ellinger defensively. "We're just marking time here. Between you and me, we're not doing enough to keep our men out of mischief, and I couldn't exactly see my way to taking a new man on now. If you don't locate before the fall, come in to see me! I'll keep you in mind. You know I'd be mighty glad to have you with us, Pete, but I'd have to lay somebody else off if I took you on now. . . . All right, Pete. Good luck! And come in to see me after Labor Day if you want to make a change."

He had a measure of success with the Van Wenck Company, calling again on the head of the firm. He knew all these men when they were beginners

"What were you getting with Hopper?"

"Forty-five."

"That's a little more than I could pay just now, but I can use you if you want the job. You know we don't do as much business as Hopper. But I can use another man that knows the business. What do you say to thirty during the summer, and we'll talk about it again in the fall?"

"I don't know that I could get along on thirty, Van," said Pete ruminatively. "You know I've got to send fifteen to my sister out in Jersey. That's fifteen I got to have if I have to steal it; she can't get along on less. I appreciate that things are very dull just now."

"Well, say thirty-five! That's the best at present, Pete."

"I guess I could manage," frowned Pete. "But, say, Van, there's a young fellow that was let out with me this morning—fellow named Cameron—and I want you to take him on too. He looks like thirty cents, but he's a wonder and I want you to take him on too. Take my word for it you won't be making a mistake; I know a good man when I see one. He was pulling only twenty-eight over in Hopper's, so he can't be fixed to stand a siege, and maybe you can get him for twenty-two or ——"

"Impossible," said Van Wenck, throwing up his hands "Can't do it, Pete. I'm stretching a point to get you

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"I Know Mr. Pennefether," Said Harold Coldly. "I Said Shake Hands," Repeated the Old Man

FOLLOWING THE FOX

The Field at Brookthorpe, Near Haverford, Pennsylvania

By L. B. YATES

TURNING back the leaves of history, and visualizing the impressive and distinguished in humans, he might have been a Roman senator. But as it was, and when I first saw him, he was perched away up on the brow of a hill that commanded a considerable view of the surrounding territory. Albeit there was something about him singling him out from the herd that mill up and down the highways and byways of the cities. From the slant of a slouch hat that shadowed features as cleanly cut as a cameo, to the voluminous cape coat whose turned-up collar disarranged the long iron-gray hair that fell over it, one knew at a glance that he was different.

He sat bolt upright on his horse. His carriage in the saddle reminded one of a booted-and-spurred guard doing sentry go at Whitehall, and the horse fitted the rider as though he had been made to order. This animal stood fully sixteen hands high, rawboned, ragged-hipped and, like his master, angular, standing with strong legs well under him. That he had a dash of thoroughbred blood there was no gainsaying: not what one would call a clean-bred horse, but enough to make him active and intelligent.

The saddle his rider sat in was of the old-type high-cantled Southern style, and the bridle a single-reined affair with a leather strap for a curb. The stirrups were rusty, as was the bit. There was no attempt at aping modern equipment, because this man rode as his father and his great-grandfather did before him. Taken altogether, he might have stood for a figure marking the passing of the horsemen of story and song, likewise sentiment.

In Full Cry

BELOW him, farther down the hill and zigzagging their uncertain way across the more leveled spaces, were old-time worm fences, and at intervals spots where blackened stumps showed that some more enterprising owner had essayed to clear off the land, but later had given it up. This portion, at least, of Kentucky was as yet innocent of the activities of real-estate agent or promoter.

At a distance of about twenty-five yards behind this unique figure was a darky, black as night, astride of a long-eared mule. He, like his master, sat tense and listening. Then all at once a boomlike bay from below broke the stillness: "Ow-wow—ow-wow oo-oo-oo ow-wow!" The horseman's jaw dropped and his countenance took on an expression of disappointment.

"That's ole Dinah, Jaspah," he exclaimed in disgusted tones. "She's about runnin' a rabbit; she's always babblin'; think I'll have to get rid of her."

"Well, gineral," counseled the black man, "sometime she do find a fox; dar's wusser'n her."

"Oh, yes, Jaspah, I s'pose there is," agreed his master. "But, hark! There 'tis now! They've routed him out! Old Virgil is speakin' to him! He never lies! There they go! That's the music!"

The old man's face lit up as the hounds below broke into full cry, altos, tenors, sopranos and the deep booming bass of the old dog that always led the pack.

"That's it! The whole band is playin' now!" ejaculated the veteran fox hunter. "Isn't it the finest music you ever heard in your life? By the gods, sir, that's what I call real melody!"

Presently, through a gap in the fence two fields below, we could see a yellow form stealing furtively and, half trotting, half walking, leisurely pass down the hedgerow. It was the fox, and let me tell you that the walk of a fox is the last note in the symphony of motion. Evidently he was an old-timer that had been driven from covert many a time before. He knew that the hounds would religiously follow his trail, and that he had plenty of time before he really got into action.

We started our horse with a view to following, but the old fox hunter lifted his hand in protest.

"You'll see it all if you wait here," he enjoined. "Chances are that he'll loaf along until they view him: then you'll probably see him at his best, because if he is in the notion he'll lead them a merry chase."

The fox passed out of sight, entering a low thicket, while farther down and in full cry we could hear the hounds storming along the trail of breast-high scent that the old marauder had left behind.

"Ah, there he comes again!" ejaculated the general "It's an old trick, retracking on his first trail."

Reynard Puts One Over

WE LOOKED, and the fox was coming back as though he was going to meet the hounds. Would he walk right into the jaws of death? It certainly looked so for the moment. But suddenly he stopped, threw up his head and gave a tremendous jump to one side, disappearing like a shadow behind the blackened stump of a felled tree. For a moment or two it seemed that he had dissolved himself into thin air, but the general gave a short laugh.

"Well, I'll be dashed!" he exclaimed. "The old rascal! Who'd have thought of that?"

We looked in the direction in which he pointed, and there sat the fox, crouching on top of the blackened stump.

"Guess he's going to view the hounds both ways," added the old man. "I've run that fox forty times and he always shows me some new trick."

Presently came the hounds, shrilling on the trail. A blanket would almost have covered them as they raced along with hackles up and booming their note of anticipation. The fox lay as still as death until they passed out of sight in the thicket, then he reared up on his hind legs and listened.

All at once the clamor of the hounds died away, but that was only momentary. They were at fault, but were now giving tongue again. They had discovered old Reynard's strategy, and one could tell by the noise as it came closer that they were coming back. The fox slid off the stump, gave his tail a couple of sharp flourishes in the air and started at speed slantwise down the hill, evidently sensing that he had played around all that the law allowed.

Again the hounds came in sight, and now the general put spurs to his horse and followed,

Brandywine Hounds, at West Chester, Pennsylvania

taking the course sideways along the hill in the line he judged the fox would go. It was a glorious run for more than an hour, over logs and all kinds of obstacles; and incidentally I discovered that no matter what you can say about a mule, you can't accuse some of his tribe of not being able to jump, although there were very few fences to negotiate. In fact, one could have ridden all day without topping timber or letting down a bar.

But, nevertheless, I have taken this method of describing and incidentally paying tribute to the original American fox hunter. They have an old saying that blood will tell, and if this be the truth, the ancient sport so cherished by the Anglo-Saxon race has filtered through generations; and being transplanted to a new land, has taken firm root in these United States of America.

A Meeting of the Rose Tree Hunt

This man, like hundreds of others living in the Southern and Southwestern states, and as his father and his grandfather did before him, maintains his own pack. He knows little about the modern formal hunt with its red coats and top-boots; but in all probability he is a most enthusiastic member of the ancient and honorable National Fox Hunters' Association, who once every year hold glorious meetings and possess their souls in ways of sympathy while they test the speed of their matchless fox dogs.

Taking Sport Informally

FROM his hounds he demands a good nose, backed by speed and stamina. He doesn't care particularly whether his dogs are even in size or well matched in color. He wants hounds that will run a fox; for he knows that, like race horses, they come in all shapes and sizes. He wants a horse that will carry him over rough country, sure-footed, bridle-wise and well-mannered. He has no set days or times for his hunt. Any old time he feels like hunting he just saddles his horse, unkennels his hounds and is ready. If a neighbor joins him, it is all right; if a dozen come, so much the better. Everybody is welcome, and he meets them as one gentleman meets another on the common ground of sport. For himself, he is just a grand, first-class, thoroughbred, democratic American. His hounds for the most part boast little else than American blood, and he knows that as long as his fox stays aboveground they will follow along.

Many sportsmen hold that if you want to hunt the fox, get an English-bred pack; but if you want to kill him, pin your faith to an American foxhound.

This man is always welcome to hunt in the territory he most affects. His neighbors never object to his riding over their land.

He in turn is as careful about their interests and property as if it were his own. . May this blessed old sportsman's shadow never grow less

And now we come to the more formal, or what one might term the organized, side of fox hunting, which can be traced to its beginnings about the time of the good Queen Anne. Up to that time the stag was alone deemed worthy to be hunted with hounds; but as they tell it, a certain Duke of Beaufort lost the stag he was hunting one day, and the hounds started a fox that gave him such a rattling run that he determined to hunt nothing but foxes in the future.

The Cost

FROM the beginning, wealthy men in both England and Ireland maintained their packs at their own expense; but the tremendous cost of supporting a hunt single-handed was only for the few, and early in its history packs kept up by a general subscription from all the members of the hunt became popular by reason of the fact that the cost was divided among the many rather than the few. Here this practice almost universally prevails There are probably not more than half a dozen recognized packs wholly supported by the men who own them, and there are nearly fifty recognized packs in America.

And while I am about it, I should like to correct the impression which seems to prevail that fox hunting, in this country at least, is a very rich man's pastime. The majority of the men I know personally are men of moderate means, although that does not imply that a man whose purse is long enough cannot make it just as expensive as he wishes. But the average man keeps not more than two hunters; sometimes, indeed, you will find an enthusiast who can only afford one. With judicious riding and good care, we frequently see the one-horse man getting excellent sport by hunting two days a week, and sometimes sticking in an extra day for good measure.

If one wants to dispense with the services of a groom at home, or lacking stable room, he usually can have his horses kept at the stables maintained by the hunt club for its members. The ordinary charge for this is forty-five dollars a month. Shoeing and extras might be charged up to ten or fifteen dollars more; but this charge only prevails for about

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PHOTO BY BELL & FISCHER

The Huntingdon Valley Hounds Crossing the Pennypack, Pennsylvania

THE TRUTH

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY FORREST C. CROOKS

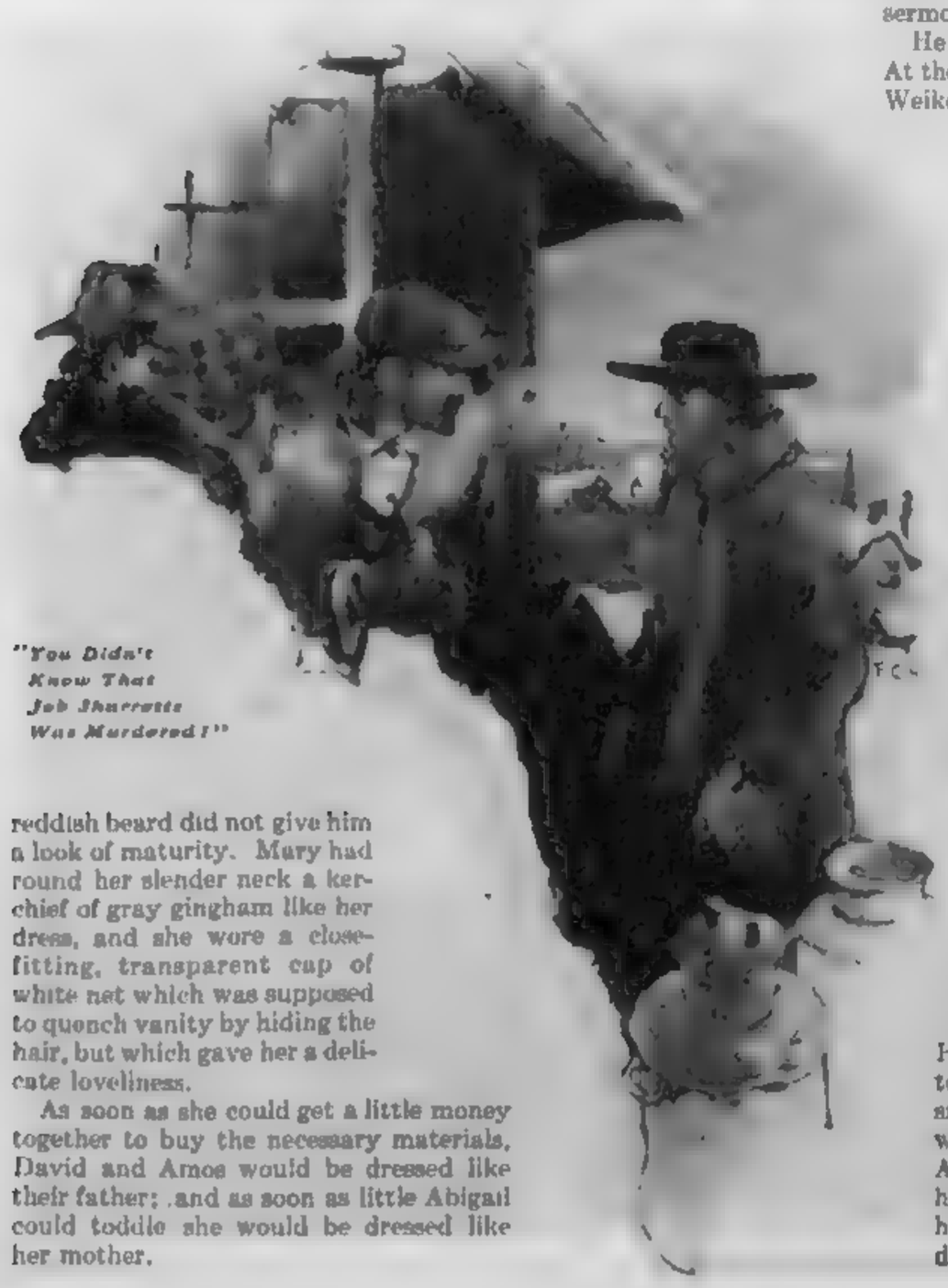
STOOPING under the low door, William Hershey entered his chicken house. It was half past four on a dark afternoon in late December and he had finished the last of his chores for the day. A month had passed since his hens had laid an egg and he had begun to believe that the fate which seemed to be against him in so many ways was against him here also. There was a new baby, though William, being a pious Mennonite, did not count this a misfortune; but Mary recovered slowly and the two older children had been ill. On February first the mortgage on his little farm would fall due; and Calvin Weikert, who wished to possess the farm, had announced his intention to foreclose. Weikert was a hard man, whose wife had died from overwork and whose children had fled from home. He had but one interest—a passion for land; and William's farm and the woodland of Job Sharretts a mile away alone kept him from calling the whole mountainside his own.

To William's joy and astonishment his hand encountered in the first nest, not the straw lining or the hard, cold, china door knob which was supposed to set an example and which had so often given him a cool shock of disappointment, but the slightly rough surface of a warm egg. Trembling, he went to the next box, and the next and the next. He found six eggs—surely his hens were making royal compensation for their long period of molting.

He said, "Good clucky, good clucky," and gathering the eggs in his low-crowned, broad-brimmed Mennonite hat, he stooped once more under the low lintel. In the pale twilight he could see the ascending slope of the mountain, the fields below and the little gray house from which a brighter light beamed pleasantly. Carrying his hat as though it contained a burden as precious as liquid gold, he crossed the yard and opened the kitchen door. In his delight he forgot even the mortgage.

Beside the stove sat Mary, pale and smiling, her baby in her arms; and on the floor played little David and little Amos. David was only three and Amos only two; but they had quickly learned to amuse themselves with their Christmas present, blocks cut by their father. With the blocks and with corncobs they built houses which they immediately demolished with subdued chuckles of delight.

William and Mary themselves looked like children. William's coat was short like a little boy's, and even his curling reddish beard did not give him a look of maturity. Mary had round her slender neck a kerchief of gray gingham like her dress, and she wore a close-fitting, transparent cap of white net which was supposed to quench vanity by hiding the hair, but which gave her a delicate loveliness.



"You Didn't Know That Job Sharretts Was Murdered!"

As soon as she could get a little money together to buy the necessary materials, David and Amos would be dressed like their father; and as soon as little Abigail could toddle she would be dressed like her mother.

William held out the hatful of eggs, and Mary smiled with delight and said, "Well, well!"

"I will mark down the date," said William. "Then next year I will not be discouraged when they lay off so long."

Placing his eggs on the table, he approached the door beside which hung a calendar; but altering his course, he crossed the kitchen to the mantel, under which hung a much larger calendar, presented to the children by a lady in Lanesville to whom he carried eggs when eggs were laid. It was designed for ornament rather than for use. The whole year was printed on an attached slip, and the figures were in consequence small; but the children loved the large cow which adorned it. Taking a stub of pencil from his pocket, William printed an X.

"Why, it is Wednesday!" he exclaimed. "It is prayer meeting! It was so much all the time going on I have not been for two weeks in the church."

In deep meditation, he went to bring in the milk pail which he had left standing outside the barn door. The better cow was dry, but she would soon calve; then they would have milk to carry to the creamery and a calf to sell. If they could only tide over this winter things would be better.

It could not be possible that there would be killing frosts in two successive years. Their departure, which was inevitable, was as yet so unreal to William that he had made no preparation for it even in his mind. The thought of it seemed to paralyze his faculties. But the finding of the eggs and the brighter color in Mary's cheeks gave him courage to consider his dilemma and to form a plan. This was to visit Calvin Weikert in his house and there ask him to be patient. Weikert lived round the shoulder of the mountain and far down on the main road.

Back in the kitchen, William told Mary of his intention. He would drive to Weikert's and speak to him; then he would go to the meetinghouse. He belonged, not to the main body of the Mennonites, but to a small local branch of Improved Mennonites; and of their limited membership he and his family and the two Shindledecker sisters, who lived near the little meetinghouse, were usually the only attendants at prayer meeting. He had a slight grudge against the members of the conference, who had refused to let him read the juvenile weekly given him by his customer in Lanesville, and he felt that a religious sermon would be good for his soul.

He prepared supper and all ate cheerfully. At the last Mary expressed misgivings; to her Weikert was a sort of ogre.

"You don't think he will do you anything, pop?"

William laughed, although a little nervously.

"What could he do me?"

Mary on her part showed courage also; she let him drive away without further protest, though she and the children would have to spend the evening alone.

The old mare was not a rapid traveler at best, and when William turned into a dark wood road which led across the shoulder of the hill her gait became a slow crawl. The road was used by only one man, Job Sharretts, whose land Weikert desired and who lived alone in a little cabin. William sympathized with Job, but he thought his hatred wrong. Except in his relation to Weikert, Job was gentle and kind; but the mere mention of his enemy turned him into a madman. Suffering from the delusions of age, he believed that Weikert would try to expel him by force.

Remembering the old man's gun, William sang a hymn tune as he made his way along. Calvin Weikert would not sing. The night grew darker and he had to trust entirely to the mare to keep the frozen road. He spoke encouragingly to her from time to time, and she responded with an angry snort, as if to scorn the sympathy of him who was responsible for her difficulties. At the end of an hour he came out on the highroad, and in five minutes had tied his horse in the short lane which led to the door of Calvin's great house. He did not go in at once, however, but stood shivering, not dreading the interview so much as he dreaded the disappointment of which he was certain. Consulting his large watch by the light of the carriage lamp, he saw that it was quarter to seven.

It Was Not Until He Heard the Distant Courthouse Clock Strike the Hour That He Ventured Into the Yard

"I must start or I will come late to prayer meeting," he said to himself.

But it was not until he heard the distant courthouse clock in Lanesville strike the hour that he ventured into the yard, going not toward the front door but round to the kitchen.

Many moments passed before Weikert answered his knock. When at last he came toward the door he moved slowly, as though loath to admit a visitor. Peering through the crack between the shade and the sash, William beheld his vast figure and his broad white face, which contrasted sharply with the black hair which he was said to dye.

"What do you want?" he called.

"I'm William Hershey," answered William in his thin voice. "I must see you."

Weikert opened the door and let him in. He had had a housekeeper; but she had left him, and the kitchen was in confusion. Weikert himself looked as though he were recovering from a spree, or were suffering from some wearing anxiety.

"What do you want?" he said again in his deep voice.

To William's sharp ears it had a new tone, which he ascribed to an excess of rage. His glance traveled round the untidy room, as though to flee from Weikert's gaze, and he saw by the little clock on the mantel that it was already ten minutes after seven.

"I want to talk about the mortgage," he said, trembling "I have had it hard with sickness and poor crops due to bad frost. I wanted to ask you to wait once a little."

"You waste your time," said Weikert.

He had not closed the door, and his eyes were fixed on something beyond, against the mountainside in the blackness of night.

"I have three little children," said William.

"They're yours, not mine," answered Weikert. "I'm not responsible for them."

With indescribable vulgarity he elaborated upon this statement, speaking rapidly and at length, as though he talked against time. Horrified, William rose from the chair upon which he had perched uninvited. Again his wandering eyes sought the clock. It was a great trial to humiliate himself before this bad man.

"If you would only have once a little patience!"

"Get out!" said Weikert. "Get out!"

Sweat beaded his forehead, as though rage overwhelmed him, and he slammed the door before William had cleared the step.

Though he had been foolish to expect even a hearing, William shed tears. He felt that he needed the consolation of prayer meeting, and he drove slowly on half a mile to the meetinghouse, took the key of the plain little building from under the mat, entered and made a fire.

The Mennonites believed that church bells were irreligious; and the Shindledecker sisters, who presently arrived, came because they saw the light. They were two timid creatures who scarcely knew one day from another, so quiet were their lives.

As William expected, no one else appeared. He made a little address; and Betsy, the more courageous of the sisters, led in prayer; and together they sang, in a loud harmony of soprano, tenor and basslike alto, four hymns. William felt comforted; he was sure that God would not forsake him.

As William stepped out of the kitchen into the cold morning to make his first trip to the creamery the clock on the mantel struck six. It was the third week in January and still an hour before dawn, but the sky was clear and the bright starlight was reflected by a blanket of snow. Faithful Mooly was giving three gallons a day and the hens were laying nobly, but William's heart was sad. One more week and then the mortgage would be foreclosed and he would have to seek another home, taking his choice between his father's house, which was small and crowded but where they were welcome, and Mary's father's house, which was less crowded but where there was no welcome. Mary's early marriage had been disapproved by her kin, and all would say "I told you so."

Since he had left the Shindledecker sisters after prayer meeting he had seen no one but his family. Again the children had been sick, and he had not gone to church, and he had no errands which took him to town. His paralysis of mind had returned and he could not decide upon any course of action.

Day did not dawn until he reached the creamery. There, rolling out his can upon the platform, he was glad to see his acquaintances, Dan Webber, the creamery man; Elmer Bryner, a farmer from the other side of the hill; and Thad Pfeiffer, from the main road. They were so busily engaged in conversation that they did not see him until he thrust his head into their three-cornered group from which a cloud of breath rose into the cold air.

"Did you say someone is in jail?" he asked.

"Yes: they arrested him last night."

"But who?"

"Why, Cal, of course!"

William was still puzzled.

"Cal who?"

The three turned and regarded him.

"Where have you been?"

"I've been home."

"You didn't hear about the murder?"

"Not a word"

Dan Webber explained, while the others stood staring at William open-mouthed.

"You didn't know that Job Sharretts was murdered!"

"Job Sharretts murdered!" gasped William.

"At six P.M. on Wednesday, between Christmas and New Year's, Job Sharretts stopped at Erlenbaugh's on his way home and talked to Sally. He said he was afraid of Weikert; he believed he was going to do him something and do it quick. He couldn't 'a' got home before 6:30. At half past seven the fire warden found him in the house dead, brained. It must 'a' happened about seven. They were fighting, and Job's clock fell on the floor and stopped short. It was done with a heavy oak stick that Job had carved for himself."

William could not take in all these details.

"They were not friendly to one another," he faltered.

"You bet they weren't!" agreed Webber. "People thought of Calvin before Sally went to the sheriff and told what she knew."

William began to shiver. He was terrified of Calvin Weikert, and it was wrong but easy to believe that he had murdered Job. He wanted Job's land. Suddenly William's heart gave a terrific throb. If Calvin was in jail for murder he would surely not foreclose a mortgage!

"Did you say they put him to jail?"

"You bet they did! Today, on the principle of better late than never."

"What does he say?" asked William. "Does he say he did it?"

"He says nothing," said Dan, turning to the next customer.

William climbed to the seat of his rickety spring wagon. Job Sharretts dead! Poor old Job! And Calvin Weikert a murderer!

"He has two sharp lawyers," said Webber. "Sanderson & Sanderson."

"But no sharp lawyers'll get him off," said Bryner.

William drove up the hill. The hill was steep and slippery, and the mare smooth-shod, and it was long before he reached the top. As he turned in at the gate he assimilated the last of the items which he had heard.

"Wednesday," he said aloud. "Wednesday, between Christmas and New Year's. At seven o'clock. But that cannot be!"

When he had arrived at Calvin's house it was quarter to seven by his watch, which was a good watch. After a long time he had heard the courthouse clock strike seven. He had been in Calvin's house until at least quarter after Calvin was there; he was not murdering Job Sharretts on the mountain four miles away!

Surely he must have misunderstood! So troubled was he that at once, clucking to his unwilling horse, he turned and drove back to the creamery, his empty milk can rattling in the wagon.

The golden sun was far above the horizon and the vast plain was dazzlingly bright. Sometimes on his downward drive he quoted Scripture verses, but now he sat with bent head, in troubled meditation, until he reached the creamery

"They've jugged him," Dan was saying to the last comer. "What's the matter, William?"

"When did you say poor Job was killed?" asked William.

"On Wednesday evening, between Christmas and New Year's, about seven o'clock. That's proved."

"Yes, sir," said William vaguely.

The mare took up her weary way. Again she came within sight of her haven of rest; again her hope of repose proved vain. Again her master turned her round. Remembering his family for the first time, he went to the door. His white face frightened Mary

"They haven't come yet," she said piteously, anticipating that foreclosure would be by the sheriff and dear knows how many other officials. William, too, anticipated the sheriff and deputies, and now his hope of deliverance must be destroyed and that by his own hand.

"I have business in town, Mary," he said. "I must go back." She listened, appalled, while he told his news. "I must go and get him out of jail," he said

"Must you?" said Mary, as though there were a doubt in her own mind.

"Yes," said William. "I must tell the truth."

For the third time William drove down the hill. The sun was high now, and there was delicate and lovely color everywhere in sky and field, pale blue and rose and lavender and yellow like honey.

The first farmer whom he met on the main road shouted, "They put him to jail!" and the second, "They've jugged him at last!"

William nodded, but made no other answer. There was something dreadful and unholy in their satisfaction. Calvin Weikert wished to do him a wrong, but he did not wish to see Calvin hanged. Still less did he wish to believe that Calvin would kill Job Sharretts

He knew the office of Sanderson & Sanderson and he drove to the curb and tied his horse and rapped at the door. A young woman asked him his business, and when he said he had come about Calvin Weikert she disappeared excitedly into the inner office, and returning, bade him enter

The two Sandersons, who were father and son, looked at him with interest and curiosity Weikert had made no confession even to them; he had simply asserted his innocence in frantic repetitions. Both men believed him guilty; they suspected that he had gone to badger Sharretts about selling his woodland, and that, refused or perhaps attacked, he had become angry and had struck him. They knew William to be a neighbor of Sharretts, and supposed that in his stupidity he had come to them with testimony against Weikert when he should have gone to the district attorney. His known honesty precluded any likelihood that he wished to be bought off.

William began at the beginning.

"Calvin had a mortgage on my place," he explained. "He was going to foreclose it, and on the Wednesday between Christmas and New Year's I drove to his place to ask him to wait once a little till I could catch up. I had sort of hard times. It was quarter to seven when I got to his place, but I was afraid to go in because he is such a cross man. I ——"

"This was the Wednesday between Christmas and the New Year?" interrupted the older man.

"Yes, sir," said William. "I sat till I heard the clock strike across the fields, and then I sat yet a couple o' minutes. I was only in a little while, but when I came out I sat again a few minutes in the buggy till I drove away. I was there perhaps a half hour Then I went to prayer meeting.

"Since then I have been all the time at home, while my wife was not so good and my little boys had the blue cough and I had no reason to come to town. This morning at the creamery

(Continued on Page 37)

Then by Another Mighty Effort He Raised Himself. He Went Staggering Across Toward the Chimney Piece

OFF THE RESERVATION

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"Listen Here! If You Gotta Fight, Why Don't You Do It Like a Gentleman? Is They Any Gloves Around Here?"

OUTSIDE of letting myself be dark-porched into a life term of meal tickets and charged accounts by one of the buyme-gimme sisters, I ain't had such a whole lot to do with the fear sex. At that, though, I guess I'm wise to all they is to know about the frails, which is nothing minus zero when all that is said is done.

Maybe you fellers remember Biff Gilligan. There was a baby that in a coupla years would 'a' been good enough to make 'em all sit up and take notice and then sit down again for the count. What that lad didn't have, ain't. Both his mitts was stocked with rock-me-to-sleeps. He was faster on his pins than them grazelles you read about, and he didn't worry no more about taking punishment than a fish does about getting wet. He used to act like a wallop in the jaw was a compliment.

I picked the kid up down at the steel mills. The guy that tipped Gilligan off told me that Biff used to eat his lunch in a hurry so he'd have time to stir up a fight and beat somebody's face in before the whistle blew. The whole afternoon was ruined for the boy if he had to go back to work without finishing off his meal with a helping of fists.

They wasn't no trouble getting Biff to go along with me. He had about cleaned up everything around Sharon, and when I showed him that they was money as well as pleasures in busting a bozo in the beezer he was ready to do anything I asked him except maybe take a bath. On the square, the kid was so dusty from the coal pile he manicured down at the mill you'd 'a' thought he was a smoke.

"Listen here," says I, after I knows him long enough to be insulting, "you gotta come clean with me. Some of the boys I figure on using you against draws the colored line."

Biff kicks and says the stuff won't come off, and that he tried it the spring before; but I'm as hard as Adam's aunt on this point and finally has my way. I puts him through a flock of Turkish and other kinds of baths, and when he gets done you wouldn't have known him. Just to call him handsome would be holding out on this boy. Compared to Biff the guys in the collar ads and the lads dressed in them college-cut take-me-homes is a regular Ben Turpins with both eyes crossed.

"You look pretty good," says I to Gilligan,

"Biff'll be the Belle of the Ball"

"in your new white skin. It fits you grand, especially round the back of the neck and behind the ears."

"When do I fight?" comes back Biff. "My knuckles is itching."

"How'd you like to scratch 'em on Iron-Jaw Murphy?" I asks.

"Bring him on!" says the steel-mill kid. "I'll smelt him for you."

Which I done and which he done. Murphy wasn't such a much of a boxer, but he was a good deal lesser than that when Biff gets done smacking the itch outta his knuckles. The iron in the other boy's jaw couldn't 'a' been high-grade stuff. Gilligan catches him on the point in the second round of what was to 'a' been a seven-reel show and the next prelim has to start a half hour before it's due.

For six months Gilligan goes through the gang I set up for him like a bum through a free feed. I've got everything jerry for a row with one of the topnotchers that's good for a drag of fifteen grand at the gate when Sol Meyer busts into the proceedings and without meaning to just about hisses the act off the stage. I guess I can't really blame that cuckoo for what come off, but just the same if it ain't for him Biff would maybe yet be foot-free and fancy-loose.

Sol is one of them guys that provides talent for banquets and other kinds of blow-outs like that. Give him a ring and he'll send around anything from a hootchy-kootchy that ain't got nothing to wear to a quartet that'll mammy you homesick and make you cry for little gay cottages out in the West. The boy's got so good that he can tell within a head or two how far you can go with a grocers' convention and how much farther with a farewell dinner to a bachelor that's getting ready to trade his senses for expenses. I got to know Sol in a business way, him using some of my boys in sparring bees. That's what he wants now.

"I need a coupla your babies," says he; "good ones, for a party that the Tenneys are pulling out in Glendale."

"Why good ones?" I comes back. "Is the gang gonna be sober?"

"This is gonna be a lawn party," he explains, "and swell stuff. The old man gave me carte Blanche to get up a bunch of snappy tricks. He don't want none of the regular acts. Got any lads around that can wear a dress suit without looking like they is going to a funeral in a strait-jacket?"

"Hell!" I snorts. "I ain't got none that even heard of 'em, excepting maybe Set-up Hawkins. He used to be a waiter. What's the idea anyways?"

Just then Biff walks through the office.

"That's the boy," says Sol. "Gilligan'll look like a million smackers in the black and white. Handsome kid, ain't he?"

"He's handsome enough," I admits; "but up to a month ago he didn't know the button in the back of his shirt was to fasten collars on."

"That's all right," says Meyer. "The boy's got a natural build for important rags and will get away with 'em in great shape. I'll take him and Hawkins. Need you, too, for this act."

"What do I do?" I asks. "Sing or climb out of a pie and do a toe dance?"

"Here's the scenario," says Sol. "Regular sparring matches are the bunk, so I've framed up something that, maybe, ain't so new, but oughta go over big, especially with the ladies. You and the boys show up at the party all dressed up. You scatter around and act like you was regular guests. They is gonna be about two hundred on the lawn, so that part of it will be easy enough even for box fighters and managers."

"What do you mean," I yelps; "even?"

Sol just grins.

"Well," says he, "let's make it odd—odd for box fighters, if you want. When I give you the tip-off Hawkins and Biff get into a phony argument and take a few passes at each other. Get me? They is all kinds of excitement. You step in between the lads and suggest that the boys fight it out with gloves, which strange enough is laying around handy, not to mention the ropes and stakes for a ring which I finds under a tree. Of course, the crowd gets wise in a few minutes, but they got a thrill and a laugh out of it anyways."

"And me?" I asks. "What do I get out of it!"

"The pleasure of obliging a friend," says he, "and two hundred and fifty fish to be split three ways, which ought

to give Hawkins and Gilligan about twenty smackers apiece. Besides, Twin, don't forget it ain't gonna hurt your babies none to get the O. O. from the real tonies."

After Sol says he will provide the rig-outs and all other expenses I agrees to fall in step. Biff at first ain't so strong about this stunt of putting on dog with the smart-setters, but I finally wins him over with my eloquences about the pleasures of listening to the rich inhale soup and so on and forth. Hawkins don't make no trouble. He tips me that him and class went to school together, and that he knows more about high societies than the guy that wrote the book about what is wrong in this picture.

The night of the party we all drifts over to Sol's joint to get laid out in the doll rags. Gilligan just naturally pours himself into his outfit. I never seen a cuckoo make a fish-and-soup look better.

"You sure set them clothes off," says I.

"Ain't he the Rodolph, though?" cuts in Sol. "Biff'll be the bells of the ball."

The kid's looking himself over in the mirror, turning that way and this. Then he looks us steady in the eyes.

"My name," says he, "is Austen—Austen Gilligan."

II

WELL, we piles into a texas cab and beats it out to the country where the Tenneys has got a cottage with twenty-seven rooms, eleven baths and the other tricks that go with roughing it in the wilds of Long Island. Before the war the guy that owns the layout didn't have enough jack to buy a door knob on the installment plan if houses was selling for eight cents a dozen, but he gets into some kinda game with the Government called cost plus and before it busts up he's got a ten-case note for every germ in the Subway.

On the way out we frames up the reparty that Gilligan and Hawkins is to spill before going through the motions of taking a few smacks at each other. When we arrives the lawn, which is all dolled up like Chinese New Year's, is loaded down with folks. At first they don't pay no more attention to us than if we was revenue agents. Then Tenney, who, of course, is in on the know, rushes up and gives us the glad hand so the gang'll think we is regular guests. After which, as per arrangements, I has the lads scatter.

"Don't forget yourself," I tells Hawkins, "and flip a napkin over your arm."

"Watch my stuff!" says he, and ducks away.

I strolls around and in a few minutes I pipe Set-up talking to one of them stuck-up old dough wagers. I don't get much of the line he's pulling on the dame, but it's something about what he done in the war, which gives me the grins. That bozo flat-footed outta the draft and don't know no more what happened on the other side than I do about singing grand uproar. The Jane's sopping it all up, though, and the first thing I know they is a whole flock of hens around Hawkins ohing and ahing his hop sketch.

Then I looks for Gilligan. Biff's walking up and down like he has a first-and-second mortgage on the dump. He ain't talking to nobody, but I see lots of the gals giving him the eyeball. They ain't no argument; he's the classiest looking gent on the course. When you get a cuckoo six feet and a hundred and eighty pounds, and besides a swell-looking map, and jam the combination into a fish, and that fits, you got something to gaze at. I'll tell a woozy world. This bird Apollo that knocked 'em all cold down in Belvedere ain't got nothing on Biff.

I runs into Sol and he gives me the office for the get-together. In a coupla minutes me and the boys is ready for the act. I'm just about to set the gabfest going when one of the prettiest little tricks I ever seen comes breezing by. She gives a good look at Gilligan, and that bozo flares up in the face like a torch Then that nut Hawkins has to butt in.

"Hello, flap," says he. "Here's your daddy now."

I see the chicken give him a mean, cold look, and the same time I pipes Sol waving to me to get busy. I grabs Biff by the arm. He looks sore about something

"Do your stuff!" I hisses

"You damn hash-slinger!" yells Gilligan. "Where do you think you are? Don't you know how to act with no ladies, you bum?"

Them lines ain't in the reparty I framed on the ways out, but it works just as good. Set-up takes a poke at Biff and from then on they makes the bluff so swell you'd think they was really fighting. The little Jane turns loose a scream and in no times a-tall the place is in a panic. They is shrieks and yells and a flock of men coming rushing at us. Then I steps in between the lads, pries them apart and says my little piece

"Listen here, you fellers!" I tells them. 'If you gotta fight, why don't you do it like a gentleman? Is they any gloves around here?"

"Yes," says Tenney. "I'll find them. The boys can get ready in the garage."

Biff and Hawkins follows him, while me and Sol goes to work fixing up the ring. By the time that's done the crowd has been wised up to the stunt and they is getting a great run outta the trick that was put over on 'em—all except the pretty little chick. She's off by herself trying to make out what it's all about. Pretty soon she slips over and taps me on the arm.

"Is what they are saying true?" she asks. "Are they regular prize fighters?"

I says yes, and tells her all about the frame-up. She's awful easy to talk to, with them big blue lamps giving you the north and south and the red lips quivering like a baby you been talking mean to. She listens quiet and then says like she's speaking to herself, "I thought ——"

"I know what you thought," I butts in. "You figured Biff got sore at the way Hawkins spoke to you. You ain't so wrong at that. I think he did get riled. Them words he used ain't the same he was supposed to pull."

Just then the boys come outta the garage. They musta had some kinda argument in there, 'cause they both look sore as goats. Biff catches the eye of the girl and she sorta blushes and turns away. I climbs over the ropes with the lads and does the introducing

"Ladies and gents," I says, "in this corner is Set-up Hawkins, coming heavyweight champion, who ain't never been knocked out and that ain't half of it; in the other corner is"—I turns around just in time to see the angry mob in Biff's eyes—"is—er—Austen Gilligan, the handsomest fighter in America. He carries chloroform in one hand and ether in the other. Watch him operate! Let's go!"

Them babies ain't in the ring long enough to get their dogs planted before I sees that the three-round sparring exhibition they was scheduled to put on has been called off by pari-mutual consent. Set-up lets go a swing that would 'a' knocked

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Biff Looks Good Enough When He Climbs Into the Ring, and Gets a Whale of a Hand

THE CINDER BUGGY

A Fable in Iron and Steel

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XXXV

THE men who got rich with John Breakspeare developed strange pathologies from nervous strain and shock. Their faces became obscure and their eyes opaque. You never could tell what they were thinking. Also their eyes had that uncanny trick of suddenly and without movement changing their focus while they looked at you, as if something were happening on the horizon of their thoughts and you for that instant were transparent, nonexistent. They had their luck by the tail and could not let go. They could count their gains; they could not touch them. John was always getting them in; he never got them out. Their wealth was in property to which enormous additions had continuously to be made by an uncontrollable law of growth. Thus the richer they grew the greater correspondingly their liabilities were, and there seemed no way either to quit or to get out. If you had all the wealth in the world you could not sell it. There would be no one to buy it. In principle, that was their problem. If they could sell out they would be millionaires. But where was there anybody with money enough to buy them out? It would take twenty-five millions or more. Once they had begun to look at this dilemma, they could not let it alone; it filled them with anxiety. They began to worry John about it. He had got them in. Couldn't he find a way to get them out?

"All right," he said at last. "Moses is willing. You've talked me into it. I'll show you a way out."

"How?"

"We're like a railroad," he said. "No railroad is privately owned any more. It's too big. It represents too much capital. Only the public is rich enough to own a railroad. It takes thousands of investors, putting their money together, to build a railroad. Then somebody works it for them and pays them dividends on their shares. We can do that—put our shares on the New York Stock Exchange and sell out to the public."

So he led them to Wall Street. The motive was theirs; the plan was his. The American Steel Company was reorganized. Its capitalization was increased to take in properties hitherto jointly owned among them, and for other purposes. They agreed to sell no shares except through John in order that all should fare alike. It was a verbal agreement. All their private agreements were verbal, and never so far had one been broken.

Enter John Breakspeare upon the Wall Street scene with something to sell. The shares of the American Steel Company were duly listed on the New York Stock Exchange—that is, they were added to the list of securities permitted to be dealt in there, and allotted sign and booth in the great investment bazaar. People stared and passed by. It was a strange sign, not only because it was new but for the reason also that the public knew only mining and railroad shares. The day of industrial-company shares had not come. John was a pioneer in that line, a vender unused to the ways of this fair with merchandise nobody had ever seen before.

He was not disappointed. He knew, if anybody did, that goods must be brought to the buyer's attention. Nothing will sell itself, least of all 7 per cent shares for which there is instinctively neither hunger nor thirst. He knew also in principle how this kind of impalpable merchandise should be displayed. It has no appeal to any of the natural senses. Therefore it must be made to appeal to all of them at once symbolically. How?

First to be engaged is the sense of sight. The shares move. They go up. People ask "What is that?" They move again. People ask "Why is that?" They continue to move, going up, then down a little, then suddenly up a great deal, and people say, "Here before our eyes is something doing, a chance to make some money." And when once they begin to say that, all their senses and appetites are touched with expectation, for money, however derived, is in itself palpable. It is the symbol of all things whatever.

For the art of making shares go up and down in a manner to excite first attention, then curiosity and then an impulse to act for gain, there is a long, inartistic word. The word is "manipulation." The stock-market manipulator is an illusionist. Perched high upon some eerie crag of the Wall Street cañon, producing enchantment at a distance, he is himself invisible save to the initiate, and even they do not know what he intends or why, because what he seems to be doing is never at all what he is really doing. If it were, the lesser fauna the wolves, the jackals, the foxes, apes and crows—would anticipate his ends and take the quarry out of his hands. He makes shares rise when he is selling them and fall when he is buying them. He can take an unnoticed, unwanted thing like American Steel and cause it to become an object of extravagant speculative interest, so that tens of thousands hang over the tape and wait for the next quotation, betting whether it will be up or down.

Moreover, he is a ventriloquist. When he has made certain shares very active by the apparently simple though extremely intricate expedient of buying and selling them furiously through different brokers, no two of whom know they have the same principal—when he has done this and people begin to ask the question why, answers suitable to his purpose are in everyone's ears, saturate the atmosphere; and although he, the manipulator, is the source of them, that fact is as little known as the fact that he was himself the solitary source of all the buying and selling that started the excitement. Not only is the public deceived; the fauna, too, will often be caught. All is flesh that rises to his lure. His work is sometimes legitimate, as when he creates a public demand for shares, the proceeds of which go to build a railroad or some other great economic work so vast that the capital could not have been obtained in any other way; it is sometimes predatory, sometimes wanton.

At this time the pendragon of manipulators was one Sabath—James Sabath—feared by the wicked and righteous. He was not a member of the Stock Exchange, for he did not wish to be bound by the rules. There was no name on his door, nor was his name in any directory or book of celebrities. Yet it was constantly on the lips of all men concerned in gains and losses from speculation. One might have asked in every bank in Wall Street who and where this Sabath was, and one's inquiry would have been received with utter blankness. Yet there would have been hardly a banker in Wall Street, certainly no very important one, who had not had transactions with him of an extremely intimate and delicate nature. Such is the way of men in the money cañon.

For example, there was Bullguard. He was the great private banker of his time—a kind of Cæsar's wife to the institution of American finance. His authority was absolute; his power was feudal and tyrannical. For him to have been seen in the society of Sabath would have been scandalous. Nobody would have known what to make of it. Yet in the pursuit of his ends he often engaged Sabath to do things he could not risk doing for himself. That again is the way of men in the little autonomous state which is Wall Street.

John sought an audience with Sabath. After long delay and much unnecessary mystery he was received in that strange man's lair. Besides himself, there was nothing in it except a ticker, some chairs and a worn Turkey carpet. The room was without windows, therefore lighted artificially in daytime. Twice during the interview he rang a bell, and each time a boy appeared with one glass of whisky in his hand. Sabath drank it at a gulp, with no here's how or by your leave. He sat in an armchair and combed his beard upward from its roots with his fingers, or for change twisted it with the other hand. His head was continually moving; sometimes he threw it far back to start his fingers through his beard; no matter what he did with his head, his eyes all the time were perfectly still, and

"I Don't Know Why—No, Not Coffee for One—Why I Should be So Self-Conscious About It. I'm Going to be Married"

held John in a blue, viselike gaze. He looked at people in a way to make them feel full of holes. His head was very large; his body was neat and small; his voice was sarcastic, thin and shrill.

John explained his errand. He wished Sabath to take hold of American Steel shares and create some public interest in them. Sabath said nothing, but continued to look at him. John went into details, telling about the company, what it owned and what it earned. Still Sabath continued to gaze at him in silence. John told him at length how the shares had been pooled in his hands by his associates, none to be sold except through him. And Sabath said nothing.

"Does it interest you at all?" John asked at last.

"Come back tomorrow," said Sabath.

He made a gesture toward the door without looking at it. As John went he sat still, but for his head, which turned slowly in a reptilian manner.

To John's surprise Sabath was vocal the next day and asked many questions in a high, twanging voice. Some of his questions were oblique and some apparently quite irrelevant.

Suddenly he said: "And so you know that God-fearing Creed, do you? You must know him very well. How much of this precious stock has Mr. Creed got?"

John told him. Sabath tweaked his beard, saying, "Who would imagine I'd ever be found in the same alley with a he cat like Creed?"

"What's the matter with him?" asked John.

"I say nothing against him," Sabath answered. "I only say I'd hate to go into a room with him alone."

There was a third interview; then a fourth and a fifth. Terms were stated. It seemed to be all ready for the signatures; and as there weren't going to be any signatures, John couldn't understand why Sabath kept postponing the final word.

Then one day out of a painted sky he said, "We don't seem able to make a trade, Mr. Breakspeare. I cannot allow myself to waste any more of your valuable time. I'm not interested."

John was amazed. "However," he said, "I suppose I can trust you to keep to yourself the information you have obtained in the course of these interviews?"

"That's what we live on down here—trust," said Sabath. "We couldn't do business without it."

With that he turned his back and stood looking at the ticker.

John, thus rudely dismissed, was at the door with his hand on the knob, when Sabath spoke again, without turning around, without moving his head, almost as if he were thinking out loud.

"What did you ever do to Mr. Bullguard?"

"I don't know him," said John. "Why?"

"He knows you," said Sabath, still reading the tape. "He says you are a gambler. Is that true?"

"I don't know what he means," said John. "It would be absurd to talk about it. I have some business to transact in Wall Street. How does that concern him?"

Sabath now turned and walked with him to the door. His manner was both ingratiating and menacing; his voice was ironic, and yet there was a suspicion of friendliness in his words

"Because if you are," he continued, as if John had not spoken, "I would urge you to keep all that talent for the steel business. I understand the steel business needs it. We don't like gambling in Wall Street. You are a young man. I have wasted your time. Now I offer you my best advice: Don't try anything in Wall Street. Gamblers don't go far down here. We eat them. Mr. Bullguard would swallow you up at one bite." He made an exaggerated bow. "Let me know if there's anything I can do for you before you go back to Pittsburgh."

"Thanks," said John. "When I want to amuse myself I'll come to you. Tell Mr. Bullguard I've been eaten up so often that I like it. Sometimes I fairly hunger for it. Why did you change your mind?"

"How could I have changed my mind?" Sabath injuredly asked. "How can you say that? My mind had never been made up."

"Tell me why you changed your mind," John insisted.

"You would be betrayed," said Sabath. "I should be betrayed, too, of course; but I'm used to it and you're not. I'd hate to see you lose your faith in human nature. It's too beautiful. I'd not let anything happen to it if I were you. I'd lock it up in a safe deposit vault. You think I'm sarcastic, don't you? I'm not. I'm a very sentimental man. You are the only person in the world who knows it. And you don't believe it. Neither do I. But it's so. I know it's so. If it were not so I'd have all the money in the world. Remember what I tell you. It's the only man you don't suspect that betrays you."

"Did Mr. Bullguard call you off?" John asked.

"You might never get used to it," Sabath continued vaguely, ignoring the question. "You wouldn't know what to do. I've been betrayed so much that I know it before it happens. And I know what to do. You never get through a deal like this without being betrayed."

He turned sadly and walked back to the ticker. The interview was closed.

John reacted to this experience with thoughtful curiosity. He was baffled and chagrined and at the same time deeply interested, for he perceived that here was a province of the dynamic mind in which subtlety was carried to its ultimate point. After long reflection he was still of the opinion that underlying Sabath's diabolism lay a vein of well-meaning; also of the opinion still that the puissant Bullguard had interfered. But why? What could his motive be? This was presently to be discovered. John explored the matter adroitly and learned that Bullguard was about to do for the Carmichael crowd what John, lone-handed, had attempted to do for his crowd—that is to say, capitalize the steel business and introduce it to the public. Naturally Bullguard desired the field to himself and took a high-handed way against the interloper

Nevertheless, John resolved to go on He would be his own manipulator.

Why not? The stock market was nobody's private preserve. He had as much right there as Bullguard or Sabath. Besides, where was the risk? He controlled all the shares of the American Steel Company.

So he engaged a broker, who engaged other brokers, and buying and selling orders, both issuing from John, began to be executed in American Steel. For a while he was delighted. It was so easy to make the shares active, to make them go up and down, to create the illusion of excited bargaining, that he began to wonder why anyone should pay manipulators large fees to do this simple trick He wondered, too, what Sabath was thinking of his performance. He could almost feel Sabath watching him. He imagined him at the ticker, tweaking his beard, sneering at these amateur quotations that were appearing on the tape for American Steel.

They were beautiful quotations, rising from 80 to 85, then to 90, then to 95 and at length to 100; they were also very costly quotations. Commissions to brokers who executed his orders began to run into large figures, and there were no offsetting returns. That is to say, real buyers were not in the least intrigued. After several weeks John himself was still the only buyer and the only seller. He discussed it with his broker, who thought what he needed was publicity. He ought to get American Steel written about in the newspapers.

Financial writers to the number of twenty were invited to meet the president of the American Steel Company Six came. John received them in his broker's private office and spoke eloquently and earnestly of the company, its merits, earnings and all that. They stared at him incredulously, then began to look very bored and went away. American Steel was not written about except in one newspaper, which told of the solicited interview in a way to make it ludicrous.

Now a most improbable thing happened. John's broker reported that someone was selling American Steel shares.

Selling them? Who could be selling them? Nobody had any to sell.

Nevertheless, it was true. Well, next best to selling the shares to the public, which he hadn't succeeded in doing, was to buy them from speculators who would sell them without owning them; for in that case, when the sellers were called upon to deliver what they never had, then they couldn't and John would be in a position to squeeze them. He would have them in a corner. So he gave orders to buy all the American Steel anyone offered to sell. The selling steadily increased. How strange that professional stock-exchange gamblers, the canniest men in the world, would sell themselves into a corner in that silly manner! Yet what else could it be? Still sure the sellers were selling what they couldn't deliver, John continued to buy until very large sums began to be involved.

One afternoon his broker informed him that the selling had been traced to Sabath. This, John had already suspected. He was now in deep water and wired for his crowd Slaymaker, Awns, Wingreene, Pick and Creed

(Continued on Page 67)

"How Much?" He Asked. "If You Smile, $300,000,000. No Smile, $350,000,000"

TIMBER-LINE

By TEMPLE BAILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

FOR a daughter to wish both her parents dead might seem an unnatural thing if one did not know the circumstances. But as Amelie protested passionately to Louis Hawley, the family lawyer, who, in the crisis of domestic affairs, was her only friend, "If I could just have buried them!"

He was sympathetic

"I know what you mean."

"But now—I can't even cry decently."

She could not go on. She had always been self-controlled, and the effect of her restraint was pathetic, as a child is pathetic who has been told to stop sobbing, and who holds back the tears.

"I thought father was different," she said, after a pause; "but his wife is worse than mother's husband. I shan't live with either of them. They've both asked me. But you see—don't you? I can't!"

She could not, of course. Two years before, when Amelie was eighteen, her father and mother had been divorced, and in a few months her mother had remarried. Amelie had stayed after that with her father, and then, suddenly, without warning, he had brought home a new wife—an exotic little dancer whom he had met in Spain.

It had all been in the papers glaringly headlines comment criticism. Such cases are less rare in these days, but in the late '90's of Amelie's girlhood the sensation was widespread. The Baltimore Turners had millions and belonged to a fashionable set. These things made a difference in the eyes of the world, but they made no difference to Amelie. For all she had in common with her parents, she might have been a changeling. She was a throwback, as it were, to fine old Huguenot stock. She had a conscience and a backbone. She had stood one blow after another, as a strong little tree might withstand the shock of repeated storms.

But now she could stand no more. Her mother's husband had been her lover before the divorce was granted. Amelie had known it. Everybody had known it. Only to the little daughter had the thing seemed unspeakable. There had been such a lot of money spent to gloss things over. Her mother went with the same people who had been her friends before her second marriage. Amelie had flown to her father only to find, amazingly, that he, too, glossed it over.

"If she cares for someone else, why should I want her?"

And now he cared for someone else; someone who seemed to Amelie like a brilliant little crimson snake she had once seen in the reptile house of a zoo! It was probably silly to feel that way, but in a sense Amelie's parents were responsible for the silliness. She had been carefully trained. There had been governesses and tutors, private schools, trips abroad. She had been sheltered like a novice in a convent. It was as if her parents had known enough of evil to save her from it.

But they had saved her only to suffer. Marriage was, to her, sacred; love eternal. She had been the link which should have bound those who had brought her into the world, and they had severed the bond ruthlessly. She still felt the agony of the moment when she had known that her gods were dead.

"They both love me," she told the lawyer, "but they didn't love me enough to be decent." Her eyes blazed, though her lips trembled. "I mustn't talk about it; it hurts." She stood up. "It is all a muddle, isn't it? But I know this: I am going away."

"Where are you going?"

He was keenly aware of her girlish loveliness, set off by her velvet hat and scarf of ermine.

"I haven't decided, except that it must be away from them."

His light touch was on her shoulder.

"You must try not to take it too much to heart. They have simply had more money than is good for them, that's all. If they had been poor, she'd have been cooking his meals and he'd have been earning the rent. They'd have been too busy to go romancing afield."

"Do you really think," she asked wistfully, "that money was the trouble?"

"Well, look around you. It seems to be a perpetual game in their crowd—changing partners."

Oh, What Was He Going to Say? Would the Happiness of the Years be Wiped Out by a Word of Blame?

II

AMELIE thought a great deal after that of what Louis Hawley had said to her. She began to think of money as of some slimy monster which had crushed her parents in his folds. To be poor was the thing. She grew almost morbid in her constant consideration of the subject. Her health showed the effect of her obsession.

"You'd better get away," Hawley advised, "to the seashore or the mountains."

"I am going," she said, "when I find the place. But I must think it out."

Her father was on his yacht, prolonging his honeymoon with his Spanish bride; her mother had opened the big house at Newport. Most of the summers of Amelie's childhood had been spent there. But now she would have none of it. She hated the idea of another man as master where her father had reigned.

When her mother said "It's my turn, Amelie, to have you," she responded, "It is nobody's turn, mother. I can't help the way I feel. There isn't any family any more. It is just a sort of stage performance of a modern sex play."

Her tone was bitter, and her mother protested, "I don't see how you can say such things!"

"I say them because they are true. I have a feeling that if you and dad hadn't had an audience you'd have stayed with each other."

All this time Amelie was living alone with her father's servants in the town house on Charles Street. One of the servants, Martha Bowles, had been Amelie's nurse, and later her maid. She was an Englishwoman, plump and competent, mid-Victorian. Many of Amelie's ideas had been borrowed from Martha. They were narrow ideas, but they were an antidote for the poison of sophistication with which the child had been surrounded. It was Martha who had taught Amelie her little prayers and had heard them every night. Amelie still said her prayers and tried not to ask for things for herself.

"Ask Him to make you useful," Martha had said. And Amelie on her knees had asked.

But now in her distress of mind she prayed for guidance. Her future was dark. She was alone. She was, indeed, a spiritual orphan. If her parents, as she had told Hawley, had died, she could not have been more bereft.

She went with Martha one day to the old cemetery where are buried most of Baltimore's illustrious and fashionable dead. They walked from the entrance to the family lot, which was surrounded by a box hedge. A tall white shaft with an urn on top stood among the other stones.

It was because of Amelie's great-grandfather that the shaft was there. It was he who had made the family fortunes. Before that there had been good blood, but no money. His wife lay by his side. There were other wives in the adjoining graves, and other husbands. They had not been separated in life; they were not separated in death.

Amelie wondered where her mother and father would lie. Would the Spanish dancer rest here among these Huguenots, or would her father sleep eternally under Castilian skies?

Her tears flowed silently. Old Martha let her cry. She had come to put flowers on the grave of Amelie's grandmother. The grandmother had been a good woman and a good wife.

"If she had lived," Martha remarked, as she came back from the pump with a vase filled with water, "all this scandal would have broken her heart."

"My heart is broken," Amelie said passionately. "If only I were dead, Martha! If only I were dead!"

But Martha was a wise old woman.

"There's a whole life before you, my lamb. And you've got to make your happiness."

They sat there in the cemetery and talked about Amelie's future.

"I want to live for a time with different people; and you're to go with me, Martha."

She came to this at last: That Martha should accompany her not as her maid but as her aunt.

"I don't want people staring at me and saying, 'There's Amelie Turner, the daughter of those people in the great divorce scandal.' We could go as Mrs. Bowles and her niece, Emily Turner, and nobody would know me."

Martha thought it a crazy plan.

"Anybody could see I wasn't your aunt!"

"How? And I love you more than anybody in the whole wide world, Martha."

She wept on Martha's bosom, and Martha, loving her, agreed to anything —— "If it will make you happy, my lamb."

So it happened that, as Amelie and her maid journeyed West, Amelie wore a simple suit of blue serge, and old Martha was more than ever dignified, in black silk and a hat with a blackbird's breast on it. They reached Denver, took a local train that left them at a lonely station and rode from there in a stage to the heart of the mountains. It was before the days of motor busses; and Amelie and old Martha, whirling over the rough roads, were to all appearances like any other modest tourists of the time.

They went to a small hotel and Martha registered them as Mrs. Bowles and Miss Turner. There was nothing in that to attract notice. When Martha spoke to the other boarders of her niece they thought she said "Emily," and so it was as Emily Turner that Amelie found refuge from unpleasant observation.

She had brought cheap riding clothes and rode every day on horseback. Martha sat on the front porch and rocked and knitted. The women thought her niece pretty, but not in any way remarkable. If they had seen Amelie in her native environment they would have stared and gaped. Amelie was aware of the glamour her fortune would have cast over her. Stripped of it, she was as commonplace, apparently, as the rest of them. The boarders even thought her affected in her speech, but attributed it to her Eastern training. Martha, whose speech was plain, explained that her niece had been well educated. She did not say how well or where.

There were girl waitresses at the hotel, and Amelie observed them with much interest. Many of them were college girls. They waited on the tables and took the tips and lived a life apart from the boarders. At night they climbed to a pavilion on the side of the mountain and built a fire and made fudge and popped corn. The stablemen and the men from some of the adjoining ranches came over and ate the fudge and danced with the girls under the moon. Amelie's waitress told her about it.

"Would you like to go up some night?" she asked.

She felt herself Amelie's equal—in some ways her superior. Amelie had never been to college, and Arline, the waitress, was in her senior year. It gave Arline a great sense of her own importance. She could not know, of course, the background of Amelie's culture. It is doubtful if she would have appraised at their proper value the years with governesses and tutors. She was strong for coeducation and felt that knowledge could be gained only in schools. Yet Amelie liked Arline. The girl was wholesome, self-reliant and ambitious. "I shall teach as soon as I am out of college. I've got to make something of myself."

Amelie was aware that she had never made anything of herself. She had been molded by old Martha and by her governess and by the nuns in the French convent. After that her mind had been absorbed by the domestic tragedies of her household. The atmosphere had always been emotionally tense. The people about her had played the game of life madly. There had been bridge madness and drink madness, the madness which makes other people's wives and husbands more interesting than one's own.

There was madness, too, here on the mountain side. Amelie discovered that the first night she went with Arline. But this madness had to do with clean and romantic youth, with quick blood and moonlight, with the excitements of a wind that seemed to sweep one up from earth towards a golden sky.

Most of the boys wore corduroy, high boots, felt hats wide brimmed and soft as velvet. They were a picturesque crowd—some of them rough in their manners. But all of them were lifted above the commonplace by the light of the fire and the magic of the night.

There was one boy who gazed upon Amelie through the rosy effulgence of the leaping flames. Then he came over and threw himself down beside her, presenting a paper plate of heaped white kernels.

"Pretty slick pop corn," he said.

"Isn't it!"

He gave her a fleeting glance.

"I haven't seen you here before."

"No; I came with Arline."

"Waiting at the hotel?"

"No; I am one of the guests."

He seemed to withdraw slightly.

"Oh!"

She was eager.

"But Arline is my friend. I believe next year I'd like to—wait upon the table." It was a new thought, but absolutely sincere. She felt that to be one of this striving, stimulating group would be to grasp at life's realities. She made her statement more emphatic. "I'd love it."

He nodded. "Well, they earn good money—tips and all."

She reached for more pop corn and his eyes were on her hands.

"You haven't ever worked much."

"How do you know?"

"With those hands?"

She liked his voice and the grace of his reclining figure. She liked the wind, the young moon and the waving branches of the pines. She spoke to him of the branches.

"There's something triumphant about them ——"

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, it seems as if the wind can sway them but could never break them, and their song rushes through the night."

He sat up and spoke with quick breath.

"Where do you get such lovely thoughts?"

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Her Imagination Took Hold of That Thought of Cherry Orchards. She Saw Them in the Spring, All Snowy Bloom, Dripping Their Red Fruit at Harvest Time

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 24, 1925

Motor Accidents

FIGURES supplied by the National Safety Council indicate that more than twelve thousand persons were killed by motor vehicles in the United States during the year 1922. In other words, motor cars in this country, besides more or less seriously injuring possibly several hundred thousand persons, are now killing yearly one out of every nine thousand of the inhabitants in the United States. Putting it another way, about one out of every thousand of the estimated twelve million motor cars in this country is a death car, and the drivers of a large proportion of these cars are either guilty of homicide or themselves are the victims of some other driver.

It is agreed by those best informed that this is not a situation inseparable from the almost universal use of the automobile. It is with the automobile driver, and not with the vehicle itself, that the country has to deal; and a survey of the efforts so far made to impress the driver with a sense of his responsibility to himself and to his fellow citizens sufficiently explains why he and his car today are killing two people for every one person killed by all the railroads of the country put together.

In only fifteen out of the forty-eight states of the country are owners of automobiles who drive their own cars required to obtain drivers' licenses; in only thirty-four states must chauffeurs or those operating cars for hire take out such licenses. Of those states which issue drivers' licenses, five place no limit upon the age of the driver, while in other states the minimum age for a driver varies from fourteen to eighteen years. In only eleven states are physical and mental examinations of the candidate made and a demonstration of his skill as an operator demanded.

All our states have passed laws prescribing in some degree what the driver of the car may or may not do upon the road, and practically all the states recognize that varying local conditions and circumstances of time or occasion enter so largely into the hazard that determination of the rate of travel must be left largely to the judgment of the individual motor-car operator. Therefore state laws generally call for a "reasonable and proper" speed within a top range of from forty to twenty miles an hour, and in a few states provide for much reduced speed in built-up sections. These speed regulations, including certain limitations upon the character of the lights and warning signals which a car shall carry and how those lights and signals shall be employed, together with special regulations applying to commercial vehicles, are the sum total of state legislation upon the subject.

To secure respect for these state statutes and local regulations there is an array of fines, with here and there a light jail sentence in the dim background, and, as a penalty for repeated offenses, the possibility that the driver will be deprived of his license for a brief period.

These penalties in the majority of cases are obviously inadequate. The average owner of a car is quite able to pay the usual fine without inconvenience. It may be he reckons such fines as part of the legitimate expense of operating his car. At least the prospect of their imposition does not deter him from taking a chance on the road whenever it seems to be called for by his convenience. Therefore they develop in him neither respect for the law nor decent regard for the comfort of others who use the highway. Such an attitude of mind, on the contrary, encourages carelessness in the operation of the car at all times, and to that carelessness are due many of our road accidents.

Fines in the case of the temperamentally reckless driver and the driver who does not hesitate to operate a car when himself under the influence of liquor exercise even less restraint. All in all, except as penalties for minor infractions of police or local regulations, fines of the proportions of those now imposed are worse than useless.

For serious breaches of the law of the highway—and specifically for attempt to operate the car while the driver is intoxicated, for repeatedly exceeding the speed limit and for all forms of reckless driving—the driver should immediately be deprived of his license for not less than one year, even if an accident has not occurred. In cases where an accident has resulted from such breach of the law the driver should be made to serve a jail term proportionate to the gravity of his offense, and in every case this jail term should be of sufficient duration to make it of distinct disadvantage to his material interests as well as to his reputation. Nothing less than such jail sentences, imposed promptly and served to their full term, is likely to produce results.

For accidents which result in death the driver responsible for the killing, if it be shown that he was reckless or under the influence of liquor or drugs, should be punished with all the severity that the law prescribes for other homicide cases in which criminal negligence has been proved. Public security from dangerous drivers of this stamp who already hold licenses to roam our roads may be brought about only by the straightforward process of their elimination as drivers. They are to be classed either as congenital idiots or as governed by criminal instincts, and they should be put where their proclivities are likely to do the least harm.

Action along this line, however, will not of itself accomplish all that is needed. Besides the reform of those who in an excess of high spirits already are engaged in killing or maiming themselves and others and in generally smashing up things to make a joy rider's holiday, we have also got to arrange it so that a minimum of these unfit shall be let loose among us. Fortunately there is in this direction an opportunity to sterilize the evil in the situation at the root which does not exist in the case of those of incipient homicidal tendencies who employ other agencies than the automobile against the life and limb of peaceful citizens. The motor car may fairly be said to be a deadly weapon of which we must take account only when it is in the wrong hands. It should be our business to see that it gets into the right hands and into no others, so far as that can be accomplished by measures of education and restraint.

To insure this, a mental and physical examination should be made of every applicant for a motor-car license. Furthermore the applicant should be required to present such a certificate of character as will afford at least an indication of his sense of responsibility to others. He should also be required to show that he is thoroughly familiar with the rules of the road and with the traffic regulations in the territory in which his car is to be operated. Finally, he should be made to show by a road trial that he has a satisfactory understanding of the operation of the car which he proposes to drive. The possession of an annual license, however, should entitle its holder to the issue of a new annual license provided only that his record for the twelvemonth past was clear of serious breaches of the law.

These are stringent requirements, and their enforcement obviously might call for some additional machinery in the licensing bureaus of the states. The expense of this additional machinery, however, could readily be met by an increase in the fee for the issue of the license, which now averages about two dollars. The proposed regulations would also somewhat delay the issue of licenses and would impose some trouble upon the applicant for a license. This, however, represents certainly a small price to pay for the greater comfort and security which all users of our highways would enjoy. Furthermore such a plan might be expected to reduce materially the considerable money loss to owners directly or indirectly through the payment of insurance premiums now resulting from damage to vehicles, to say nothing of the reduction of that loss which takes the form of costs and damages resulting from civil suits for bodily injuries from accidents.

The efforts made by automobile organizations separately throughout the country, and their joint effort as expressed by the American Automobile Association, have done something to standardize state requirements for the issue of drivers' licenses, but so far they have not done much to abate reckless driving. Public opinion at large so far has contented itself with expressing its indignation at the time of a serious accident and with saying that something should be done.

It is time that there was a concerted movement in this direction, and preferably it should find its expression in uniform action by the states separately. If such uniform but independent action by the states cannot soon be secured, then serious consideration should be given to the enactment of a Federal law on the subject. The motor car today is actually a vehicle of interstate traffic, and the encouragement given to motor-car travel over state boundary lines by reciprocal recognition of state licenses tends to increase such travel. The operation of the automobile, therefore, if it is necessary to deal with it from Washington, seems to be fairly open to Federal regulation, with issue of licenses solely by the Federal Government and the return of a portion of the license fees so secured to the states individually in proportion to the number of licensees, as determined by their places of residence.

The Rejuvenated German Shipping

GERMAN boats are rapidly reappearing on the lines of trade they plied before the war. For good reasons the ships sailing under other flags shrink from competition with the new German merchant marine. The Germans are expected to cut freight rates. This will not tend to improve a business none too prosperous now. The new German boats are supposed to be the last word in efficient freight vessels. In them are incorporated all the lessons of the war. They are built in the most economical sizes. The relations of cargo holds, boiler rooms and bunker space are presumed to correspond to the best practice. The vessels are designed for efficient loading and discharging. The overhead is judged to be unusually low. The boats were built with very cheap labor, by workmen fed partly on subsidized bread. The coal was partly paid for by the government, freight rates to the building yards were partly at government cost, the steel was rolled under subsidy. Insurance is secured at reduced rates. The sailors are paid in a grossly depreciated currency. The masters of the German vessels are fired with a patriotic zeal to unfurl the flag of their country in every port. The Teutonic fervor that once animated the Inperial Navy now permeates the spirit of the new merchant marine. Sailors are available in profusion. There are new boats, efficient masters, high-grade crews. For the present sailing the high seas is much better than working at home.

The treaty of peace took from the Germans old boats and left them in position to build new boats very cheaply. Before the war it was German policy to subsidize the merchant marine. With continuation of the old policy, German competition is much to be feared.

SENATORS AND WHAT NOT

By Kenneth L. Roberts

DAVID AUGUSTUS FLACK, former cabinet officer, diplomat, social light, political student and author, seated himself before a large window in the Chevy Chase Country Club and made a series of motions to an approaching waiter. The waiter, apparently familiar with the meaning of the mysterious passes, at once disappeared through a near-by door. Whereupon Mr. Flack stared meditatively at a large concourse of caddies, secret-service men and golfers who were approaching the last green with the President of the United States.

"There isn't a great deal of consistency in this business of being President," said Mr. Flack glumly. "When the President comes out here to play golf a secret-service man walks along with his party and keeps score; and whenever one of the players hooks a ball into the tall timbers and goes over to hunt for it he finds another secret-service man lurking in the undergrowth and keeping an eye out for possible assailants as well as for lost balls.

"Whenever the presidential party approaches another group of players, they ask, urge and even implore the President and his party to play through them. The crustiest and most hard-boiled four-ball match on the links, which ordinarily won't allow anybody to pass through them unless he shoots his way through with a machine gun, will step to one side with loud cries of 'Go right ahead, Mister President!' as soon as he comes in sight."

Rattling the President

"NEXT to being a congenital golf player that is utterly unable to take more than five shots on any hole unless he falls down and breaks a leg, or unless his ball lodges beneath a ten-ton bowlder, I should think that being the President of the United States on crowded golf links would be the most satisfying golf sensation in the world."

Mr. Flack fell silent as the President stooped over his ball and went through the delicate motions preliminary to a five-foot putt. The caddies and the members of the presidential party became living statues. The President putted and missed, whereat Mr. Flack sighed explosively, while the attitudes of the presidential party were expressive of regretful melancholy.

"If the President," continued Mr. Flack, "were obliged to play golf in the same manner that he is forced to carry on a great many of his presidential duties he would find himself much less pleasantly situated than is at present the case. Whenever he approached a four-ball match, the members of it, instead of treating him with sportsmanlike courtesy, would dance up and down and scream at the top of their lungs as soon as he or any of his friends started to make a shot. Whenever he was in the act of making a difficult and important putt a wildly enthusiastic player would rush in front of him, shouting: 'Don't watch him! Watch me! See how I hit the ball! He's hitting it all wrong! I know how to hit it, and he doesn't! Look! Look! Look! Wow! Wow! Wow!' Whenever he addressed the ball on the tee, preparatory to slamming a long drive down the fairway, other players would throw divots at his ball and emit derisive shouts of 'Fore!' after the fashion of all muckers when observing golfers from a safe distance.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to point out that there would be about as much pleasure and satisfaction in such a game of golf as there would be in devoting an afternoon to playing tag with a bevy of rattlesnakes.

"Such a procedure, however, would be the reduction of golf to a political basis; and that's approximately what happens to the President when he is attempting to get the United States through the bunkers and sand traps of European propaganda, selfishness, stupidity and intrigue.

"The distinguished senators who rise on the floor of the Senate and howl about the difficulty of getting information on foreign affairs from the State Department, and then let out a series of wild whoops purporting to indicate a better course of action for the Government to follow than is now being followed by the President and his advisers, are in much the same offensive position as are golfers who fire off guns just behind the ear of another golfer who is about to execute a difficult shot. If the distinguished senators who make all the disturbance and figuratively rap the President's knuckles whenever he makes a move or whenever he doesn't make a move were thoroughly acquainted with European conditions, or if they made efforts to get from the State Department all the information that they ought to have before laying out a foreign policy for anyone to follow, there might be some excuse for them."

The Senate Jippy

"UNFORTUNATELY many of the senators responsible for the uproar are about as well informed on European conditions as they are on the insect life of the upper Orinoco. They know one thing extremely well, of course. They know that they want to make a speech. Some of them want to make a speech because their eyes are seeing the entrancing mirage of themselves wearing the key to the front door of the White House on their key rings in 1925; and they wish to call themselves to the attention of the beloved people, without whose approbation the mirage will never merge into reality. Others want to make a speech merely because they have a touch of the Senate jippy, which is a sort of disease whose germs lurk within the Senate Chamber and occasionally infect gentlemen who appear to be healthy in every other way. The chief symptom of the Senate jippy is the desire to make very long speeches on all sorts of subjects—especially on subjects concerning which the sufferer from the jippy knows next to nothing.

(Continued on Page 150)

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Sensible Income Tax Form

NAME, unabridged . . . Brief address. . . . Business, profession or graft. . . . Do you live in this country? . . . After deducting your income tax, are you still glad you do? . . Did you pay any income tax last year? . If so, what did you give up before, during and after Lent? . . . Were you living with your wife and family on the last day of 1922 or were you watching the old year out with somebody else? . . .

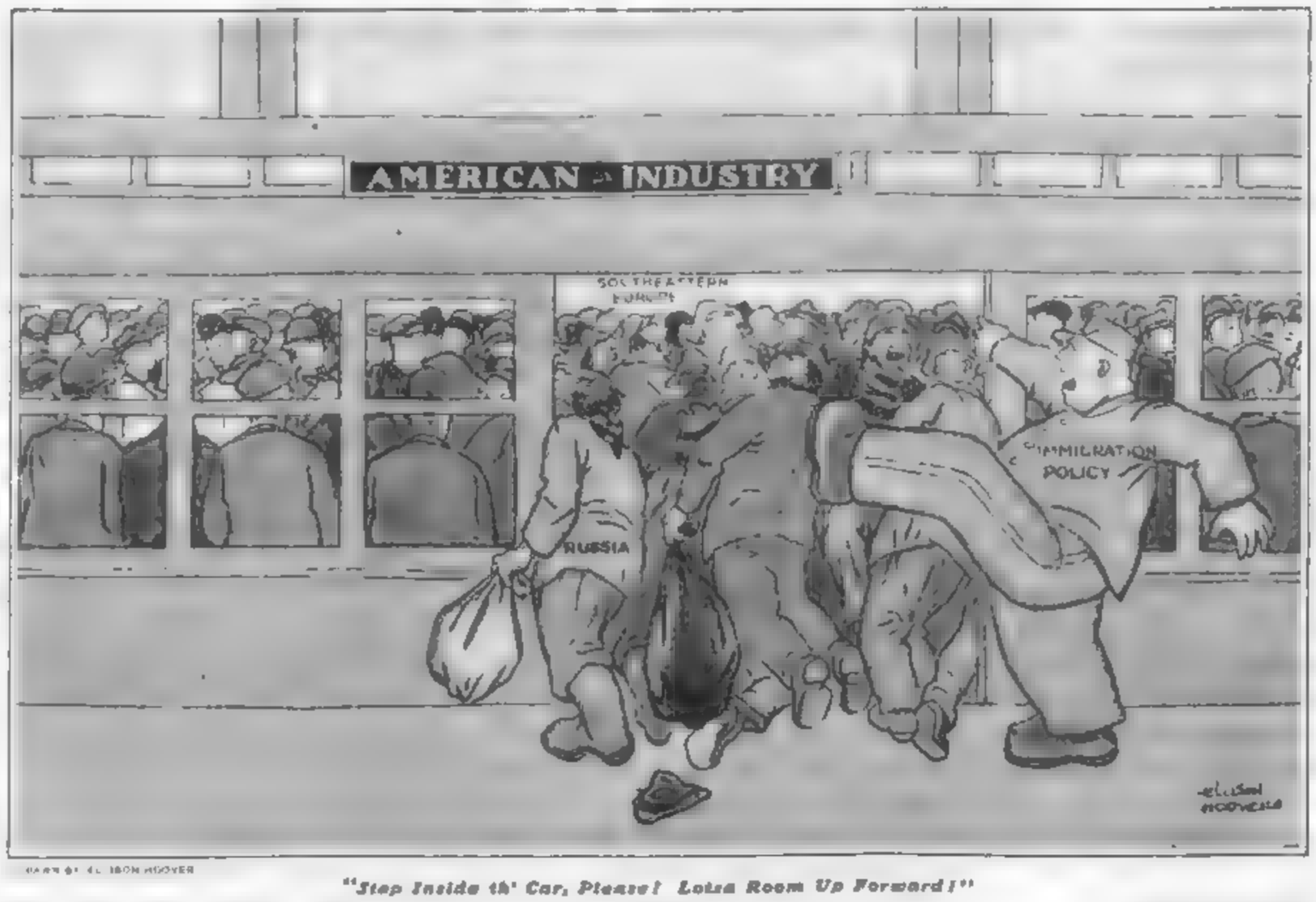
How many persons under 18 are receiving their chief support from you, including hat-check brigands, newsboys, flower girls, etc.? . . . Have you still got your Liberty Bonds or did the installment houses get them? . . . If you paid your coal dealer, butcher, grocer or janitor more than $1000 in 1922, apply for Forms 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 20, 25, 50, 57, 101 and other football signals. . . . If you paid your coal dealer, butcher, grocer or janitor less than $1000, please send confidential explanation and formula of how you got away with it.

COMPUTATION OF TAXES. Net income . . . plus your shirt size, divided by the temperature of Norway, minus the number of pearls in the average oyster. . . . If you have ever had a ride in a patrol wagon add the wheel base to your gross income and deduct the number of the patrolman's badge. . . . If you have figured accurately so far you are a mathemagician. Just for that add 4 per cent surtax here. . . . Now we're beginning to get somewhere. Yes? . . . No? . . . (Vote for one.)

Income from business, profession or bootlegging. . . . What kind of business is rotten with you? . . . Do you believe in statistics? . . . Do you believe in Santa Claus? . . . Do you believe in Judge Gary's optimistic interviews? . . . If not, add $5000 fine and aren't you ashamed of yourself? . . . Deduct postage stamps copped by your office force and expenditures for collect telegrams canceling orders. . . . Do you read 'em and weep or do you require an onion? . . .

TOTAL (Items 1861 to 1865 inclusive, from North to South, deducting 100 per cent Americanism). . . . Item XXX should equal Item FOB, minus Arlington time signals from WGI, Newark. . . . If not, why not? . . . You now owe the Government one congressman's salary, plus twenty cents a mile for going home to feed the mules. . . . Are you satisfied so far? . . . So far, so good. Add 8 per cent surtax for equanimity (see page 147, Noah Webster). .

SCHEDULE F—Income from wages, bribes, commissions, bonuses, director's fees, taxi tips, pensions, sure things, salaries, radishes, cucumbers, olives, toys, games, phonographs, watch your step, fifth floor, next stop. . . . Do not add, subtract, multiply, walk on the grass or open cutout here. . . .



"Step Inside th' Car, Please! Lotsa Room Up Forward!"

SCHEDULE K—Net, gross, one, two, hop, skip, squads right, port arms, Form 1040, leaving on Track 28, inventory, liquidation, fiduciary, apothecary, rah, rah, rah, hold 'em Yale. . . . TOTAL, XXX minus 110 proof. . . . Deduct no chasers.

SCHEDULE M—All change. Leave no articles in the car.

SCHEDULE Q—154 games. (For photograph of Judge Landis, turn to page 11,260.)

SCHEDULE R—All trains on New Haven system, 40 minutes late. (Deduct flag stations). . . .

Take your oath here (not more than five expletives). . . .

Signature. . . .

(Smelling salts.)

(Chloroform on the side.) —*Neal O'Hara.*

The Windham Thaw

MAGELLAN braved all seas that roll,
Commander Peary found the pole,
Leander swam the Hellespont,
But I have tramped across Vermont
And hence know more about foul weather
Than those three worthies put together;
And the bitterest weather that ever I saw
Was what they called a Windham thaw;
And if you'd learn what that might be,
Listen to me:

The wind blows down from the north northeast
At sixty miles an hour, at least,
Bringing a sweep of snow and hail,
Freezing the milk in the clanking pail;
Great boughs crack in the hemlock grove;
Men sit close to the red-hot stove;
The storm cloud sinks, the storm cloud lifts,
Horses wallow among the drifts,
The carter stamps to save his toes,
Icicles hang from the postman's nose,
Every blast has a frigid claw,
The farm boy's cheek is red and raw,
Towser cowers beneath the straw,
Never a rooster dares to crow,
The snow whirls up in a williwaw
For the devil is beating his mother-in-law—
And that's what they call a Windham thaw!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Magpie

(A Study in Dramatic Criticism

SHIRLEY JONES IN THE MORNING BLADDER

WE HAVE never seen a finer play than Winship Smythe's rural tragedy, The Magpie, which opened last night at the George T. Fishbein Theater.

It is quite true that we said the same thing last week about Trial Marriage, and the week before about Delia of the Dardanelles; but we hereby revoke, cancel and annul all statements heretofore made, and assert that The Magpie is the finest play that has yet appeared on the American stage. The Magpie is a modern psychological drama of gripping intensity, superb characterization and masterly dialogue.

There are moments in the play, particularly the scene in which old Aaron Winterbottom [Douglas Fairbanks] warns his daughter Agnes [Miss Ethel Barrymore] not to trust the city chap, Frank Meriwether [John Drew]—there are moments, we say, that for sheer literary beauty surpass Shakspere, Molière, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides at their best.

We ought to be a rather hardened reviewer by this time, but we confess, frankly and unashamed, that when Agnes was turned out into the snowstorm with her baby, at the end of the fourth act, we drew out our handkerchief and sobbed like a matinée flapper.

(Continued on Page 121)

Why Shouldn't the Country Man Visiting the City Emulate the Manners of the City Man Visiting the Country?

No wonder it tastes so good!

No wonder that every time you lift a spoonful of this fragrant soup to your lips you relish its delicious flavor! Think of the ruddiest and juiciest tomatoes you ever saw, the pick of the finest fields. This is the kind of fruit, sun-ripened on the vines and plucked at its very perfection, that makes Campbell's Tomato Soup so tempting. All the pure tomato richness is in it. Every trace of skin, seed and core fibre is removed by fine straining. Smooth golden butter is blended in the puree, adding to its flavor and nourishment. Campbell's famous chefs give it the last fine touch by their delicate seasoning. A soup that, once tasted, your appetite does not forget!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER XII

IN ANY community in which a sensational crime has recently been committed the feelings of the individuals who go to make up that community must of necessity vary somewhat sharply according to the degree in which the personal fortunes of each are affected by the outrage. Vivid in their own way as may be the emotions of one who sees a fellow citizen sandbagged in a quiet street, they differ in kind from those experienced by the victim himself.

And so, though the theft of Lady Constance Keeble's diamond necklace had stirred Blandings Castle to its depths, it had not affected all those present in quite the same way. It left the house party divided into two distinct schools of thought—the one finding in the occurrence material for gloom and despondency, the other deriving from it nothing but joyful excitement.

To this latter section belonged those free young spirits who had chafed at the prospect of being herded into the drawing-room on the eventful night to listen to Psmith's reading of Songs of Squalor. It made them tremble now to think of what they would have missed had Lady Constance's vigilance relaxed sufficiently to enable them to execute the quiet sneak for the billiard room, of which even at the eleventh hour they had thought so wistfully. As far as the Reggies, Berties, Claudes and Archies at that moment enjoying Lord Emsworth's hospitality were concerned, the thing was top-hole, priceless, and indisputably what the doctor ordered. They spent a great deal of their time going from one country house to another, and as a rule found the routine a little monotonous. A happening like that of the previous night gave a splendid zip to rural life. And when they reflected that, right on top of this binge, there was coming the County Ball, it seemed to them that God was in his heaven and all right with the world. They stuck cigarettes in long holders and collected in groups, chattering like starlings.

"I Was Dreadfully Frightened," Said Miss Peavey. She Turned to Eve With a Delicate Shiver

The gloomy brigade, those with hearts bowed down, listened to their effervescent babbling with wan distaste. These last were a small body numerically, but very select. Lady Constance might have been described as their head and patroness. Morning found her still in a state bordering on collapse. After breakfast, however, which she took in her room and which was sweetened by an interview with Mr. Joseph Keeble, her husband, she brightened considerably. Mr. Keeble, thought Lady Constance, behaved magnificently. She had always loved him dearly; but never so much as when, abstaining from the slightest reproach of her obstinacy in refusing to allow the jewels to be placed in the bank, he spaciously informed her that he would buy her another necklace, just as good and costing every penny as much as the old one.

It was at this point that Lady Constance almost seceded from the ranks of gloom. She kissed Mr. Keeble gratefully and attacked with something approaching animation the boiled egg at which she had been pecking when he came in.

But a few minutes later the average of despair was restored by the enrollment of Mr. Keeble in the ranks of the despondent. He had gladsomely assumed overnight that one of his agents, either Eve or Freddie, had been responsible for the disappearance of the necklace. The fact that Freddie, interviewed by stealth in his room, gapingly disclaimed any share in the matter had not damped him. He had never expected results from Freddie. But when, after leaving Lady Constance, he encountered Eve and was given a short outline of history, beginning with her acquisition of the necklace and ending—like a modern novel—on the somber note of her finding the flowerpot gone, he, too, sat him down and mourned as deeply as anyone.

Passing with a brief mention over Freddie, whose morose bearing was the subject of considerable comment among the younger set; over Lord Emsworth, who woke at twelve o'clock disgusted to find that he had missed several hours among his beloved flower beds; and over the Efficient Baxter, who was roused from sleep at 12:15 by Thomas the footman knocking on his door in order to hand him a note from his employer inclosing a check and dispensing with his services; we come to Miss Peavey.

At twenty minutes past eleven on this morning when so much was happening to so many people, Miss Peavey stood in the Yew Alley gazing belligerently at the stemless mushroom finial of a tree about halfway between the entrance and the point where the alley merged into the west wood. She appeared to be soliloquizing. For, though words were proceeding from her with considerable rapidity, there seemed to be no one in sight to whom they were being addressed. Only an exceptionally keen observer would have noted a slight significant quivering among the tree's tightly woven branches.

"You poor bone-headed fish," the poetess was saying with that strained tenseness which results from the churning up of a generous and emotional nature, "isn't there anything in this world you can do without tumbling over your feet and making a mess of it? All I ask of you is to stroll round under a window and pick up a few jewels, and now you come and tell me ——"

"But, Liz!" said the tree plaintively.

"I do all the difficult part of the job. All that there was left for you to handle was something a child of three could have done on its ear. And now ——"

"But, Liz! I'm telling you I couldn't find the stuff! I was down there all right, but I couldn't find it!"

"You couldn't find it!" Miss Peavey pawed restlessly at the soft turf with a shapely shoe. "You're the sort of dumb Isaac that couldn't find a bass drum in a telephone booth. You didn't look!"

"I did look! Honest, I did!"

"Well, the stuff was there. I threw it down the moment the lights went out."

"Somebody must have got there first and swiped it."

"Who could have got there first? Everybody was up in the room where I was. . . . Am I sure? Am I ——" The poetess' voice trailed off. She was staring down the Yew Alley at a couple who had just entered. She hissed a warning in a sharp undertone. "H-s-s-t! Cheese it, Ed! There's someone coming."

The two intruders who had caused Miss Peavey to suspend her remarks to her erring lieutenant were of opposite sexes—a tall girl with fair hair and a taller young man irreproachably clad in white flannels who beamed down at his companion through a single eyeglass. Miss Peavey gazed at them searchingly as they approached. A sudden thought had come to her at the sight of them. Mistrusting Psmith as she had done ever since Mr. Cootes had unmasked him for the impostor that he was, the fact that they were so often together had led her to extend her suspicion to Eve. It might, of course, be nothing but a casual friendship, begun here at the castle; but Miss Peavey had always felt that Eve would bear watching. And now, seeing them together again this morning, it had suddenly come to her that she did not recall having observed Eve among the gathering in the drawing-room last night. True, there had been many people present; but Eve's appearance was striking, and she was sure that she would have noticed her if she had been there. And if she had not been there, why should she not have been on the terrace? Somebody had been on the terrace last night, that was certain. For all her censorious attitude in their recent conversation, Miss Peavey had not really in her heart believed that even a dumb-bell like Eddie Cootes would not have found the necklace if it had been lying under the window on his arrival.

"Oh, good morning," she cooed. "I'm feeling so upset about this terrible affair. Aren't you, Miss Halliday?"

"Yes," said Eve, and she had never said a more truthful word.

Psmith, for his part, was in more debonair and cheerful mood even than was his wont. He had examined the position of affairs and found life good. He was particularly pleased with the fact that he had persuaded Eve to

(Continued on Page 32)

When the Cadillac owner tours America he discovers added evidence of his car's leadership in the scope and quality of Cadillac Service.

Throughout the country, there are authorized Cadillac stations, manned by factory trained mechanics, where he commands the same skilled, courteous service which he receives in his own community.

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STANDARD · OF · THE · WORLD

CADILLAC

(Continued from Page 30)

stroll with him this morning and inspect his cottage in the woods. Buoyant as was his temperament, he had been half afraid that last night's interview on the terrace might have had disastrous effects on their intimacy. He was now feeling full of kindliness and good will towards all mankind—even Miss Peavey—and he bestowed on the poetess a dazzling smile.

"We must always," he said, "endeavor to look on the bright side. It was a pity, no doubt, that my reading last night had to be stopped at a cost of about twenty thousand pounds to the Keeble coffers; but let us not forget that but for that timely interruption I should have gone on for about another hour. I am like that. My friends have frequently told me that when once I start talking it requires something in the nature of a cataclysm to stop me. But, of course, there are drawbacks to everything, and last night's rannygazoo perhaps shook your nervous system to an extent greater than we at first realized."

"I was dreadfully frightened," said Miss Peavey. She turned to Eve with a delicate shiver. "Weren't you, Miss Halliday?"

"I wasn't there," said Eve absently.

"Miss Halliday," explained Psmith, "has had, the last few days, some little experience of myself as orator, and with her usual good sense decided not to go out of her way to get more of me than was absolutely necessary. I was perhaps a trifle wounded at the moment, but on thinking it over came to the conclusion that she was perfectly justified in her attitude. I endeavor always in my conversation to instruct, elevate and entertain, but there is no gainsaying the fact that a purist might consider enough of my chit-chat to be sufficient. Such, at any rate, was Miss Halliday's view, and I honor her for it. But here I am rambling on again just when I can see that you wish to be alone. We will leave you, therefore, to muse. No doubt we have been interrupting a train of thought which would have resulted but for my arrival in a rondel or a ballade or some other poetic *morceau*. Come, Miss Halliday. A weird and repellent female," he said to Eve as they drew out of hearing, "created for some purpose which I cannot fathom. Everything in this world, I like to think, is placed there for some useful end; but why the authorities unleashed Miss Peavey on us is beyond me. It is not too much to say that she gives me a pain in the gizzard."

Miss Peavey, unaware of these harsh views, had watched them out of sight; and now she turned excitedly to the tree which sheltered her ally.

"Ed!"

"Hello!" replied the muffled voice of Mr. Cootes.

"Did you hear?"

"No."

"Oh, my heavens!" cried his overwrought partner. "He's gone deaf now! That girl—you didn't hear what she was saying? She said that she wasn't in the drawing-room when those lights went out. Ed, she was down below on the terrace; that's where she was, picking up the stuff. And if it isn't hidden somewheres in that McTodd guy's shack down there in the woods I'll eat my Sunday rubbers."

Eve, with Psmith prattling amiably at her side, pursued her way through the wood. She was wondering why she had come. She ought, she felt, to have been very cold and distant to this young man after what had occurred between them last night. But somehow it was difficult to be cold and distant with Psmith. He cheered her stricken soul. By the time they reached the little clearing and came in sight of the squat, shedlike building with its funny windows and stained door, her spirits, always mercurial, had risen to a point where she found herself almost able to forget her troubles.

"This," said Psmith to Eve, "is Comrade Cootes, of Whom You Have Heard So Much"

"What a horrible-looking place!" she exclaimed. "Whatever did you want it for?"

"Purely as a nook," said Psmith, taking out his key. "You know how the man of sensibility and refinement needs a nook. In this rushing age it is imperative that the thinker shall have a place, however humble, where he can be alone."

"But you aren't a thinker."

"You wrong me. For the last few days I have been doing some extremely brisk thinking, and the strain has taken its toll. The fierce whirl of life at Blandings is wearing me away. There are dark circles under my eyes and I see floating spots." He opened the door. "Well, here we are. Will you pop in for a moment?"

Eve went in. The single sitting room of the cottage certainly bore out the promise of the exterior. It contained a table with a red cloth, a chair, three stuffed birds in a glass case on the wall, and a small horsehair sofa. A depressing musty scent pervaded the place, as if a cheese had recently died there in painful circumstances. Eve gave a little shiver of distaste

"I understand your silent criticism," said Psmith. "You are saying to yourself that plain living and high thinking is evidently the ideal of the gamekeepers on the Blandings estate. They are strong, rugged men who care little for the refinements of interior decoration. But shall we blame them? If I had to spend most of the day and night chivvying poachers and keeping an eye on the local rabbits I imagine that in my off hours practically anything with a roof would satisfy me. It was in the hope that you might be able to offer some hints and suggestions for small improvements here and there that I invited you to inspect my little place. There is no doubt that it wants doing up a bit by a woman's gentle hand. Will you give out a few ideas? The wall paper is, I fear, a fixture; but in every other direction consider yourself untrammeled."

Eve looked about her.

"Well," she began dubiously, "I don't think ——"

She stopped abruptly, tingling all over. A second glance had shown her something which her first careless inspection had overlooked. Half hidden by a ragged curtain, there stood on the window sill a large flowerpot containing a geranium, and across the surface of the flowerpot was a broad splash of white paint.

"You were saying"—said Psmith courteously.

Eve did not reply. She hardly heard him. Her mind was in a confused whirl. A monstrous suspicion was forming itself in her brain.

"You are admiring the shrub?" said Psmith. "I found it lying about up at the castle this morning and pinched it. I thought it would add a touch of color to the place."

Eve, looking at him keenly as his gaze shifted to the flowerpot, told herself that her suspicion had been absurd. Surely this blandness could not be a cloak for guilt.

"Where did you find it?"

"By one of the windows in the hall, more or less wasting its sweetness. I am bound to say I am a little disappointed in the thing. I had a sort of idea it would turn the old homestead into a floral bower, but it doesn't seem to."

"It's a beautiful geranium."

"There," said Psmith, "I cannot agree with you. It seems to me to have the glanders or something."

"It only wants watering."

"And unfortunately this cozy little place appears to possess no water supply. I take it that the late proprietor when in residence used to trudge to the back door of the castle and fetch what he needed in a bucket. If this moribund plant fancies that I am going to spend my time racing to and fro with refreshments, it is vastly mistaken. Tomorrow it goes into the dustbin."

Eve shut her eyes. She was awed by a sense of having arrived at a supreme moment. She had the sensations of a gambler who risks all on a single throw.

"What a shame!" she said; and her voice, though she tried to control it, shook. "You had better give it to me. I'll take care of it. It's just what I want for my room."

"Pray take it," said Psmith. "It isn't mine, but pray take it. And very encouraging it is, let me add, that you should be accepting gifts from me in this hearty fashion; for it is well known that there is no surer sign of the dawning of the divine emotion love," he explained, "than this willingness to receive presents from the hands of the adorer. I make progress, I make progress."

"You don't do anything of the kind," said Eve rather heatedly.

Her eyes were sparkling and her heart sang within her. In the revulsion of feeling which had come to her on finding her suspicions unfounded she was aware of a warm friendliness towards this absurd young man.

"Pardon me," said Psmith firmly. "I am quoting an established authority—Auntie Belle, of Home Gossip."

"I must be going," said Eve. She took the flowerpot and hugged it to her. "I've got work to do."

"Work, work, always work!" sighed Psmith. "The curse of the age. Well, I will escort you back to your cell."

"No, you won't," said Eve. "I mean, thank you for your polite offer; but I want to be alone."

"Alone?" Psmith looked at her, astonished. "When you have the chance of being with me? This is a strange attitude."

"Good-by," said Eve. "Thank you for being so hospitable and lavish. I'll try to find some cushions and muslin and stuff to brighten up this place."

"Your presence does that adequately," said Psmith, accompanying her to the door. "By the way, returning to the subject we were discussing last night, I forgot to mention, when asking you to marry me, that I can do card tricks."

"Really?"

"And also a passable imitation of a cat calling to her young. Has this no weight with you? Think! These things come in very handy in the long winter evenings."

"But I shan't be there when you are imitating cats in the long winter evenings."

"I think you are wrong. As I visualize my little home, I can see you there very clearly, sitting before the fire. Your maid has put you into something loose. The light of

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

the flickering flames reflects itself in your lovely eyes. You are pleasantly tired after an afternoon's shopping, but not so tired as to be unable to select a card—any card—from the pack which I offer."

"Good-by," said Eve.

"If it must be so, good-by—for the present. I shall see you anon?"

"I expect so."

"Good! I shall count the minutes."

Eve walked rapidly away. As she snuggled the flowerpot under her arm she was feeling like a child about to open its Christmas stocking. Before she had gone far a shout stopped her, and she perceived Psmith galloping gracefully in her wake.

"Can you spare me a moment?" said Psmith.

"Certainly."

"I should have added that I can also recite Gunga Din. Will you think that over?"

"I will."

"Thank you," said Psmith. "Thank you. I have a feeling that it may just turn the scale."

He raised his hat ambassadorially and galloped away again.

Eve found herself unable to wait any longer. Psmith was out of sight now, and the wood was very still and empty. Birds twittered in the branches and the sun made little pools of gold upon the ground. She cast a swift glance about her and crouched down in the shelter of a tree.

The birds stopped singing. The sun no longer shone. The wood had become cold and sinister. For Eve, with a heart of lead, was staring blankly at a little pile of mold at her feet; mold which she had sifted again and again in a frenzied, fruitless effort to find a necklace which was not there.

The empty flowerpot seemed to leer up at her in mockery.

CHAPTER XIII

BLANDINGS CASTLE was astir from roof to hall. Lights blazed, voices shouted, bells rang. All over the huge building there prevailed a vast activity like that of a barracks on the eve of the regiment's departure for abroad. Dinner was over and the expeditionary force was making its final preparations before starting off in many motor cars for the County Ball at Shifley. In the bedrooms on every floor Reggies, doubtful at the last moment about their white ties, were feverishly arranging new ones; Berties brushed their already glistening hair; and Claudes shouted to Archies along the passages insulting inquiries as to whether they had been sneaking their handkerchiefs. Valets skimmed like swallows up and down corridors, maids fluttered in and out of rooms in aid of Beauty in distress. The noise penetrated into every nook and corner of the house. It vexed the Efficient Baxter, going through his papers in the library preparatory to leaving Blandings on the morrow forever. It disturbed Lord Emsworth, who, stoutly declining to go within ten miles of the County Ball, had retired to his room with a book on herbaceous borders. It troubled the peace of Beach the butler, refreshing himself after his activities with a glass of sound port in the housekeeper's room. The only person in the place who paid no attention to it was Eve Halliday.

Eve was too furious to pay attention to anything but her deleterious thoughts. As she walked on the terrace, to which she had fled in quest of solitude, her teeth were set and her blue eyes glowed belligerently. As Miss Peavey would have put it in one of her colloquial moods, she was mad clear through. For Eve was a girl of spirit, and there is nothing your girl of spirit so keenly resents as being made a fool of, whether it be by fate or by a fellow human creature. Eve was in the uncomfortable position of having had this indignity put upon her by both. But though as far as fate was concerned she merely smoldered rebelliously, her animosity towards Psmith was vivid in the extreme.

A hot wave of humiliation made her writhe as she remembered the infantile guilelessness with which she had accepted the preposterous story he had told her in explanation of his presence at Blandings in another man's name. He had been playing with her all the time, fooling her; and, most unforgivable crime of all, he had dared to pretend that he was fond of her, and—Eve's face burned again—to make her—almost—fond of him. How he must have laughed!

Well, she was not beaten yet. Her chin went up and she began to walk quicker. He was clever, but she would be cleverer. The game was not over

"Hullo!"

A white waistcoat was gleaming at her side. Polished shoes shuffled on the turf. Light hair, brushed and brilliantined, shone in the light of the stars. The Hon. Freddie Threepwood was in her midst.

"Well, Freddie?" said Eve resignedly.

"I say," said Freddie in a voice in which self-pity fought with commiseration for her, "beastly shame you aren't coming to the hop."

"I don't mind."

"But I do, dash it! The thing won't be anything without you. A bally washout. And I've been trying out some new steps with the phonograph."

"Well, there will be plenty of other girls there for you to step on."

"I don't want other girls, dash them! I want you!"

"That's very nice of you," said Eve. The first truculence of her manner had softened. She reminded herself, as she had so often been obliged to remind herself before, that Freddie meant well. "But it can't be helped. I'm only an employe here, not a guest. I'm not invited."

"I know," said Freddie, "and that's what makes it so dashed sickening. It's like that picture I saw once, A Modern Cinderella. Only there the girl nipped off to the dance—disguised, you know—and had a most topping time. I wish life was a bit more like the movies."

"Well, it was enough like the movies last night when—oh!"

Eve stopped. Her heart gave a sudden jump. Somehow the presence of Freddie was so inextricably associated in her mind with limp proposals of marriage that she had completely forgotten that there was another and a more dashing side to his nature, that side which Mr. Keeble had revealed to her at their meeting in Market Blandings on the previous afternoon. She looked at him with new eyes.

"Anything up?" said Freddie.

Eve took him excitedly by the sleeve and drew him farther away from the house. Not that there was any need to do so, for the bustle within continued unabated.

"Freddie," she whispered, "listen! I met Mr. Keeble yesterday after I had left you and he told me all about how you and he had planned to steal Lady Constance's necklace."

"Good Lord!" cried the Hon. Freddie Threepwood.

"And I've got an idea," said Eve.

She had, and it was one which had only in this instant come to her. Until now, though she had tilted her chin bravely and assured herself that the game was not over and that she was not yet beaten, a small discouraging voice had whispered to her all the while that this was mere bravado. "What," the voice had asked, "are you going to do?" And she had not been able to answer it. But now, with Freddie as an ally, she could act.

"Told you all about it?" Freddie was muttering pallidly.

He had never had a very high opinion of his Uncle Joseph's mentality, but he had supposed him capable of keeping a thing like that to himself. He was, indeed, thinking of Mr. Keeble almost the identical thoughts that Mr. Keeble, in the first moments of his interview with Eve in Market Blandings, had thought of him; and these reflections brought much the same qualms that they had brought to the elder conspirator. Once these things got talked about, mused Freddie agitatedly, you never knew where they would stop. Before his mental eye there swam a painful picture of his Aunt Constance, informed of the plot, tackling him and demanding the return of her necklace.

"Told you all about it?" he bleated, and, like Mr. Keeble, mopped his brow.

"It's all right," said Eve impatiently. "It's quite all right. He asked me to steal the necklace too."

"You?" said Freddie, gaping.

"Yes."

(Continued on Page 105)

She Cast a Swift Glance About Her and Crouched Down in the Shelter of a Tree

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2–It sweetens and purifies

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Sunbrite cuts the dirt and scours off stains, just as every good cleansing powder does. But it goes much further in the cleansing process, for it has a *double action*. **Sunbrite** has, in its composition, an element that sweetens and purifies also.

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Sunbrite, the *double action* cleanser—for all ordinary cleaning and in addition, for sweetening and purifying every surface it touches. Put it to the "odor test"—prove its sweetening power on your "fish pans," your "onion knife."

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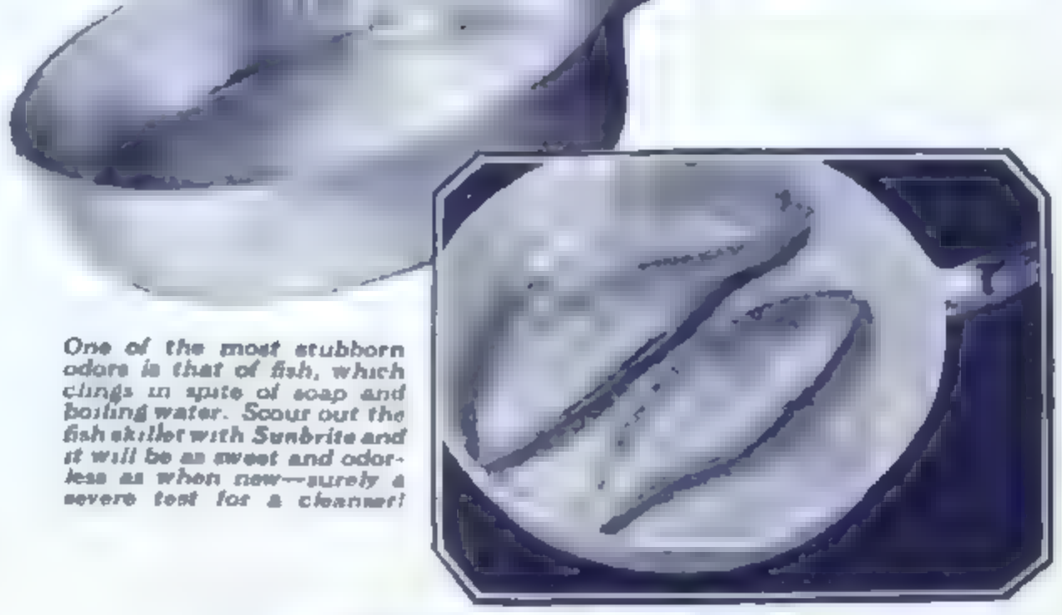

One of the most stubborn odors is that of fish, which clings in spite of soap and boiling water. Scour out the fish skillet with Sunbrite and it will be as sweet and odorless as when new—surely a severe test for a cleanser!

Double action *yet costs less*

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there. A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

An American Affair Amid the Alps

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

PEACEFUL little Switzerland contains at the moment of writing two neighbors who cannot agree—the League of Nations and the Lausanne Conference. Remote as both may appear from Washington, yet separately and by contrast they have to do with that which chiefly concerns Americans who are possessed of a public mind—the future of the United States in relation to other nations. The present juxtaposition of the two cities of Geneva and Lausanne holds a meaning that may not be missed. Many persons have gone askew in their thinking because they have heard only one of these two divergent tales. Already a movement has been formally launched in the United States, in preparation for the 1924 presidential election, to convince the voters that the Geneva story alone is worthy to be poured into American ears.

It would be simple, and the veriest journalistic drudgery, to recount the size and appearance of the sickly gray-green ex-hotel that now is the Palace of Nations at Geneva; to tell the tale of the scores of labeled rooms through which the visitor is piloted; to visit a fair proportion of the more than three hundred salaried workers, with a mention of their spheres and functions; to describe the American-style library and the stacks of documents and the office system; and to rehearse, along with sundry sanctimonious sneers at the United States in which the assorted secretariat indulge, the roll of League achievements up to date, beginning, perhaps, with its most microscopic adversary, the germ of the sleeping sickness, and ending with its supreme achievement, the bolstering up of Austria for at least a brief prolongation of life.

This old Geneva hotel, which looks the part of a hostelry rather than of an administration building, really is a palace of beautiful dreams. Turn one's back on the bilious gray-green structure itself, and, looking out upon the lake, muse upon what this Palace of Nations really symbolizes, and it becomes impressive. Idealists the world around have long envisaged it. Its foundations were laid in the inextinguishable hope that some day men everywhere would dwell together as brothers, in good will and common service. Through the fog of battle in the World War countless brave soldiers saw this parliament of man as a compensation for their own services and sufferings. America, at the time of the Armistice, acclaimed it as the great goal and reward of the travail of nations. The idealistic conception of a sincere and unperverted League of Nations gripped the imagination of the masses of mankind the world around. This palace of peace was to be the altar upon which all armies everywhere would lay down their weapons of offensive warfare, in devotion to a noble conception of the brotherhood of man.

So much for the ideal. The master realists, however, who control the affairs of Europe willed it otherwise. They have turned the League into a structure that suggests thoughts of the Biblical tower of Babel and its fate. In all the major matters that determine the peace of the world they have disdained the League. If actions speak louder than words, then it is beyond all misunderstanding that Great Britain, France and Italy have relegated the League to a secondary place, where it may beguile itself with incidental matters, and these only at the pleasure of the Big Three. Some day the situation may be otherwise—I think it will be. At present the story of Geneva is a story of machinery without power for its vast primary task.

Diplomatic Interplay

FARTHER up the shores of the lovely Lake Leman there was an entirely different story at Lausanne, and the pens of some dozens of newspaper correspondents were at work upon it for many weeks. This Conference, which met fragmentarily in an old-new château by the water's edge, at the foot of the funicular railway that leads up to the city of Lausanne proper, was a real assignment for the best of journalists. Here the ancient issue between the East and the West, including the peace of the whole world, was up for acrimonious discussion. Orient and Occident were belligerently *vis-à-vis*, with the Orient wearing a victor's trophies, though the Occident puts on the victor's airs.

Old-fashioned diplomacy has been as busy as a bee in harvesttime, playing what Kim has taught us to call the great game. Intrigue, bluff, double dealing; combined political and commercial interests, propaganda, suppression of facts; discussions outside of the Conference meant to nullify the purposes of the Conference itself—all with the usual sugar-coating of diplomatic dinners and dances. As a dog fight attracts more onlookers than a prayer meeting, so Lausanne has been far better copy than Geneva.

My tale is of neither alone, but rather of both together. The contrast between the two is a theme that holds much meat for America's chewing. Within these few miles of lake shore has been represented the greatest of all issues now before the United States. From my present perspective it may possibly be set forth with some clearness. This issue is the nature of the relationship America should and will sustain toward the other nations of the world. Most concretely, it is expressed in the question whether the League of Nations, as now constituted, is the proper medium through which the United States should function in international relationships. In a close-up view, is the League an agency that holds out hope of world peace and world coöperation? All America has moved into Missouri in order to consider this matter. In New England lingo, we want to know. This is information for the big crowd of us. Professional publicists and academic altruists and partisan politicians have long had their day in this field; now the plain, ordinary citizen, who wants his country to do what is right, knows that he must examine the whole matter anew within forthcoming months. Hackneyed as is the topic, there is fresh light reflected upon it as one stands below Lake Leman's snow-clad mountains and views both Geneva and Lausanne.

Absence of the Peace Spirit

AMERICA wants the facts; the facts in fullness and proportion. Whether facts square with prejudices and predilections or not, it is the facts and the principles that we sincerely seek. And the first big fact that an investigator discovers in Switzerland is that the Lausanne Conference was in its ideals a million miles removed from what is represented by the actual League of Nations outfit, which is but an hour's journey, geographically, down the lake. Ruthless selfishness, of the kind that wrecked the Paris peace and characterized the Congresses of Berlin and Vienna, and a hundred other meetings of diplomats throughout the preceding centuries, held sway in Lausanne. Each nation was out for its own advantage. The note of peace and humanitarianism was seldom sounded at all, and then most perfunctorily. With characteristic directness, Mussolini is said to have remarked, when he arrived in Lausanne:

"I have come down to see what Italy is going to get out of this."

Reduced to simplest terms, the Lausanne Conference was ostensibly a meeting to conclude peace between the Turks and the Greeks. Actually, it became a field for the playing of the great game. It might as well have been on the planet Mars, so far as any proximity to the spirit that the League of Nations Palace represents is concerned.

There was so little of the genius of the League of Nations there that none of the three nations could rely upon the others. France, which holds 70 per cent of the Ottoman debt, was in vocal accord with Great Britain; but everybody engaged in the Conference knew that Poincaré had served an ultimatum upon his delegates: "Not a single sou or a single soldier for this Turkish business." Lord Curzon bluffed bravely, but without the cards. The pistol that he brandished so melodramatically was not loaded. The Turks will win substantially what they claimed at the outset, simply for the same reason that they won Constantinople in 1453—they have the men and the guns. In Turkey, since the Armistice, the Allies, who are directly and undeniably responsible for the Near Eastern crisis, have carried on as if a League of Nations had never been heard of; now they have been defeated and humiliated by a power that likewise takes no account of the League. Turkey is getting a large part of what she wants—and it will take years for the world public to realize how vast and far-reaching and ominous are the successes of Turkey—by the methods used by her great ancestor, Osman. Despite the modern setting of the Lausanne Conference, it all represented reversion.

The charming hotel where the Americans, the British and the Italians, and an assorted retinue of little peoples who snuggle under the lion's shadow, worked and played on a government expense account is a congenial habitation for cynics. Equally so is the hotel that sheltered the Japanese, the French and the Turks, along with the protégés of the two latter. Of an evening the delegates and their ladies danced. The tunes and the steps were modern, though Young America declared them ten years behind the times. But the dance recalled that other ball at Brussels on the night before Waterloo. Doubtless some of these magnificent jewels, family heirlooms, sparkled there and in the ballrooms of Berlin and Vienna half a century ago. Methods and manners have not greatly changed—nor objectives, either—in the past hundred years. European diplomacy is running true to historic form, even as it did at Paris. The League of Nations idea seems merely a crust of bread thrown to a discontented crowd outside the palace windows.

An unofficial American observer at Lausanne, or at any other one of more than a dozen futile conferences since the Armistice, would like to go home and gather together for a frank conference the neighbors who trust him, and say something like this, as the most important message that he can bear to his countrymen, after a study of Old World diplomacy in action:

"I can't say that the kingdom is coming soon, so far as I can see. It looks to me as if these professional statesmen have not forgotten anything and have not learned anything. The war apparently passed them by untouched. They used to pat America on the head for our fine ideals and our war aims; but what they really approved of was our men and money. Even these they forgot as quickly as possible after the fighting was over. They accepted, after emasculation, our President's idea of a League of Nations; but they have not the faintest intention that real power shall reside anywhere except in the great powers, whose program has scarcely been altered by the war—except that they are quarreling continuously among themselves in most un-Leaguelike fashion. They still pursue the old aims by the old methods and in the old spirit. The fundamental changes in the world's way of thinking have jolted and inconvenienced them, it is true; but the diplomats are still carrying on about as they did a hundred years ago."

A Message to the Home Folks

"ALL this means just one thing for America, and of this truth we must get a firm hold. No League of Nations spirit is apparent in the big European nations. For political purposes, and primarily to please their rich and powerful neighbor across the Atlantic, they went into the League—and then went about their old business in the old way. We saw at the Washington Conference how, despite America's noblest efforts, Britain, France and Italy were at the old squabbles, tooth and nail, within the very walls of the conference hall. Geneva, Cannes, London, Paris, Brussels were diplomatic battles of shrewd selfishness, without the moderating atmosphere of Washington. Has there been any League of Nations spirit at Constantinople? In the Ruhr? Over Russia? In Lausanne? In a nutshell, Europe possesses the machinery of the League of Nations, without its spirit; America possesses the League of Nations spirit, without its machinery. Until Europe seeks the spirit, it is futile for America to acquire the machinery. Detachment certainly gives perspective. To look at America from this distance makes many things plainer. I fairly shiver, at moments, lest the well-meaning but uninformed sentimentalists should be able to persuade the country to jettison its most precious possession.

"No, my neighbors, America will have to wait until the politicians who at present control Europe show more of the new spirit of good will and peace and concern for human welfare before we harness up with them again. The Old Book has two texts that contain my sermon: 'Can two walk together except they be agreed?' And, 'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life!' There has got to be more of a real spirit of international confidence and good will among the European governments before there can be any possibility of an effective League of Nations."

So an observer back from Lausanne might talk to the home folks, in an effort to make clear that any sort of effective world council or congress or court or league or program of permanent peace is a vain hope until the great powers change their minds and their methods. The sooner they are compelled to understand this—if it is possible to make them understand it at all—the nearer we shall be to genuine international coöperation in pursuit of justice, peace and human welfare. The preachers and the better breed of politicians and other national leaders are faced with the task of conveying across the Atlantic the message that America will not be satisfied with futile formulas, powerless programs and mere machinery; but that this country insists upon an honest fulfillment of the war aims

(Continued on Page 127)

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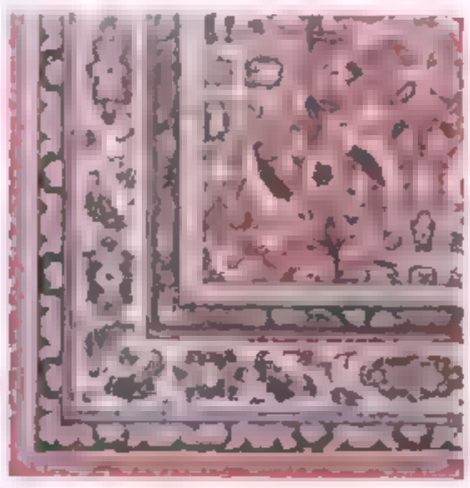

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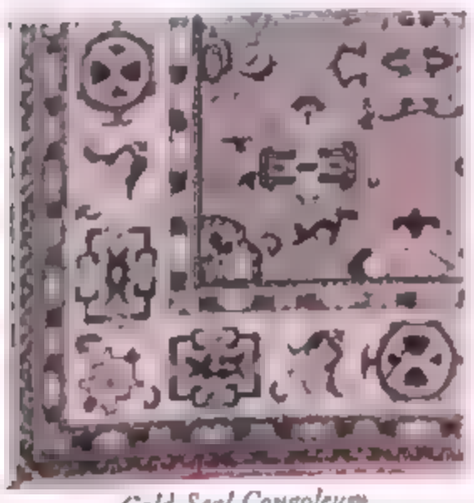

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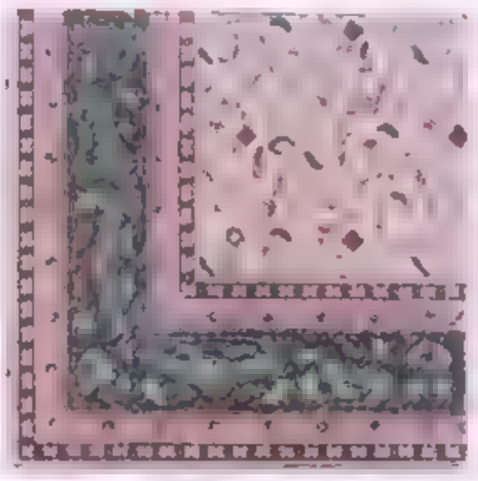

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WOMEN IN BRITISH POLITICS

By Samuel G. Blythe

THERE are nine million qualified women electors in the United Kingdom, so the political experts say, and there was vast speculation as to how they would vote in the general election of last November. Now that the election is over there is vast speculation as to how they voted.

So far as my observation goes, and it was rather extensive in this latest campaign, the newly enfranchised British woman takes her politics seriously, almost judicially, when she takes any at all. The women of the upper classes are interested in an icily regular way, and the women of the lower classes are interested in a directly personal way—in the way of better housing and living conditions for themselves and their families, but stolidly rather than excitedly. The women of the middle classes are vague and uncertain. They don't know whether to be interested or not.

I heard Bonar Law address a women's meeting in a West End London theater, and he talked to a couple of thousand upper-class lorgnettes leveled at him in politely scrutinizing but entirely impassive rows, and when the meeting was over almost had a chill. I heard a Labor orator damn the rich, assault capitalism, scarify the ruling classes to an audience of wives, daughters and sisters of working men, and they listened unemotionally and with no demonstration of any sort. A friend of mine in London employs twelve men of a rather superior sort in his office. Not one of the womenfolks of those men either went to a political meeting or voted on election day.

The first general-election chance the British woman had to vote was in 1918, after the Representation of the People Act had been passed, and that wasn't much of a chance, for two reasons: The first was that the right to vote was so new to her, after her long period of nonrepresentation, that she did not fully comprehend her privileges, nor exercise them; and the second was that this 1918 election was the election when Lloyd George was hanging the Kaiser on a sour apple tree, squeezing the uttermost drop of blood out of the German turnip, shouting that every penny the war cost Great Britain must be repaid with interest, calling attention to the pleasing fact that he had won the war, and basing his campaign on the heroisms of the men in khaki and the recognition thereof. It was called the khaki election by the press, and is still so known. Inasmuch as nearly every woman in England had men-folks who wore, or had worn, khaki, and as a great number of them had been engaged in war industries themselves, the women who voted generally supported the Lloyd George Coalition candidates. At any rate, the big majority Lloyd George got makes that a fair assumption. There is no way to check up on it.

Plenty to Choose From

IN THIS 1922 election, however, the women had opportunity definitely to align themselves, either for candidates of their own sex in some thirty-odd constituencies, or for or against the male candidates of the various parties, and without the sentimental khaki urge. They had more than 1300 candidates to choose from, and several definite and differing parties to pick among - Unionist or Conservative, Labor, two brands of Liberals for the main choice; and a scattering of minor aspirants who sought to get in as communists, socialists, independents, and so on.

Woman suffrage is still somewhat restricted. It is not free to all who have no constitutional or legal disability as in this country. Women voters there must be thirty years old, and either a local government elector—qualified to vote at borough elections—or the wife of one. The qualification for a local government elector is that he or she shall have occupied land or premises for six months previous to the election either as owner or tenant. A woman may attain a university franchise, which is qualification to vote for university candidates for Parliament, by a definite standard which, in England and Wales, is the taking of a degree. A woman is qualified to vote for a candidate standing for a university which does not admit women to degrees, provided she fulfills the qualifications of a man for a degree at that university.

Some of these 9,000,000 women did vote. Nobody knows how many, nor ever will know. Nor is there any way of telling how they voted. The Conservatives point to the majority of both votes and seats obtained by Bonar Law as proof of a claim that the women, naturally conservative, as they hold, voted mostly for the Conservative candidates. But, say the Labor men, Labor cast four votes for every five cast for the Conservatives, and many of their votes came from women, because woman is naturally in sympathy with the causes for which Labor is fighting. On the contrary, say the Liberal apologists, the voting tendency of the British woman is naturally towards the great Liberal Party, which for so many years has stood as opposed to that Toryism that has held women down; and, without doubt, many women voted for the two brands of Liberals.

These claimants are all talking as partisans. The original British theory, rather widely held, and particularly by the women workers for suffrage, that women would vote as a sex, was effectively disproved by this 1922 election. There is no way of telling how the English women do vote; but there is one thing that can be said tentatively about how they do not vote, and that is this: They do not vote as a sex. They divide themselves around among the parties as the women in this country divide between our parties; but inasmuch as the British women have a wider party choice than the American women, so, too, they have a far better opportunity for concealing from the curious male, who has had suffrage for many years, just where their political sympathies lie. This may mean anything or nothing to the British woman. It means a good deal to the curious political male, because this new force in British politics must be understood, cultivated and controlled if the said curious political male is to continue in his political predominance. And that situation faces the political male in the United States, also.

The Thirty-One Losers

ONE says the British women do not vote as a sex, but even that statement is subject to reservations. The enigma of how and why women vote for any set of principles and candidates has not yet been solved either in America or in England by the general elections in which women have so far participated. Absurd male dogmatizers hold they vote as their husbands do, or their fathers; but there is no proof of it. General statements about how these newly enfranchised women vote in the two English-speaking countries are as easy to make as they are difficult to prove, and statements by women as to how women vote have as little value as assertions by men. There isn't a starting point for proof of any of them. Women, as voters, are *x*, the unknown quantity, save in this regard: There is what seems to be fairly good assumptive grounds that their inclination is to vote for economy and against waste. This was proved by the vast overturning of the Labor candidates in the borough council elections in England a few weeks before the general election. The Labor councilmen had been extravagant, and they were turned out by the scores by the voting women. Also, women, as it looks, vote against taxes and for tax relief. Still, that is not a sex demonstration. It is both a male and a female uprising.

However, the voting of the British woman furnishes a few hints as to the general political tendencies of the sex. Taking a certain set of the election figures, one might say that they do not support women candidates because they are women. But one must hedge a bit even on that. There are only thirty-three places, out of more than 500, where a finger may be put on a specific instance. Thirty-three women stood for Parliament in various constituencies in this last British general election. Two of these were elected - Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham, both of whom were members of the House of Commons at the time, Lady Astor being the first woman ever to hold a seat in Parliament and Mrs. Wintringham the second and only other.

Lady Astor, standing as a Conservative for Plymouth, received 13,924 votes of a total vote of 26,651; and Mrs. Wintringham, standing as a Liberal for Louth, polled 11,609 votes out of a total of 22,335 cast. Thus, as it will be seen, the two successful women split fifty-fifty on party affiliations, one a Conservative and the other a Liberal; so that shows nothing, except this: These women were both in the House and had that prestige and advantage. They had proved up, and they managed to get back. The other thirty-one women had not this prestige and advantage, and were merely women trying to get in. They were all beaten.

These other women polled, all told, 206,187 votes of a total of 752,061 cast in the constituencies where the women stood—not a third. The smallest number of votes polled by any woman candidate was the 1303 Mary Allen polled as a Labor candidate in the Westminster-St. George's constituency, where the total vote was 20,114; but inasmuch as Labor cannot be said to be very powerful or numerous politically in this section of London, Miss Allen probably did all that was expected. The two most conspicuous women vote getters, aside from Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham, were Lady Cooper, Conservative, standing for Walsall, who polled 14,349 votes out of a total of 37,969; and Miss Margaret Bondfield, who stood for Labor in Northampton and polled 14,498 votes of a total of 38,217. Note the split again. One was a Conservative and the other a Laborite. The rest, on an average, received about a third of the total vote each, although there were some instances where they went a shade higher and a number where they went considerably lower; as for example, Lady Lawson, Liberal, of Bedford, who got 2075 votes out of a total of 26,726.

Now, it is probable that the votes cast for these women were not exclusively votes by women. Undoubtedly, there were male votes for them. There is no way of telling how many, but there must have been some. But assuming that all the votes for the women were women votes, even then the women cast less than a third of the total vote for their women candidates, and if there are 9,000,000 qualified women voters in the British Isles, as there probably are, then the electorate must be about equally divided between men and women, as the population of the country, including Ireland, was, at the last census, 47,263,530, and is about 43,000,000 without Ireland. Observe, however, that on July 1, 1920, there were almost 2,000,000 more females than males in England and Wales, and about 200,000 more females than males in Scotland. If women between twenty-one and thirty were allowed to vote the women voters would outnumber the males. The fifty-fifty division probably prevailed in the constituencies where there were women candidates. Hence, it looks as if where the women had opportunities to vote for women they failed to avail themselves of those opportunities to their full strength. That may mean something, or it may not.

Fortunately, there is some testimony to be taken on this point, as well as on the general aspects of the election from the woman's side of it. Lady Cooper, who polled 14,349 votes as a Conservative candidate in Walsall, and came within 325 votes of election, spoke of her campaign a few days after her defeat.

Why Were the Women Beaten?

"PERHAPS the chief reason I was beaten," she said, "is the general prejudice against women members of Parliament, which is very hard to fight, and seems to exist not only among men but women as well. At Walsall I fully expected to win, for our canvass, which was very carefully made, showed a 5000 majority. However, the result proved that many of the voters, both men and women, did not vote as they said they would.

"I found, myself, that the younger women are much keener on getting women into Parliament than their older sisters, and if we could get the franchise extended to women of twenty-one, as is the case with men, it would make a big difference with women candidates.

"Young women, even in the working-class districts, are better educated than the older ones; and the latter are a little inclined to say that the woman's proper place is at home. I found that most of the enlightened women stood for us."

Susanne R. Day, who is one of the best informed of the political women of England, in commenting on the election results and referring to the defeats of such women as Miss Helen Fraser, Dr. Ethel Bentham, Mrs. Annie S. Swan, Mrs. Strachey, Miss Susan Lawrence, Miss Bondfield and Miss Rathbone, said:

"I am not at all inclined to believe that these women, and the others, were defeated simply because they were women; but I do think that many of them contributed to their own downfall because they made separate, or exclusive, appeal to women. The time for feminism has gone by. Public opinion is turning more and more to a belief in the unity of interests.

"In Liverpool, for instance, Miss Rathbone, backed by the Women's Citizens' Association, worked independently of men, and her total of votes was comparatively very small. Mrs. Burnett Smith, in Glasgow, was believed to have excellent prospects; but she relied mainly upon women; and her number of votes, too, is startlingly small.

"Dame Gwynne-Vaughan, on the other hand, appealed to both men and women—no separate interests there—and her total was magnificent. Mrs. Oliver Strachey, who in 1918 polled 1600 votes, in this election, backed by a committee of men and women, reached a total of 7804. Lady Cooper, canvassing her late husband's constituency, did equally well.

"Other factors, no doubt, worked against the women; but fear of feminism seems to have been their principal enemy."

Now, that is Miss Day's opinion, and she is entitled to an opinion because of her knowledge of politics and women. But here comes an equally well informed woman, a woman member of the staff of the London Daily Mail, who takes an opposite stand. She says:

"The return to Westminster of Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham, the two members who had before been

(Continued on Page 50)

Peerless

There are two phases of motor car performance seldom found in the same car—certainly in such a pronounced degree as in the new Peerless.

It is almost an axiom that the fast car is not a ready hill-climber; and that the one which excels on the grades, is not conspicuous for its speed.

The one quality calls for a lively engine, one of stamina and endurance, as well as power.

The other calls for the ability to bring to the work the determined strength of a fine mogul engine.

The combination of the two qualities in the Peerless—the capacity for speed and the capacity for hill-climbing—is one of the features about which owners speak to us most frequently.

They tell what satisfaction they find in driving a car—especially in touring—which has all the fleetness a tourist could desire for the good stretches; and which at the same time literally romps up the grades with an ease that is a revelation.

The fact that Peerless excels as it does in this important respect, is undoubtedly due to that great care in manufacturing which is inspired by our desire to satisfy each individual owner as fully and completely as though his Peerless had been built for him, and him alone.

Peerless Body Styles—Four Passenger Touring Phaeton, $2990; Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton, $2990; Two Passenger Roadster Coupe, $3400; Four Passenger Town Coupe $3600; Four Passenger Suburban Coupe, $3550; Five Passenger Town Sedan, $3900; Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan, $4090; Five Passenger Berline Limousine, $4390; Four Passenger Opera Brougham, $4900

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

RIDING ON RUBBER

The Rapid Growth of Motor-Bus Transport Across America

By Edward Hungerford

This Motor Omnibus Is a Great Feature of Paris Street Life

THERE are today in the streets and highways of these United States something over 85,000 electric railway cars—and more than 50,000 motor omnibuses. I have an enthusiastic friend, who confesses to a sense of prophecy, who solemnly avers that ten years hence they will hold 50,000 electric railway cars and more than 85,000 motor omnibuses; perhaps 100,000 or even 150,000, he further predicts. He may or may not be right.

The motor car and the improved highway have also hit the short-haul passenger traffic of the steam railroads, upon the main lines as well as upon the branches. And much of it has not been very short-haul at that. When the college football team went down from Syracuse, New York, to play Pittsburgh, some 400 of its enthusiastic adherents chartered eight large moving vans to make a twenty-four-hour trip of it in each direction to see the game. The football eleven from St. Lawrence University, up at Canton, New York, chartered automobiles to keep all its playing engagements. It found that the total expense came to considerably less than the rather stiff railroad passenger rate of 3.6 cents a mile. Other athletic teams have followed a like procedure. A huge concert band of national reputation traveled all last summer and fall in chartered omnibuses and stuck to the practice as long as the weather permitted. A smaller orchestra in great popularity in the East for dancing engagements has purchased a sizable motor bus of its own in order to keep its dates.

There are dozens of conventions held all the way across the land each week where all the delegates arrive in motor cars, public and private, and the number of commercial travelers who travel exclusively by automobile is to be reckoned well into the thousands. The entire land seems to be riding on rubber, and the loss to the passenger revenues of the steam railroads alone, though almost impossible to estimate, runs annually into millions of dollars.

Motor Busses on Rails

THE steam roads have retaliated, yet, so far, rather ineffectually, by attempting to introduce gasoline motor units—in reality motor omnibuses with flanged steel wheels to fit the rails, instead of the usual rubber-tired wheels—to supplement and even supplant their local trains, particularly those in branch-line service. They began their experiments with these units more than fifteen years ago. At that time, with their unimpaired credit and the almost entire absence of competition upon the highway, they had a wonderful opportunity for casting aside rusty old traditions and evolving a form of transport best suited for short-haul passenger traffic, to say nothing of short-haul less-than-carload freight. This they failed to do. The gasoline motor units that the Union Pacific and some other roads built were too heavy and in other ways too extravagant for economical operation. The prejudice against them among an older generation of railroad operators was very great. The idea made no headway whatsoever.

Recently the steam roads have taken it up again. This time they have gone to the other extreme. They have taken the crudest forms of highway busses, the motor omnibus in its most experimental state, and have used these to supplement—generally to supplant only—an existing depleted steam passenger-train service. The great economies of the motor-unit rail bus have generally been their urge to the change; a motor bus upon the rails may be operated at all the way from one-quarter to one-sixth the charge per mile of the cheapest of steam trains. Almost any good bus upon the rails ought, in a single year, to effect an operating economy over the simplest form of steam train equal to its first cost—which begins to bring it close to the heart of the average steam-railroad manager.

Yet there are few instances where these units are being installed with any real idea of bringing back the former prestige of the railroad for handling mass passenger transportation. Most of them are merely schedule holders. No one is considering them as business builders, of combining with their introduction a revival of the seemingly lost art of really selling railroad transportation.

The electric railways are doing rather better, with the motor bus as a corollary to their operations. Perhaps this is because short-haul passenger traffic is more of a real specialty with the street railway and the interurban men than with their bigger brothers of the steam road. At any rate, up to the present time some sixty-three of the electric railways of the transportation companies of the United States have introduced the motor bus, either as a complete substitute for lines they have found it more profitable to pull up and abandon or else as extension services to their existing properties.

Of this possibility, more in good time. For this moment let us ask, What is this new transport child that has come to dwell amongst us, that within the past three or four years has grown from a mere nothingness into an infant industry of astounding proportions? A David in transport come to stand among all its Samsons!

Ten or a dozen years ago the motor omnibus in the United States was a practically unknown transportation factor. Overseas—particularly in great cities such as London and Paris, where the development of the street railway with its overhead wires and street trackage always has been discouraged rather than encouraged—it already was coming into its own. At the very beginning of the present century, when the automobile itself still was in the experimental stages of its progress, both London and Paris were stepping forward in the establishment of motor-bus routes to supplant and to extend their existent services of horse-drawn stages. Today there are nearly 3000 motor omnibuses operated in the streets of each of these great metropolitan cities. The part that these played in emergency movements in the days of the World War has been told too many times to need retelling here.

More than thirty years ago, the late Eliot D. Shepard had been instrumental in establishing a bus line up Fifth Avenue, then a quiet residential street not even dreaming of the commercial glories that were to come to it in the first quarter of the oncoming twentieth century. The busses ran from Washington Square, at the foot of the Avenue, some four or five miles due north, to Eighty-eighth Street. They were cumbersome affairs drawn by two horses, save for the stout tug up Murray Hill from Thirty-fourth Street to Thirty-ninth Street, where an extra steed with a special driver was added to the motive power. The busses seated some fourteen persons inside and five upon the roof, clustered around the driver.

The New Yorkers of a generation ago and their visitors dearly loved to clamber up on those outside seats. If the driver was a good fellow—and he generally was—he was a perfect mine of information about the trip. This was Jay Gould's house, and this Russell Sage's. Here lived this branch of the clan Vanderbilt, and there lived that. It was all concise and it was all accurate.

From that beginning back in the '80's came the company of today, operating some 300 of the most modern type of motor omnibus and carrying more than 52,000,000 passengers a year. New York has become, in truth, a motor-omnibus city. Its political administration, within the past three or four years, also has installed more than 300 motor omnibuses, operating in routes laid through every portion of the greater city.

City Busses

CONSIDER one other experiment that was being made in 1910 in motor-omnibus transportation; not by any means so generally known as the one in steady progress in Fifth Avenue. It was undertaken in my native town of Watertown, New York. Watertown was, and still is, a small city of surpassing beauty. When it received its first street railway it refused to harbor for an instant any idea that tracks and overhead wires should ever penetrate its lovely residential section. So the street railway was kept almost entirely within the industrial sections of the town, and some sixteen or seventeen years ago a primary installation of six or eight motor omnibuses was made to serve the purely residential sections.

That service, considerably enlarged and improved, has continued in successful operation from that day to this, despite the fact that Watertown sits in the heart of a belt of exceptionally heavy annual snowfall. It is, as far as I know, the only instance in this country of an unbroken motor-bus service, strictly local in its character and continuing through a really sizable term of years.

In Philadelphia an extensive and elaborate equipment of double-decked busses was placed in service, some ten years ago, from the city buildings out through North Broad Street for a distance of four or five miles. The fare was fixed at five cents—the same as then being charged by the Philadelphia trolleys—instead of the ten-cent fare which the Fifth Avenue Company had found essential to making its property pay.

Apparently that was not enough. At any rate the experiment made in Philadelphia was not a success, and after two or three years of struggle it was abandoned and the busses were withdrawn.

A Modern Interurban Bus of Good Type

The next big American town to make the attempt was Chicago. The North Side of that city, with a route of large scenic attractiveness along the edge of Lincoln Parkway, which faces Lake Michigan, and north, threading an immensely high-grade residential section all the way to Devon Avenue, nine miles distant from the downtown terminal, was chosen as the field for the experiment. The enterprise was carried forth on rather a large scale. A fleet of elaborate double-deck busses

(Continued on Page 42)

The 1923 Touring Car

$995

Snug, full-vision curtains make the Oakland Six Touring Car cozy and comfortable no matter how windy or stormy the day. Indeed its all-weather utility contributes in no small degree to its great popularity. Selling at only $995—it invites comparison with cars far above its price. In the smooth, quiet operation of its six-cylinder engine, in beauty and driving comfort, it offers a value, which the most critical buyers pronounce as extraordinary.

Other Models

Roadster	*$ 975*
Sport Roadster	*1145*
Sport Touring	*1165*
Coupe for Two	*1185*
Coupe for Five	*1445*
Sedan	*1545*

All Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich.

All Oakland 1923 models continue to carry the written 15,000 mile engine guarantee

The "Mileage-Basis" Plan—The Logical Guide of the Careful Buyer

Discriminating motorists everywhere have come to esteem Oakland's new "Mileage-Basis" plan as their most accurate and trustworthy standard by which to measure motor car values. And, weighing the worth of various motor cars according to this plan's rigid requirements, these motorists uniformly are coming to regard Oakland as the finest light-six in the world. Consider the miles of satisfying performance this plan assures; 40,000 miles or more before crankshaft or connecting rod bearings require attention; 15,000 miles or more before valves need grinding; 20 to 25 miles per gallon of fuel and 15,000 to 25,000 miles per set of tires. Is it any wonder that with every passing day more and more motorists acknowledge Oakland the outstanding value of the light-six field.

Oakland "6"

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

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was ordered. Gayly painted in lavender and with much striping and lettering, they stamped themselves upon the impress of the Chicagoans.

But the Chicago experiment, even at a ten-cent fare, seemed to be doomed to no better fate than that earlier one in Philadelphia. It was started early in 1917, and within two or three years it was in the hands of a receiver. Only in Chicago the effort was not abandoned. Under reorganization of the North Side system plans are being made effective not only for the extension of the service in that steadily growing quarter of the city but for the introduction of motor-bus services to the South and West sides as well. Today there are, in fact, no less than five different types of motor-bus service available to Chicagoans: The resuscitated Chicago Motor Bus Company, which I have just described; a service of busses for the special benefit of suburban shoppers through the crowded Loop district between the Union and the Northwestern stations and one of the large downtown department stores; another for the guests of a fashionable residential hotel upon the North Side seven miles distant from downtown; still another operating from the terminal of an elevated railroad to a huge new hospital quite remote from any street-railway service; the fifth, a rental service of motor omnibuses which operates no regular lines but which meets a steady demand for charter vehicles for the use of groups of people bound upon an almost infinite number of errands.

There really seems to be no limit whatsoever to the possibilities of the motor omnibus. The child which languished so long a time has begun at last to come into its own.

Yet the path to its recent great growth has not been by the development of the large city companies. So far it has meandered through a far humbler territory, through the slow growth of many little one-bus, one-man enterprises. Hit and miss, here and there across the country these have multiplied and grown apace. Many of them have failed and disappeared; far more of them have succeeded.

The chassis of a motor truck purchased from the salesman of the company who came first to hand or made the most plausible talk, a body built by a local carriage builder or, in a pinch, a carpenter of almost any sort, a field either unoccupied or else offering a fair reward for competitive effort—these were about all the real essentials to an incipient motor-bus enterprise. The home-town owner-operator of such an enterprise profited more often than he realized by the indifference and carelessness of the distant operators of the steam railroads or even of the long-distance interurban electric railways to the intensive necessities or possibilities of their passenger traffic. While to this there was added, and ever will be, the vastly increased flexibility of the motor bus upon the highway over any sort of vehicle upon any sort of steel track.

Flexibility of Service

A railroad, once laid, must stay put—for a number of years at any rate. And even where a railroad becomes sufficiently sportive to begin to adopt the gasoline motor unit to regain or hold its local short-haul passenger traffic, it suffers a limitation in the fact that its patrons must still come to its stations. It has not yet been proved entirely practicable to design a motor vehicle that can run with equal facility upon both the paved highway and the steel one. Elaborate experiments have been undertaken to provide methods of quickly interchanging rubber-tired wheels for highway service with flanged steel ones for railway use, but as yet these have not met with full success. About the best that the railroad can do as yet is to increase its stops at its highway intersections. The motor bus can, if it so wills, go to any house in any street of any town to pick up a group of passengers or even one passenger. If a route proves to be unprofitable it may quickly change or completely abandon it. That is what I mean by complete flexibility of service. Combined with the intimate personal relationship which is almost bound to result between a one-bus, one-man enterprise and its regular patrons, it gives from the outset a tremendous prestige to that enterprise.

It was quite natural that the rare combination of good roads and good climate that California offers should give this newest form of American transport its initial impetus. For some time past the Golden State has led all her forty-seven sisters in the per capita registration of the automobile. In 1921 this came to a point of a motor car for every 4.61 persons in the state. In her ten most southerly counties there was a car for every 4.25 persons. Normally it might well be expected that in a land where there is such an extremely liberal distribution of privately owned and operated motor cars there would be but little room for the publicly owned and operated ones. Investigation shows, however, that about 80 per cent of the folks who ride in the vast motor-omnibus fleet of California have automobiles of their own. The increasing difficulties of parking their cars downtown in the largest cities—in Los Angeles it is now practically impossible to leave a car save at a pay garage or parking station—the fact that when the little old flivver is driven to town the rest of the family is left at home desolate without its most beloved form of personal transportation, and finally and most important of all, perhaps, the fact that a trip may be undertaken in a public vehicle at a considerably less cost per mile than in a private one—are responsible for this showing.

Motor-Bus Limiteds

The rapid increase in the privately operated motor-car fleet of California long ago began to cause consternation to the owners of the steam railroads and the electric interurbans out there, who protested rather ineffectually that as the heaviest taxpayers of the state they were paying for the very improved highways upon which their tens of thousands of new competitors were moving. That there was justice in their plea is not to be argued—or denied. That they will gain it is quite another matter. The voting power of several hundred thousand motor-car owners is not a matter to be too slightly scorned.

The oncoming of the publicly owned and operated automobile has only added fresh fuel to the indignation of the railroad men. There are already nearly 800 separate companies operating some 4000 of these last vehicles; more than 55 per cent of the companies are in exclusive passenger service; the most of the rest of them handle more or less passenger business. It is roughly estimated that there are now in the state more than 2500 motor busses; which the sentimental Californian delights in calling stages.

The largest number of motor-bus routes run in and out of Los Angeles, where two or three years ago a large union depot was built for their accommodation. This structure, which stands at a very convenient downtown corner, was built and is owned and operated by a corporation whose stock is evenly divided by the eight motor-bus companies that operate in and out of it. It has all the conveniences of a sizable railroad station and it needs them—in the last nine months of 1921 its total ticket sales ran in excess of $700,000.

The usual California custom is to sell tickets for the motor busses in advance. Upon the passenger entering the car the driver punches the ticket, and takes it up when he leaves. In some few cases there is a specific reservation of seats, such as one has in the Pullman parlor car, but almost everywhere there is an effort made to seat ladies together, to place cripples in the front seats, and Mexicans, Orientals and the like at the extreme rear of the car.

From this Los Angeles union depot about 350 motor busses depart each twenty-four hours, reaching a vast variety of points far and near. Through busses go daily, without change, south to San Diego, 132 miles; east to San Bernardino, 68 miles; and north on the interior route to Bakersfield, 140 miles. On the so-called exterior route, along the Pacific Coast, through motor busses now run all the way to San Francisco, 455 miles to the north. An experimental service of one through limited car a day has prospered so well that the service is now being increased to three of these cars a day in each direction. The first is arranged to leave Los Angeles at 7:30 A.M. and to arrive at San Francisco at just a little after midnight—making three or four stops en route for meals and to give a slight opportunity to break the monotony of steady riding upon the highway. In the new schedule one of the three trips a day of the through motor busses is styled the owl run or, in the precise phraseology of the operating company, the Night Hawk. The bus leaves each terminal at seven o'clock in the evening and arrives at the other at 11:20 o'clock the next morning. The run takes about two and one-half hours longer than the steam-railroad schedule between Los Angeles and San Francisco. That it will become a permanent serious competitor of a through sleeping-car train is very much to be doubted. Yet it has an element of great novelty that ought to bring it a deal of success.

The fares on these long-distance motor-bus runs in California are now priced all the way from 2.25 cents a mile up to 2.75 cents, which compares favorably with the standardized steam-railroad rate of 3.6 cents—aside from sleeping-car or parlor-car charges. On the so-called limited busses between San Francisco and Los Angeles stop-overs are not permitted. There are, however, four other busses interlaced for the entire distance within these runs, which permit of generous stoppings. In fact, an ideal schedule is made for a leisurely three-day trip between the two chief cities with stop-overs overnight as may be elected, at Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara.

The Western motor-bus operator likes to talk these days in terms of the long runs. Already he is threatening a through motor bus daily from Los Angeles to Vancouver, British Columbia. Today one can make much of this tremendous trip with but a few changes and few recourses to the railroads. A bus operates once a week in each direction between San Francisco and Portland, taking three and one-half days for the trip and making convenient overnight stops.

Yet, lest you be tempted to believe that these tremendously long-distance runs form the real backbone of California's enormously developed motor-bus service, permit me to remind you that in a single one of her sizable cities—Long Beach—more than 70 per cent of the local traffic is now being handled by omnibus. In fact, the motor-bus service of the entire great state may be divided roughly into three classes: The strictly local lines such as those of Long Beach, the ordinary variety of interurban motorized stage, and the de luxe types, such as we have just seen, running between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

A Nation-Wide Problem

As goes California, so goes the rest of the Pacific Coast; all the way up to the Canada line. In riding on rubber Washington in any proportionate sense is not far behind. California is making efforts to regulate this new form of transport. So is Washington. Like the Golden State, she is making definite effort to place these new passenger carriers under some form of adequate supervision. In the one state the railroad commission is endeavoring, not without difficulties, to function in this regard; in the other the job has been wished upon the state Department of Public Works. Both bodies are endeavoring to put an end to a variety of wildcat operations that have crept into practice and that have not been making friends for the motor bus—to put the matter rather mildly. Both are insisting that schedules and rate charges not only be filed with them but that these be adhered to by the bus operators, who, furthermore, must have all their vehicles fully bonded against the possibility of personal injury and damage claims.

At the other end of the country Connecticut is struggling with these same phases of the problem. For a good many years past the Nutmeg State has adhered rather faithfully to her own peculiar economic policy of noncompetitive transportation. A group of men who a decade or more ago sought to build a really competitive railroad into several of her large industrial centers found that the thing was legally impossible; not because there was any law forbidding such a thing, but because there was no law authorizing it; while the state was so wedded to its noncompetitive transport policy that there was not the remotest hope that the legislature could be induced to pass an enabling statute for a new line. More than a year ago the Connecticut Public Utilities Commission ruled that the railroads of the state operate under a state franchise, and that inasmuch as it had always been the legislative policy of the state to protect such franchises and, as long as the territory was reasonably and adequately served under the original grants, to refuse to grant competing ones, a certificate of public convenience and necessity for omnibus transportation would likewise be held to be in the nature of a franchise, although without the corresponding obligation of permanency and continuity of service such as would be required of chartered railroads. Back of all this legal verbiage one quickly reads a certain Yankee stubbornness against changing the existing order of things.

For about thirty years past the New Haven, with a single unimportant exception, has been the only steam railroad operating in Connecticut. More than this, it gradually extended its influence until it had obtained practically all the steamboat and the trolley lines that had been built originally to compete with it. In fact, today, through the Connecticut Company, its trolley property through the state, it is entering upon motor-bus operation and control—a step that is well worth the noting. Already it has twenty-four motor omnibuses in its services.

Connecticut with its many industrial cities and towns situated rather closely together is a fair field for motor-bus development. The men who are there are fully cognizant of this. Already there are many interurban lines throughout the state.

Rules for Bus Operators

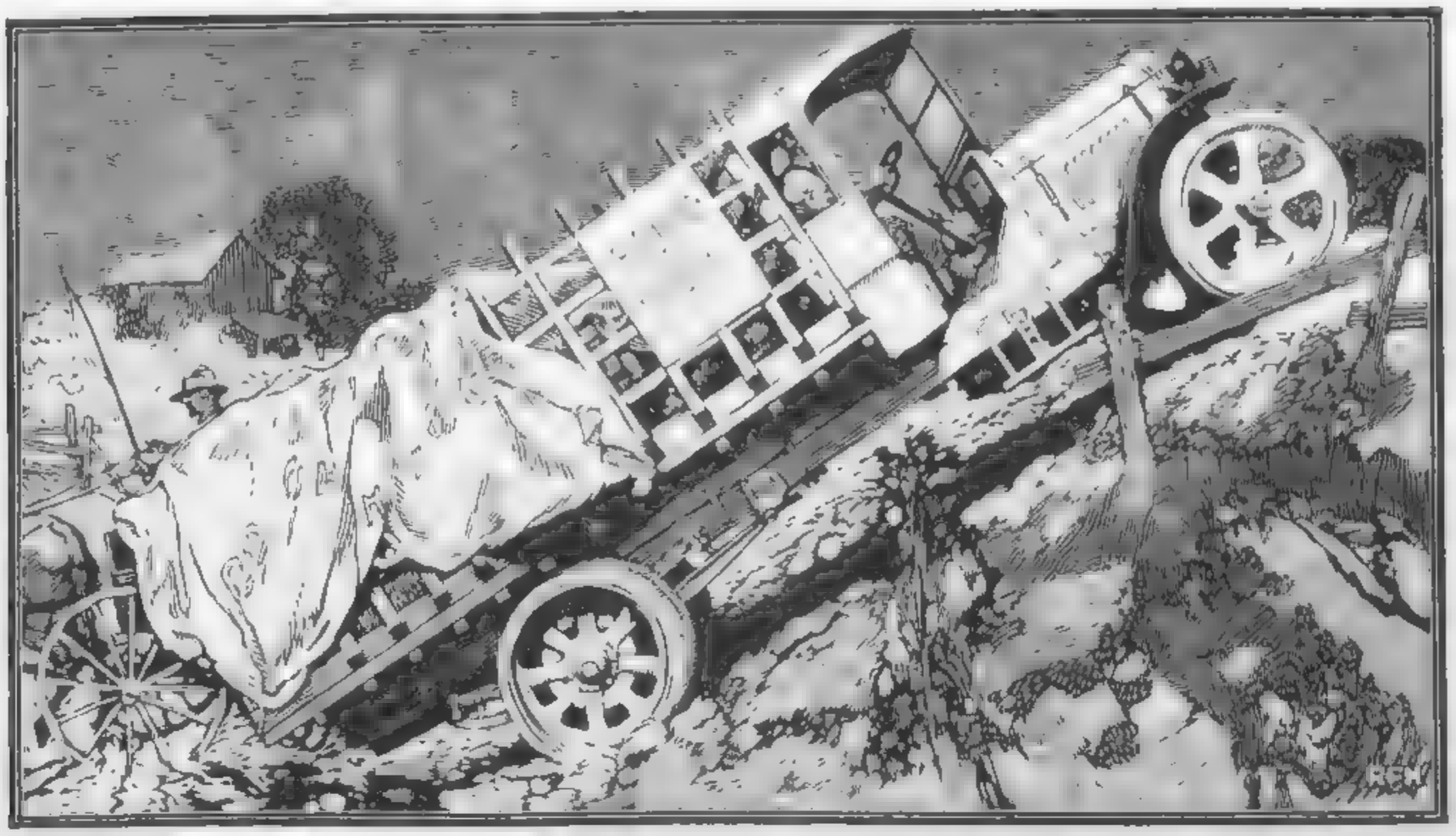
To regulate all these routes, and others, properly the Connecticut Public Utilities Commission goes the West Coast one better, and rules that motor-bus operators in the Nutmeg State must file with it schedules and rates which, once approved, must be posted within the omnibus and which may not be changed without its permission. Any interruption of more than twenty-four hours in service must be reported; an interruption of five days automatically revokes the certificate of operation. Speed limits for omnibuses are rigidly fixed at twenty miles an hour in the cities and thirty miles an hour without, while a lighted speedometer must show within the bus. Further regulations provide against the loud solicitation of business, the taking of fares or the making of change while the bus is in motion, and other smaller details. But the desire of the Connecticut commission to go into such detailed supervision shows quite clearly the importance that this new agency of transport has assumed within its critical eyes.

To attempt to set down in a single article in the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST any detailed statement of the progress that the motor omnibus has made state by state across the United States is, of course, quite out of the question. Each state that has developed a good system of highways is rapidly developing a good system of motor omnibuses. New York has expended some $200,000,000 in creating some 8400 miles of state highway; before she is done she will have 11,000 miles. In addition there are 13,000 miles of hard-surfaced county roads, enough dirt roads more to make a total highway system in the state of 73,000 miles. Outside of New York City alone there is a population of more than 2,000,000 living in a commonwealth of rare scenic beauty. The New York Public Service Commission, like that of Connecticut, holds down pretty tightly on applicants for interurban motor busses. It also holds that the very large mileage of steam and electric railroads throughout the state is entitled to a certain definite measure of protection. Yet the great mileage of improved highways as well as the sizable population even of the New York that lies north of the Harlem River is a constant invitation to motor-bus operators. They have responded to it. There are many routes and they constantly are being increased.

Our Federal Government has ambitious plans for a really national highway system, to be constructed with direct aid from Washington. When these roads are completed, as some day they certainly will be, there will be 275,000 miles of hard-surfaced national roads, including many of those already built by states and their counties, connecting each county seat in the entire United States. Oddly enough this compares with the 267,000 miles of steam railroad required to serve this country. When you subtract the proportionately small mileage of duplicate or immediately parallel railroads and add the rail lines that would have to be built to reach all the county seats you probably would have the two totals almost in a balance.

What is the future of the motor omnibus? Is my optimistic farseeing friend quite right in his prophecy that its gradual

(Continued on Page 44)



GMC Solves the "Pulling" Problem

The Famous GMC Two-Range Transmission Makes Motor Truck Haulage Possible on Any Road Where Wheels Can Get Traction.

The surplus of economical pulling power that the now famous GMC Two-Range Transmission produces at the wheels of GMC trucks has provided motor truck operators with a solution of one of their costliest problems.

Heretofore profitable transportation of freight by truck has often been limited by a single stretch of bad road, a steep hill or some other physical obstacle. Furnishing sufficient pulling power to pass this obstacle could be done only at a sacrifice of road speed that made the haul on good roads too slow and expensive.

The GMC Two-Range Transmission has overcome this difficulty by producing new and greater pulling power in a chassis which also has a road speed even faster than trucks of like capacity have had before. Moreover, this power is furnished from an engine of economical size, operating at a properly governed speed, and in a gradation of steps that affords the proper pace and pull for every possible situation.

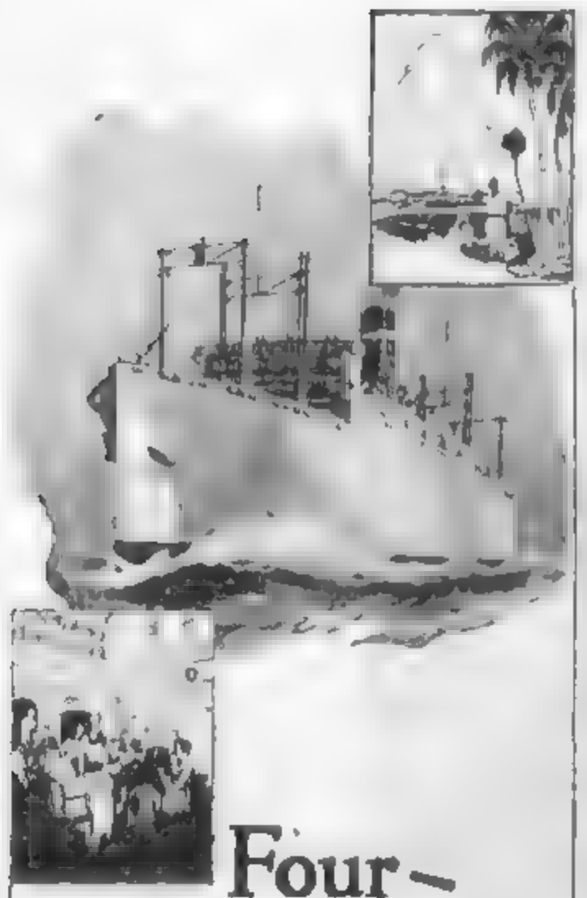
There is practically no limit to the radius of a GMC equipped with the Two-Range Transmission except when wheels cannot get traction. Nor can any estimate be made of the possibilities that this revolutionary step forward in motor truck design has opened to the haulers of all kinds of commodities.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY—*Pontiac, Michigan*
Division of General Motors Corporation

GMC Truck Chassis list as follows: One Ton, $1295; Two Ton, $2375; Three and One-half Ton, $3600; Five Ton, $3950; Five Ton Tractor, $2450; Ten Ton Truck Tractor, $3700; Fifteen Ton Tractor, $4050; all prices for Chassis only at the factory, tax to be added.

General Motors Trucks

"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"



Four—Sister Ships to South America

IF YOU have not yet done so, investigate now the claims made for the four white sister ships of the U. S. Government fleet to South America! Experienced travelers maintain them to be the "finest and fastest ships on the run." The four new 21,000 ton oil-burning vessels are:

Western World	sailing	**April 14**
Southern Cross	sailing	**April 28**
American Legion	sailing	**May 12**
Pan America	sailing	**May 26**

They sail every fourteen days from New York. They go to Rio de Janeiro in less than 12 days—a record!

Write for Booklet

If the coming Spring has stirred the Wanderlust in your blood and you are planning a trip, send the information blank below! You will receive without any obligation a complete description of the ships, with actual photographs of the beautiful interiors and exteriors.

The ships are operated by the Munson Steamship Lines, sailing every fortnight from New York. They go to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires—(alternate southbound vessels stop at Santos as well).

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To U. S. Shipping Board
Information Desk Washington, D. C.
M. 22473

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts. I am considering a trip to South America ☐, to Europe ☐, to the Orient ☐. I would travel 1st Class ☐, 2nd ☐, 3rd ☐

If I go date will be about _____

Name

Address

Town State

Munson Steamship Lines
67 Wall Street New York City
Managing Operators for
UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD
Owners of the Vessels

(Continued from Page 42)

increase is to be met with at least an equal decrease in the number of trolley cars across the land?

Just a moment, please. One thing at a time. A definite and marked tendency among the motor-bus operators to form themselves into pools or definite operating companies is showing itself. This new infant industry in transportation is following quite logically the lines of development of its older brother, the electric street railway. It does not take much of a memory to recall the day when even in American cities of 100,000 or less there still were all the way from two to half a dozen separate street-car companies. Their consolidation is a matter of recent history. So may, and probably will, go the story of the motor omnibus, outside the cities as well as within their boundaries. Three-quarters of the omnibuses using that great new terminal station in Los Angeles already are under a single management. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, a cutthroat competition between individual motor busses has resulted in the creation of a single corporation, formed by eight owners who turned in their busses in exchange for stock. Each of these men is allowed thirty-five dollars a week for wages as a driver. As a matter of fact some of them hire drivers at twenty-five dollars and so reap a slight intermediate profit. The owners of the busses pay for their own gasoline, oil, taxes and repairs. Ten per cent of their gross receipts is deducted for the office and overhead expenses of the corporation. What is left is prorated among its owners.

It is easy to see in beginnings such as this the genesis of companies such as the big tractions and interurbans across the country; even more to be likened to the motor-bus companies of New York and London and Paris.

The proponents of the street car in city traffic as against the motor bus are apt to make much of the supposed inability of the latter vehicle to handle great numbers of people within a reasonably short space of time. Yet nightly in crowded New York, more than 180 motor coaches an hour are operated in a single direction, or on a headway of something less than twenty seconds. Each of these double-decked busses seats fifty-one persons—standees are never permitted—which means that in the course of an hour close to 10,000 passengers are picked up and carried north through New York's home-bound rush in the evening. Any street-railway man knows that this is good performance—that it would be a fairly good record even for trolley cars. It is known in New York as such good performance that today there is under serious consideration the project of entirely removing the street-car tracks in Broadway south of Forty-second Street. Not only is it believed that this step, despite its great expense—Broadway is equipped with the elaborate construction of a third-rail trolley sunk into a slot underneath the pavement—will result in a vast relief to the vehicular traffic in that famous thoroughfare but that the double-decker busses, running upon a twenty-second headway in rush hours, will furnish an entirely adequate and much more popular service to surface travelers upon it. It must be remembered that there is also a high-speed Subway under practically the entire length of Broadway.

Motor Bus vs. Trolley Car

These statements the trolley-car men resent. They point in turn to the rapid depreciation of the motor omnibus as compared with that of the electric street car; three or four years as against fifteen or twenty. Riding on rubber has their outspoken contempt. They will cite to you the obviously superior tractive powers of a smooth steel wheel running atop a smooth steel rail, of a vast reserve power of an electric generating station, of the oncoming great economies to be realized in a wider substitution of water power for steam in the generation of electricity.

"How," they ask in fine sarcasm, "is the mere creature comfort of an omnibus that comes to the curb for you or which when broken down can easily be towed to the gutter or the nearest alley and placed out of the way of other traffic, to be compared with economic advantages such as these?"

This whole question may lead thus easily to a highly controversial one, in which we might wander for hours and still attain no definite goal. I think, myself, that the answer is that transportation in its last analysis is rarely competitive; its various agents are almost always supplemental and correlated. Let me illustrate: I have referred before to the many street-railway companies that already are buying motor busses to supplement their trolley services; the list should be supplemented by the steam railroads, which have hundreds of like opportunities.

In the extreme northwestern corner of the United States there was started some years ago a furtive attempt to build an interurban electric line from Seattle to Bellingham, Washington, 100 miles. Actually a road was built from Seattle to Everett and another from Mount Vernon to Bellingham. A gap of forty-four miles was left from Everett to Mount Vernon over which it seemed to be impossible to make progress in building a trolley line. This gap has now been closed by the simple device of operating a large motor omnibus on an hourly schedule in close connection with the through interurban cars at each of the terminals. Through single and round-trip tickets are now sold at fares approximating those of the steam railroad, not only between Seattle and Bellingham but also from the latter point on to and through the San Juan Islands—in all a round trip that easily can be made in a single day out of Seattle.

Advice to the Operator

The list of correlated steps like this that already are being taken runs to a considerable length; that of the possibilities of the situation to a vastly greater one. Those of the huge national and state parks that are increasing in popularity each year alone would make a considerable chapter.

Consider for a moment the problem as it confronts the individual bus operator. Conceded that eventually he will be gathered into the process of inevitable consolidation; just as the little street railways once were gathered, and before them the individual operators of steamboats and old-time horse-drawn freighting wagons. The motor-bus man, possessed of a mere $5000, more or less—enough at least to buy a single bus and to make himself a transportation entity—is in danger of no instant extinction, however, no matter what may ultimately be his fate. His immediate fate rests within his own hands. And with it there is entwined the largeness of his opportunity.

Let me make myself more definite: There is much in the success of the trolley car, much in its failures, by which he should profit.

The trolley car started out as an immensely popular national institution. Gradually—especially as it consolidated itself into fewer working units, and larger—it became less popular; more efficient perhaps, but certainly less popular. Perhaps even this is not quite definite enough.

From the beginning the steam railroad has predicated its passenger hauling upon the guaranty of a seat to every passenger. This, long since, became established custom. In a good many states it has become statute law as well. The electric railway, partly because at times it could not do this and partly because it did not wish to, has never even pretended to guarantee a seat to every passenger. It is a matter of common knowledge that in a great many cases the profits of the enterprise have been based upon standees; "dividends from strap-hangers" is an odd phrase, founded upon a deal of truth.

The first problem of the motor-bus operator in America—whether he operates one bus or 300—is to take the potential of immediate popularity that his form of vehicle has attained and to translate it into a lasting and profitable popularity. That can be done, but only by a close attention to the rules of the game and to the psychology of the travelers who are to come to him.

The rules of the game are being laid down to him by the various state regulatory commissions. When he is really smart, however, he will anticipate these governmental bodies by his own efforts to provide safe and efficient and reliable transportation.

He will at his own volition stand by his schedules, endeavor faithfully to follow them with a large degree of exactness. He will demand a decent handling of his cars upon the road, not only with the safety of his patrons and his property in view always but also with a view to the rights of the other users of the highways. Already complaints against the rapid and sometimes reckless driving of motor busses, as well as motor trucks, are beginning to find their way into the newspapers; multiplied, these can and will create a distinctly unfavorable impression against the new infant transport industry.

He can and should provide a clean and quietly running car. Opinions differ widely whether he should be expected to furnish enough light at night for the reading of a newspaper. If he has much appreciation of the desires of the traveler he probably will arrange to do this very thing—if it possibly can be arranged. For the same reason he will arrange to operate busses with comfortable cross seats instead of uncomfortable longitudinal ones. Now we are drifting from the technical operating rules of the game into the always fascinating field of the psychology of selling passenger transportation.

The psychology of giving a patron a comfortable seat in which he can ride at ease, instead of a most uncomfortable one, translated into less formidable language is simply a bid for the future and continued business of that patron.

Bus men are seeing the wisdom of this rule—of making theirs a method of transportation more like the Pullman parlor car, and less like the overcrowded trolley car, by the simple process of giving a seat for every fare; which, of itself, gives an excuse for a fare raised above that of the trolley car. To this may be added various other improvements in the construction of the vehicle itself. We have progressed considerably beyond the point where any home-made body set upon an ordinary motor truck will do. I rode not many weeks ago from New York down toward the Jersey Coast in a passenger car that had been built upon a standard truck chassis. The hard springs, the grinding of the low gears, combined to make a trip that would have been comfortable in a railroad car or a touring limousine, a rather difficult bit of business.

A tourist agency over in Boston grasped the psychology of this phase of the motor-omnibus problem when it completed recently the first of an oncoming fleet of long-distance limousine busses. It has been rather common practice for the manufacture of motor-omnibus bodies to be centered in the hands of the builders of street-railway cars, who quite naturally have followed the lines of the development of the trolley car. Yet no matter how successful these may be in the understanding of the handling of city traffic or even short-distance country traffic, they are not so happy in the case of really long-distance motor-bus hauls. The Boston men had their truck designed by a concern expert in the fabrication of private limousines, with the result that they have obtained an eighteen-passenger car that enables them to compete not only with other motor busses but even with the comfortable Pullman cars of the steam railroads.

The Double-Decker

The first of these busses was put in service a summer or two ago between Boston and Montreal, going by the way of Albany, through the wildly scenic routes of the Mohawk Trail, Lake George and the Adirondacks, and returning through the equally beautiful White Mountains. It always is entirely booked far in advance.

This Boston-Montreal car is perhaps the extreme to which the motor bus may go.

One other thought in parting for the bus man's consideration: In Great Britain—in some parts of Continental Europe as well—the trolley cars for years past have been double-decked. Our American traction men, after a few half-hearted experiments, rejected the idea as impractical. And yet in New York, and other cities more recently, it has proved to be immensely practical. There is hardly a soul who comes to New York from the rest of the country who has not ridden upon its bus tops; in addition to which there is a vast permanent population of bus-riding fans in New York.

I have no special brief for the double-decked motor omnibus. I merely have cited these instances in proof of the fact that in transport the attractive vehicle wins for the merchant—an obvious fact, and seemingly a trivial one, yet one that sometimes escapes the eye of the man who enters into the devious field of selling passenger transportation.

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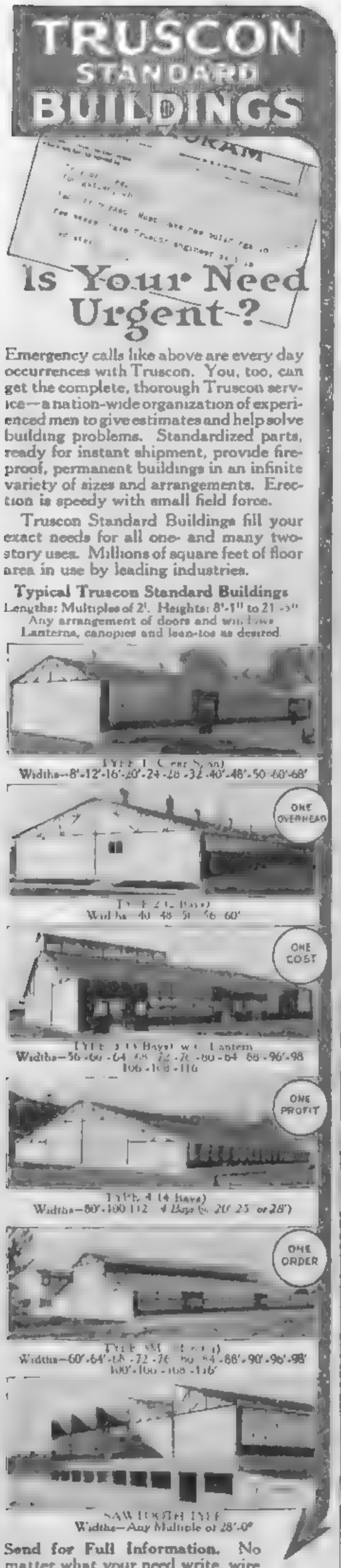
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Widths—56'-60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-96'-98'
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TIMBER-LINE

(Continued from Page 25)

His eyes shone on her through the dark. He had a crisp shock of burnished blond hair. The fire lighted it like a crown. So might some young god of the forest —— Her breath, too, was quick.

"If my thoughts are lovely it is because of the loveliness about me."

There was a long silence, then he said, "Look here, I wouldn't like to think of your taking tips."

"Why not?"

"Oh, well, money isn't everything."

Her heart leaped. In the world she had left money was everything.

"Most people think it important.

"It isn't half so important as self-respect."

The old-fashioned word seemed to wash away the stain of all her memories. She felt as if the moonlight poured down upon them in a silver, cleansing stream.

"I'm glad you said that," she told him breathlessly.

He looked up and saw her eyes, starry under the sweep of fair hair.

"Gee, but you're a beauty!" he said. Then, "Why are you glad?"

"Because many people think about money all the time; they sacrifice everything for it, everything that makes life—fine."

"Well, I shan't." There was an almost boyish sturdiness and self-confidence in his assertion that was delightful. "I'd like to be rich, of course. So would anybody. But if I can't get money the right way I don't want it. I hate people giving me tips. I'm a guide. It's my job and I'm paid for it. I don't want money handed out to me as if I was a servant, and I won't take it. I worked my way through college. But I like it up here. I'm going to stay through the winter."

It seemed incredible to her that he should stay. She had thought that the coming of the snows would wrap these great hills in a mantle of solitude; that men must go to the cities to wait for the spring; that this wild and beautiful world would be given over for the time to the deer and the mountain sheep, the mountain lions, the coyotes and all the little furry things that scudded through the dried grasses—the chipmunks, the gophers, the snowshoe rabbits and the woodchucks—and to the beavers in the streams.

"Isn't it frightfully lonely?"

"No; it is wonderful."

He told her about it, speaking under his breath, shutting himself with her into a sort of enchanted castle of good comradeship.

He was, it seemed, a guide, too, in the winter. People came up and ascended the peaks. It was difficult and dangerous, but as he had said, wonderful. He had the gift of vivid narration. She saw the winter landscape, the great pines under their weight of snow, the white range against a sapphire sky, the streams frozen trails of silver, the aspens with their slim gray bodies naked to the sun.

All around them there was love-making; young things caught in the web of romance. In the darkness beyond the bright circle of the fire hand met hand, lips met lips. But the boy at Amelie's side did not touch her. He talked and talked, and when at last he finished his story, and lay content to be near her, he whistled now and then under his breath, a thin and tuneful piping, like Pan among the reeds and rushes.

And when it was time to go he said, "Look here, I have some horses. Will you ride with me?"

"But I don't know you!"

He brushed that aside.

"I think you do, and you can trust me. I'm straight. Ask Arline, or anybody. And—well, I've got to see you again."

III

SHE rode so well that he commented on it. "You are used to horses."

"Yes, my father had a farm."

"Is your father dead?"

She hesitated a moment—"Yes." She felt that she told the truth. Her father was, in a spiritual sense, dead to her. Of what significance was his physical presence in a world of which she was no longer a part?

The boy was interested in her father's farm. She gave him vague details. Yes, there had been horses and cows. They made butter. But it hadn't paid, and her father had sold out to another man. She did not tell him that the farm had been an expensive fad; that it had been one of the show places in Carroll County; that there had been blooded stock; that she herself had ridden a famous little mare at all the horse shows, had come away with triumphant prizes and her picture had been in all the papers.

He took her that first day on a radiant pilgrimage. In the cupped top of one of the lower peaks a little lake sparkled like a jewel under the sun. When they came to it there were yellow lilies on its surface, and the slim, pale trunks of the aspens reflected in its depths.

It was on the edge of the lake that Ulysses cooked their lunch. It seemed to her perfect that his name should be Ulysses. It was the name of a god—Odysseus—the name of a king! But the young god himself was not sure that he cared for it.

"Father was crazy about President Grant, and so I am Ulysses G. Davis. The boys at school made a lot of fun of me. Called me Lissie, but I stopped that and made them say Davis."

She was eager.

"How did you stop it?"

"Knocked them down."

He had built a fire and was cooking a steak. She had thought when she saw him in the light of day that the glamour would depart, but as he stood now before her she was more than ever aware of his glorious youth, his strength, the gold of his crisp hair, the warm red and brown of his neck and throat.

But more, perhaps, than by his physical attributes, she was impressed by his mental poise and vigor. He seemed so sure of himself, his future, of his own ability to make the world move.

"I am not going to be always a guide. But I want to live up here in the mountains. I was born on a ranch and I think I'd like to die on one."

"What kind of a ranch?"

"Cattle. It's played out now and all my folks are dead. There was nothing to leave me. But I've got my hands and my brains, and there's a chance to raise cherries here in the valleys. It's a pretty crop, and it pays."

Her imagination took hold of that thought of cherry orchards. She saw them in the spring, all snowy bloom, dripping their red fruit at harvest time.

"Oh, why don't you buy it now, and begin?"

He stretched his arms above his burnished head.

"Sounds all right, but I haven't any money—except five hundred in the bank that I've saved. It will take more than that to buy—but I can dream about it, and some day I'll do it."

They had many rides after that. Once old Martha asked, "Ought you to be going with him so often?"

Amelie had looked at her like a child whose eyes have opened upon a new world.

"Why shouldn't I go, Martha? He shows me things I have never seen."

He had, indeed, shown her things—columbine, mauve and white in great masses; Indian paintbrush, scarlet against the snow; glaciers, iridescent under the sun; mountain sheep in great herds on rocky heights; a doe and her fawn in a sheltered glade; a coyote slinking like a gray shadow through the gray of the aspen trunks.

But it was not these things alone that Amelie meant when she spoke to Martha. Young Ulysses had shown her things, too, of the senses and of the spirit. She was seeing love through his eyes, and God.

There was a quality about him of earnestness, as if everything mattered. In Amelie's old world nothing had mattered. There had always been the shrug of the shoulder, the careless smile. But young Ulysses knew nothing, cared nothing for her world; and he did care for the great adventure of living. More than that, he knew it to be a great adventure.

IV

THEY climbed one day to the highest peak, reaching at last timber-line. It was here that the trees made their final gallant stand against the forces of King Frost. Here they found stunted spruce and twisted pine. Wind blown and bent, distorted out of all shape and beauty, the little trees had yet a charm of their own—the charm of their own high courage, of heroic achievement. Amelie, listening to the story of their struggle as Ulysses told it, was moved at last to protest.

"But it seems dreadful to have all of their loveliness lost."

"Do you know," he said, and again she was aware of the force that was in him, "they seem lovely to me. Queer, isn't it? But when I see them marching up the mountain side I want to march with them."

That was it—to march. Her father and mother had never marched. They had danced or shuffled to some mad tune that had no meaning; and everything had a meaning to Ulysses—the sun, the moon, the stars, the storms.

There came a day when a storm caught them high up on the mountain side. A shadow had darkened the sun while they sat at lunch; a deeper shadow; the world spectral; a rush of wind in the pines; the leaves of the aspens whirling like a million butterflies.

Young Ulysses helped Amelie from her horse. They ran to the shelter of an overhanging rock; they could see the rain stretched like a curtain of gray gauze above the range. The lightning ripped it with a golden rapier, the thunder boomed and the hills gave back booming echoes.

"Are you afraid?" he had asked, bending down to her.

She had always been afraid of storms, and said so.

"God will take care of us." His eyes were lighted up. "Somehow I like to think of Him, riding the storm ——"

It seemed to her, after that, that the great rock was a sanctuary. The rain was a silver screen in front of them.

Then suddenly came a blinding flash, a crash, as the lightning struck a tree within a few feet of them. Amelie, stunned and shaken, was aware of strong arms about her.

"It's over and we're safe," Ulysses was saying, "and if we had died we would have died together."

It was thus he claimed her. Neither life nor death should part them—ever.

V

WHEN Amelie returned to the hotel she dressed for supper and went down to the table with old Martha in a haze of enchantment. She ate practically nothing. Martha ate heartily.

"I shouldn't touch veal," the old woman said; "but this is so nicely breaded."

Her voice seemed to come to Amelie from afar off. It was with difficulty that she brought her mind back.

"You'd better be careful."

After supper she and Martha sat on the hotel porch. In a room back of them the other guests of the hotel played cards and gossiped. Amelie wondered how they could shut themselves thus away from the silver night and the sailing moon.

She had told Ulysses that she would marry him. He had kissed her with a flaming passion that yet knew tenderness, and she had returned his kisses. She felt that he was her predestined mate. They would be like two young gods upon the mountain heights.

She went to bed to lie awake until after midnight, and it was towards morning that she opened her eyes to find old Martha bending over her.

"I hated to call you. But I am sick. I ought not to have eaten that veal. You'll have to get a doctor."

(Continued on Page 48)

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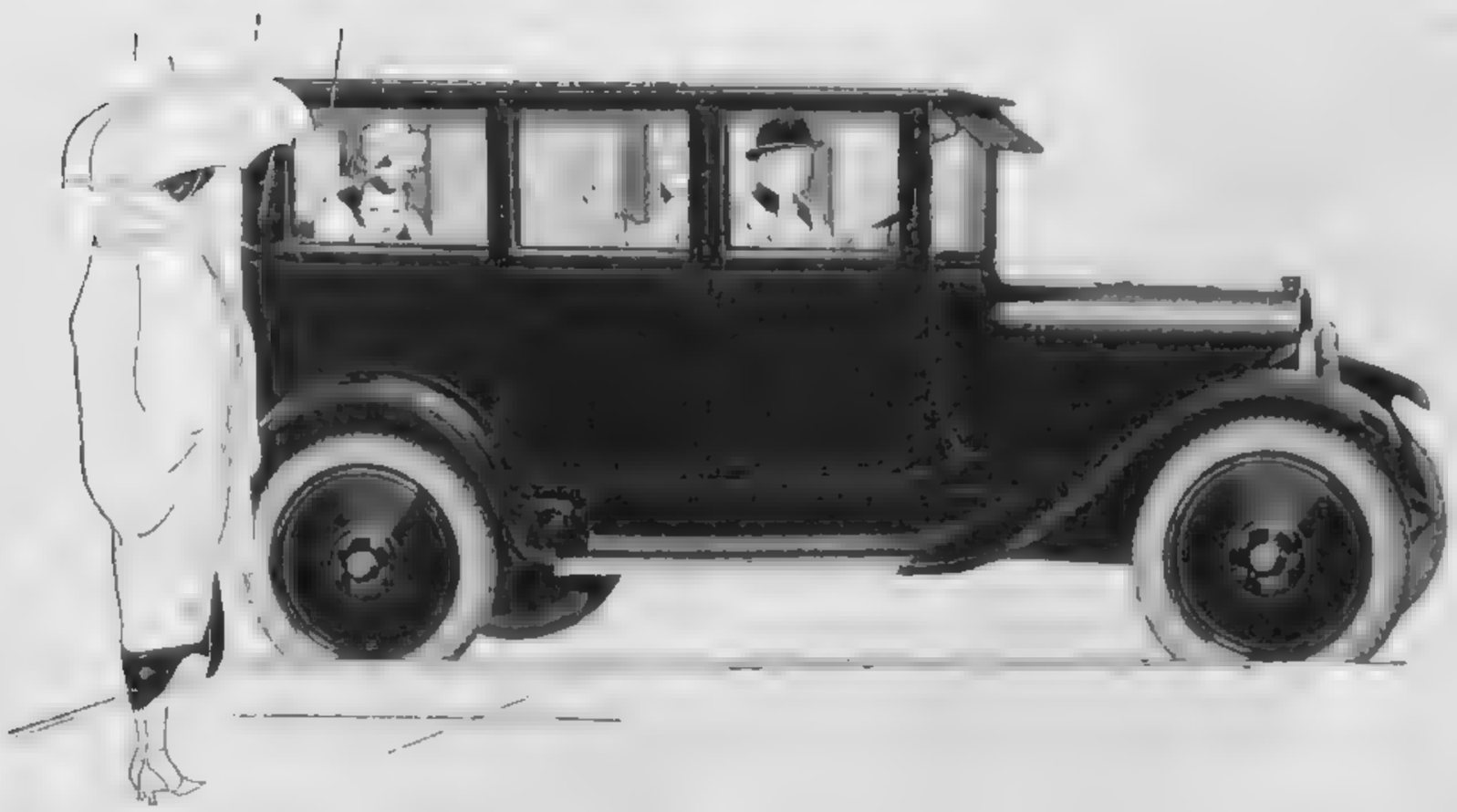

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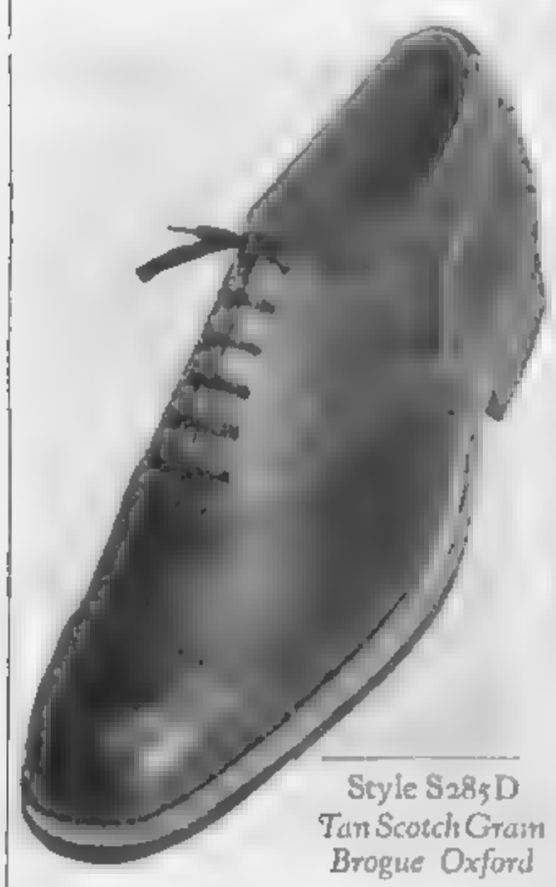

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Exclusively for Men and Boys

(Continued from Page 46)

In three days old Martha died. Amelie saw Ulysses three times in the three days; stolen meetings at night, in a circle of pines beyond the hotel. Each time he held her in his arms and kissed her with gentle passion.

"You are mine," he would say ardently; "I can't make it seem quite true."

"But it is true," she would declare with quick breath. "I am yours till the end of the world."

She felt that it was true. She was his, and nothing else mattered. Her future stretched out before her, idyllic, inspiring. The complexities of her old life belonged to a dead and dreadful past.

When old Martha died there was much sympathy in the house for the stricken niece. Everyone was kind. Young Ulysses, brought at once by her message, stood in the darkened room and asked, "Do you need money, my darling? There's five hundred in the bank."

She did not, she told him, need it. He offered to go East with her; to marry her and go East. But she would not have it.

"I don't want to take my happiness when I am heavy of heart." She meant that; but she was, too, for the first time, shaken by the fear of discovery. "I'll come back," she said; "I promise you. And I am yours forever, Ulysses."

VI

OLD Martha was not buried in Baltimore; she was sent back to England, to the churchyard where her forefathers lay. And two weeks later a stone was put in the Turner lot in the old cemetery under the shadow of the white shaft. It bore the name of Amelie Turner. Her body did not rest beneath the stone. She had been drowned while sailing at Newport. The capsized boat had been found at twilight, drifting. She had spent a week in the big house, and had been affectionate to her mother, cordial to her stepfather. It was a great tragedy, the papers stated. The papers, indeed, made much of it. The affairs of the Turners were always interesting to the public.

In the church at the funeral Amelie's father and mother sat side by side. The congregation eyed them curiously. It was as if for a moment they were again husband and wife, bound by their common grief for their daughter. Amelie's mother wore black after that, briefly. Her father went back to his dancer. Amelie was to all outward appearances forgotten.

Only Louis Hawley, the lawyer, guessed the truth. Amelie had come to him and he had cashed some bonds for her. She had told him of young Ulysses.

"He is never to know what I am giving up. He must believe me poor, like himself. We will find our happiness in working together, striving together, suffering, if need be, together."

She was tense, exalted. His wise eyes weighed her, saw her need. Yet his lips warned her.

"You won't be happy."

"Why not?"

"You've never been poor; you don't know what it means. Romance will fly out of the window."

"It flew out of the window for father and mother, and they were rich."

Her logic was unanswerable. He could only say, "You know, of course, that they won't let you do it?"

"I am twenty-one; and, besides, I shan't ask them. I shall find a way."

"What way?"

She had hesitated. Then had flung out her hands.

"Let me be happy; promise that you won't try to find me."

He had promised and had kept his word.

VII

AND now Amelie Turner being dead, her resurrection came in Emily Davis. She and her young Ulysses were married in Denver. He met her there when she came from the East. He was not so picturesque as he had been in his guide's clothes; but he was crowned with youth, and her heart owned him as its king. He took rooms for them at the hotel.

"I want the best for you, my darling," he had said when the door was shut and he had taken her in his arms.

She had no fears and her confidence was justified. He was all tenderness. Their romance touched the stars.

The money which she had received from the bonds was, he understood, a legacy from old Martha.

"We'll buy the ranch," she told him, and gloried in the strength of him as he drew her up for his kiss.

Real life began for Amelie in the small ranch house, which was ugly outside, with red paint and uninspired architecture, but which had the beauty within of restraint and good taste. Amelie had brought nothing with her, but she knew the fine art of selection. A few Navaho rugs, some Mexican pottery, Indian baskets, plain furniture, a great fireplace, where the stove had been. This was their nest. Amelie built like a mother bird, for beauty and warmth and softness. Ulysses, watching her, wondered.

"You're different from all the other women, Emily."

She was different. And much money had gone into her making. Her refinement of taste, her exquisiteness of body belonged to the estate in which she had been born. But her mind was her own, her spirit. She was, indeed, more wonderful than he knew, this Amelie Turner who might have had millions and the pick of a hundred suitors, and who had died to her old world because of her love of him.

She who had never worked with her hands worked with them now. Ulysses, out of his guide's knowledge, knew how to cook, and taught her. He had a great appetite. Amelie laughed at it and learned to cater to it. She baked bread for him, peeled potatoes. There were burns on her white wrists, stains on her delicate fingers. Ulysses was distressed.

"It doesn't seem right, somehow, to have you do it."

"What difference does it make? I am happy."

He sometimes wondered at her happiness. The women of the ranches round about had none of his Emily's radiance. They complained and nagged. They told their husbands that they would not be mere cooks and drudges.

Amelie did not seem to feel it drudgery, yet she was such a slight little thing. It was, he decided, her dreams that sustained her. Life with her was never commonplace. They read at night, sitting before their glowing logs, she on a low seat with her head against his knee, the pale gold of her hair brushing his hand as she laid her cheek against it.

Always, before they left the fire, his arm would go around her, and quite sturdily and without self-consciousness he would pray for a blessing on their love.

The spring came and the cherry trees bloomed in the orchard. Ulysses was needed outside, and Amelie had added burdens in the house. But she bore them easily, smiling and strong, and, as the winter snows blew over the mountains, was lighted by a new radiance.

It was then that her husband found a capable woman to help with the housework, and it was when the spring came round again that a younger Ulysses was born.

VIII

MORE fledglings came into the nest in the years that followed. To Amelie her children were miracles. As each in turn was sheltered in her arms, warm cheek against warm breast, she was moved by a sense of her divine mission. For this women were created. The demands upon her strength were unceasing, but her rewards were in the children's dependence upon her. She was the center of things. Ulysses came to her constantly for companionship and consultation. And always the children *the children* asked things of her body and soul. Giving to them, she seemed to drink of some strange elixir which renewed her strength, animated her spirit.

From babyhood she bathed them herself, and fed them; sat in front of the fire and heard their small petitions; and when they went to sleep she set her lamp so that a star of light might shine on them when their eyes opened. "Mother's light" they called it, and knew that she sat beside it, a figure serene, ready at any moment to drive away their fears.

Amelie's own mother had had no thought of such childish fears. Old Martha had come when Amelie called. "Go to sleep, my lamb," she had said, and her wide figure in the doorway had been comfortable and comforting.

So, with old Martha as substitute, Amelie's mother had gone her way, gay and much engaged. She had never drawn about herself and her child the magic circle of service.

But Amelie drew a magic circle. Life on the ranch was increasingly difficult. She and Ulysses fought, as the years went on, the battles against the forces of Nature which seek to destroy man's dominion over the land. There was drought and fire and the plagues of insects. But always there was love. Emily drank of that knowledge with eager thirst. Her husband loved her and her children. More than that, they needed her. It was this need that would hold them to her until—eternity.

Ten years passed. Amelie lost her slenderness, the delicate beauty which had glorified her girlhood. Her hands grew muscular, her waist thickened, her skin was reddened by sun and wind. Yet if she was no longer a fairy princess, she was queen of her small domain. Ulysses' almost reverent adoration had given way to a masterful tenderness. When the children were ill he sent their mother to bed and cradled them in his arms; when in matters of discipline she quailed at the thought of punishment he led her away and had things out alone with the offender.

Thus, as her husband looked to her for things which were lovely and gracious, so she looked to him for strength and justice. Where Amelie's father and mother had been forced apart by the pursuit of pleasure, young Ulysses and his wife were drawn together by their common duties. Three times a day Ulysses ate the food that Amelie cooked for him. When she suffered he nursed her; when reverses came they knelt with his arm about her and mingled their prayers.

Had her mother ever known such moments? Amelie told herself no, passionately. In her separation from her old life she had gained something that money could not have bought for her.

IX

IT WAS not until her daughters grew up that Amelie began to have doubts. The boys had gone to college and were eager to build futures for themselves. They seemed safe, started towards success.

But the girls?

They were pretty girls; lacking, however, their mother's grace and elegance. They had not been trained for it. Sometimes as she looked at them Amelie had a vision of how exquisite they might be if she would reach out her hand and take what was hers. She thought of her Nancy in blue and silver, of young Emily in rose with the Turner pearls. At such moments Amelie's heart seemed to stop beating. Was she robbing them of their birthright of youth and joy?

Far back in Baltimore was that which would create a new world for them all—money!

She had only to tell the truth and receive her inheritance. Her father was dead. But her mother still lived—and there was Louis Hawley!

She put the thought aside. She had more than money, she told herself obstinately. She would keep what she had.

Then came the year that the crops failed. Ulysses was ill. The boys worked on the ranch; the girls worked with them. Their skins were sunburned and their hands rough. Yet they had youth and courage; they endured hardships; they did not complain; their heads were high.

It was those high-held heads which almost broke Amelie's heart; and it was when her daughters decided, because they had nothing to wear, to stay away from a neighborhood dance on May Day that she wavered in the resolution which had sustained her.

"I won't go unless I can look like the rest of them," Nancy declared; and young Emily, "Everything we have is a thousand years old. Rags!" They flung their poor little frocks on the bed. "You see, mother?"

The nights that followed were troubled, the days heavy. Nancy and young Emily, still considering the dance, consulted their mother anxiously.

"If dad could squeeze out enough for the material we could make them ourselves."

Poor little Cinderellas! It seemed to Amelie that nothing in all the years had been so hard to bear: to watch youth yearning for its heritage of beauty and to have it denied.

The dance was a month away. Ulysses had no money.

"It might," he said, "be possible later." But he had little hope.

Amelie could not sleep. At last her husband noticed it.

(Continued on Page 50)

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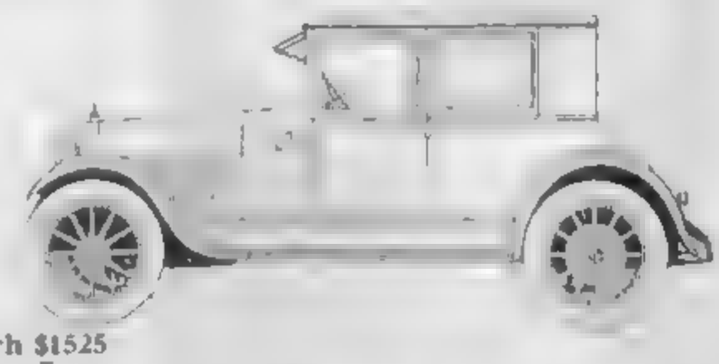

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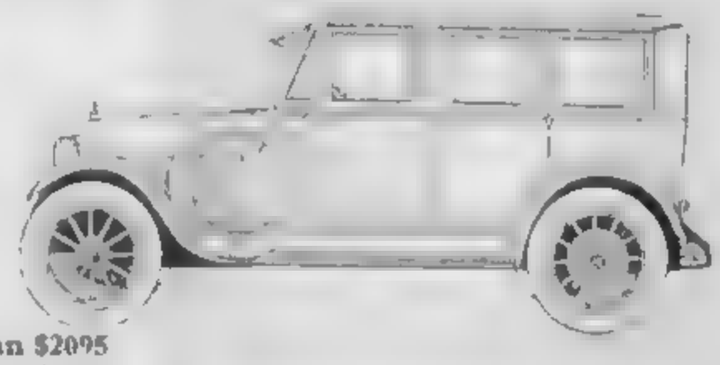

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(Continued from Page 48)

"You are not like yourself. Aren't you well?"

"I am tired," she told him. "I need a change. Let's go up into the mountains."

They followed the trail that she had first trod with her young Ulysses. Time had taken its toll, and they were no longer radiant god and goddess, headed straight for Elysium. Yet his arm went around her as they stood together by the little lake which mirrored the sky, and where the slim pale trunks of the aspens showed in the sapphire depths.

Once more he cooked lunch for her, smiled at her, a grave and somewhat silent man; bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh. Even death would not part them. She knew it and her heart sang.

After lunch they climbed higher, until they reached again timber-line. Again they saw the little trees, bent by the storms, but ever striving upward.

"Do you remember what you said, dearest? That when you saw them marching you wanted to march with them? Well, we have marched, Ulysses."

They stood together, their faces lighted. Then suddenly she turned to him, and her voice trembled.

"I have something to tell you. . . ."

She found it hard to make him believe.

"Do you mean that you are rich, Emily?"

"I can be."

"And that you are the daughter of Archibald Turner?"

"Yes."

"Yet you never told me?"

"No."

He stared at her, and it seemed as if in the space of silence that preceded his next sentence her heart would burst in her breast. Oh, what was he going to say? Would the happiness of the years in which they had lived and worked together be wiped out by a word of blame?

But there was no word of blame.

"How you must have loved me!" said old Ulysses.

■

A WEEK later Amelie went to Baltimore. When she drove down old Charles Street she felt, indeed, like a ghost. Things were changed. There was a great hotel where her father's house had stood. The Washington monument still guarded Mount Vernon Square, but the arbors were gone, and she missed the shallow basin and the old fountain.

She had written to Louis Hawley, and she was shown at once into his inner office. He held her hands for a long time and looked into her eyes.

"The same Amelie," he said.

It was her eyes that were the same. They still held dreams. Her figure had lost its elegance, her clothes were not fashionable, she would have gone unnoticed in a crowd. But her eyes were the eyes of the girl Amelie.

She sat down, and Hawley said, "You knew that your father was dead?"

"Yes, I saw it in the papers, and that he had a third wife. Oh, I wonder what he will do in heaven?"

He smiled at her.

"You are still looking so far ahead?"

She regarded him seriously.

"Of course. Ulysses and I shall be one throughout eternity."

"God grant it!"

Old Louis Hawley did not believe in hell or heaven, but he had a feeling that some special paradise would be created for the loves of Amelie and her Ulysses.

"Your mother is ill," he went on; "she has never been herself since her lover left her. She has a wavering, wandering mind."

"I have sometimes thought," said Amelie, "since I have had children of my own, that I might have been kinder to my mother. But her world was not my world. If I had come back sooner I should have forfeited all for which I have striven."

"It would have made no difference," he told her. "And it will be best, I think, not to make yourself known. It will be enough for me to prove you are alive. I can attend to all legal formalities. There will be no trouble. I have looked into it since I got your letter."

After that Amelie swore to affidavits, signed countless papers. When she left Louis Hawley's office she carried with her the money he had advanced. She carried, too, his promise that he would visit her in the West.

"I am not going to lose you, now that I have found you," he said at the moment of her departure.

There were new stores on Charles Street. But Amelie found one not far from Lexington that she had known. She went in and made her way to the section where costumes were sold. She asked for dancing frocks, and with her old, unerring taste, chose from among them two for her daughters.

"I want them to have the effect of simplicity," she insisted. "Show me the best you have."

The price seemed to have nothing to do with it. The woman who waited on her wondered. There was an air of command about this old-fashioned person.

"I'll bet she's somebody," she said to one of the other women. "You never can tell by their clothes."

XI

ON THE night before the dance Amelie prepared a feast. There was a chicken pie, strawberries, a great frosted cake with nuts. Amelie made the crust for the pie and frosted the cake. Nancy and young Emily did the rest. As they set the table for supper the two girls talked about the dance. They had put pride in their pockets and had made over their poor little frocks. Tomorrow they would wash their hair and dry it in the sun.

The boys and Ulysses came in. Amelie was proud of her children, of the rosy, handsome women, the straight upstanding men. Out of the hardness of their lives had come self-respect and self-reliance. Was there anything better that she could give? Her heart failed her as she thought of what she was about to do.

They wondered a little at the lavishness of the feast, when times were hard.

"What are you celebrating?" was their demand when the cake came in.

She smiled at them.

"Eat your dessert and then I'll tell you."

There was much laughter and many questions. At last she yielded a bit to their importunities. "I brought some things for you from Baltimore."

The Baltimore trip had held for the young folks elements of mystery. They had been curious, but Amelie had held her own council. There had been business—important. That was all.

And now they were clamoring, "What did you bring? Don't keep us waiting!"

Amelie rose and went into the bedroom on the same floor. When she came back there floated from her hands a diaphanous, heavenly garment, azure, with a twist of silver at the waist—silver tassels.

"It is for Nancy," Amelie said.

"Mother!"

She saw them all staring, saw Nancy hold the dress up against her fairness, saw her radiance.

There was a dress, too, for young Emily—rose color. For both of them were silver slippers, fans, silk stockings; and there were things for her sons—fine shirts and ties and socks.

"Mother, where did you get the money?" They were bewildered, ecstatic, eager.

The time had come. She stood beside her husband, as he sat at the table, and steadied herself with her hand on his shoulder. He turned his face up to her, his eyes lighted.

"My darlings," she said, "may I tell you a story?"

They leaned forward, listening, hardly daring to believe, yet knowing it true. This, then, was the reason for the difference, the touch of elegance, the distinction in manner and carriage which had set their mother apart from the rest of them.

"Amelie Turner is dead," she told them. "No one must know but you. For our little world it is enough that a rich relative has left me a legacy. I have claimed my fortune because of you. I should never have claimed it for myself. Your father and I have found happiness; we should have found it to the end. We shall live here on the ranch for the rest of our days, and we shall use our money to make things easier in our old age. We have talked it over and neither of us wants more than that.

"But for you"—her hands went out to them in a gesture of appeal—"my fear is of what prosperity may do to you. If it robs you of strength and courage, if it makes you soft and shallow, I shall wish I had kept it from you. If it takes you away from me"—her quick breath showed her agitation—"I shall die. I can stand anything but that. . . . Years ago your father and I climbed the mountain and came to timber-line. The little trees seemed to us triumphant. They had marched upward to reach the sky. And your father and I have marched. Oh, my darlings, are you going to march with us?"

They surged towards her, surrounded her, clung to her.

"Mother, mother ——"

Looking down into their illumined faces, her fears left her. They were the children not merely of her body but of her spirit. She had loved, and here was love to meet her own. She and her Ulysses had established a new line. They had dreamed, and their dreams would live in the generations which followed them.

WOMEN IN BRITISH POLITICS

(Continued from Page 38)

elected, is significant for more than one reason. It shows definitely that women members have come to stay, and it shows the type of women who will eventually get into Parliament.

"Both Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham are essentially the home type of women. The former's devotion to her children and her essentially feminine nature are entirely opposite to the stern, mannish woman of the old suffragette type.

"Far less is heard of Mrs. Wintringham, the first British-born woman to be elected. Her strong point certainly is not oratory. Except at question time her voice is rarely heard in the House, but underneath her quiet ladylike manner is a strong will and a store of common sense. Before her marriage a head mistress at Grimsby, Mrs. Wintringham is particularly interested in education and child welfare. In her own constituency she does much to make the lives of women in the scattered villages less lonely by means of institutes."

The political weeklies and reviews had much to say about the part of women in the election, and their views were about the same. This is the way The Nation looked at it:

"Only two women have been returned. Few, indeed, of the women have done as well as was expected. . . . The majority is, as a rule, well behind the elected member. The electorate, in other words, is prepared to see women vote as part of the normal process of its political life; it is not yet accustomed, save in exceptional cases, to the idea of women in Parliament.

"That is a thing that time alone can remedy. It is obvious that women have a contribution of their own to make to the substance of politics; and, in large part, it can only be made in terms of a personal impression on the House of Commons. But exactly as it took the electorate from 1867 to 1906 to realize that workingmen could sit at Westminster, so it will doubtless take a generation to make the appearance of women there a natural incident of our system."

It was Mrs. Corbett Ashby's opinion that the real reason for the defeat of so many of the women candidates was the fact that the parties made it too hard for them by offering them seats where their men opponents were exceedingly strong, and where they had little chance of success. She excused the Liberal Party by saying that many of their best men were out of office and were wanted back; but she did think that both the Conservatives and the Labor Party should have made things easier for the women who ran under their standards. She felt that they should have had a few chances at safe seats. Mrs. Ashby contested the Richmond seat. She was educated at Newnham College, Cambridge, where she won honors in the Classical Tripos, and she is a B. A. of Dublin University.

"Then, too," said Mrs. Ashby, "it is unreasonable for the women candidates to expect a well-informed woman who has deliberately chosen her political party to vote for a woman whose views of the great issues she does not share, merely because she is a woman.

(Continued on Page 52)

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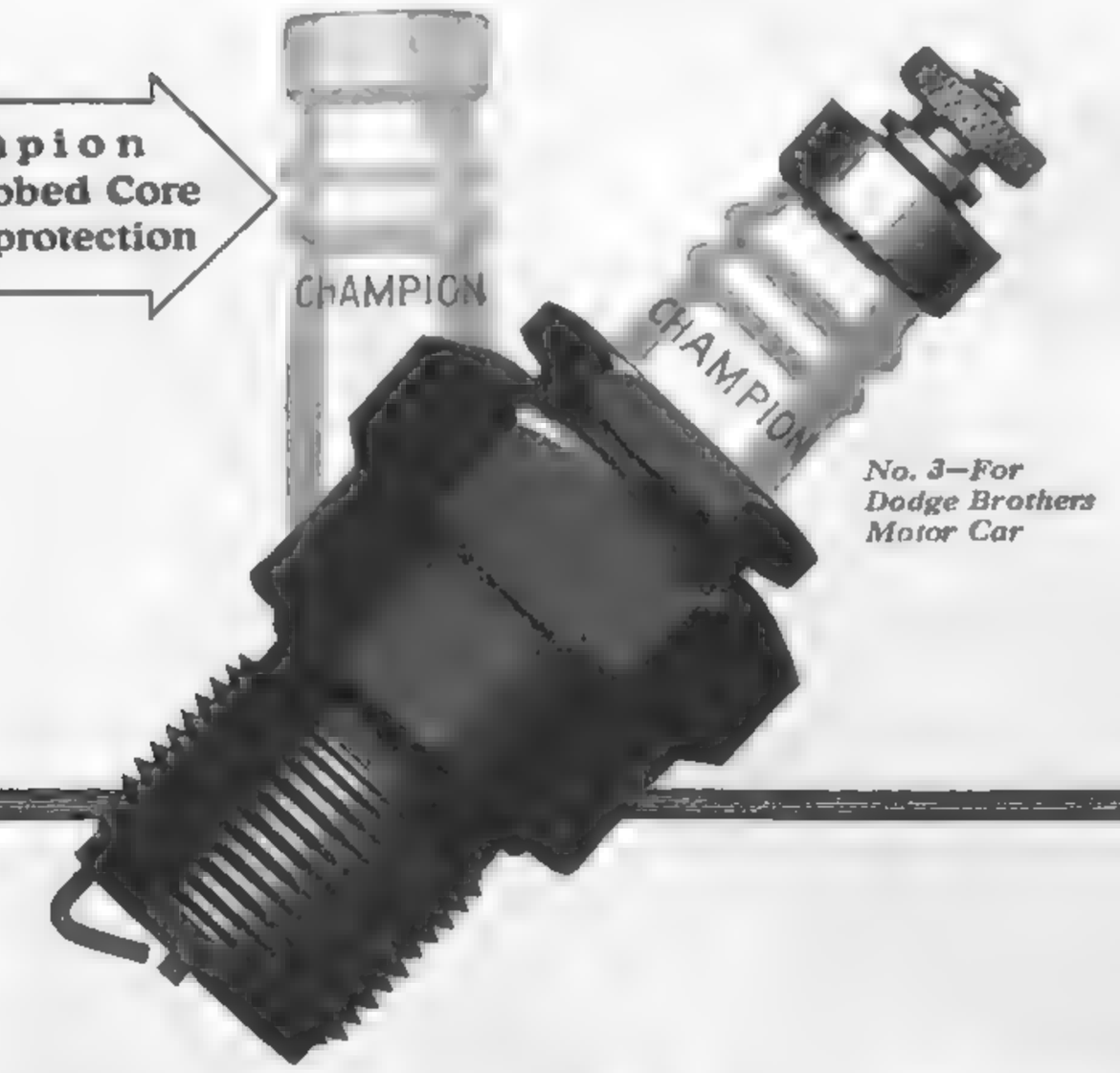

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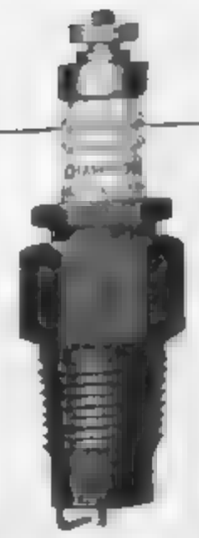

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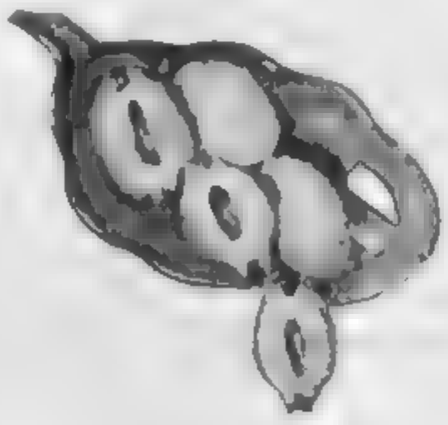


Puffed
Wheat

(Continued from Page 50)

"It is my opinion that the new electorate—the women—will require several elections before they will really be able to use an independent judgment. This has been so in the past when new factors have been introduced in the electorate, such as the agricultural voter. It is quite unreasonable to expect the women electors to get to work more effectively and efficiently than other classes of voters have been able to do."

"My experience," said Ramsay Macdonald, the Labor leader in the House of Commons, "is that the woman voter is seriously facing her responsibilities, and in the bulk is as anxious as men to give an intelligent vote on national concerns. Nor does she always vote with her husband. Reports that the husband was to vote one way and the wife another were by no means uncommon."

So that's that, and we now come to what may be called the emotional, or literary, view of the matter, which the same is proffered by Sir Hall Caine, and is as follows:

"Woman is still the dark horse. The recent British general election, which was to have revealed her soul, revealed nothing. The poll was heavier by the number of her new vote, but it would be impossible for the wisest Solomon among the sons of men to say on which side the body of her strength was cast.

"The Tory Party was the historic enemy of her emancipation; yet it is returned to power. The Labor Party was born in feminism, and established the equal rights of the sexes; yet it stands second. The Liberal Parties, which passed the law that gave her her freedom, are, in the balance of power, hardly anywhere at all.

"Women had candidates of their own sex to concentrate upon, but they returned only two.

"Many of the strongest champions of their claims to equal rights are out, while many of the bitterest opponents of them are in. What was woman doing at the recent elections? Was she renouncing all right to be reckoned with as a separate soul, differing from man in her relation to the state? Woman as a subject of the state is still fast asleep."

I could go on for pages, selecting from the enormous mass of opinion, speculation, deduction, generalization and discussion that followed the female demonstration in this recent British election, but these excerpts show the trend of it, and prove that even those closest in in English politics—even the women themselves—have small idea of what happened, why what happened did happen, or what any of it means in terms of future political expression.

There are but two small semicertainties in all this welter of speculation. The first is that, as it seems, women will not vote for a woman merely because she is a woman, and, it may be, will vote against her for that reason. The second is that the political mind of woman is as various as that of her more experienced colleague, the male; and when she gets settled down to voting she will divide about as he does and for the same reasons. Wherefore the assumption is fairly reasonable that the advent of woman suffrage will have its greatest effort on the political affairs of the United Kingdom in the increase in the numbers of the electorate, and that, as has been shown in elections here, is also a fairly reasonable assumption for the United States of America.

ABSENTEE CAPITALISM

(Continued from Page 7)

a big meal when he gets home in the middle of the afternoon, wanders downtown for a while, chats with his cronies and goes home to bed for a long night's sleep, all without ever giving a thought to absentee capitalism.

But by far the most common reply to my inquiry was that miners, like other people, are chiefly interested in economic fundamentals; that is, in their own wages and living conditions. Certainly that is what the miners themselves say, and even the professional labor organizers and journalists ruefully admitted that it was extraordinarily difficult to interest anyone in a mining camp in anything except his own bread-and-butter problems.

"Who was the old guy with whiskers?" carelessly inquired a young miner of the Y secretary after the latter had shown the president of the company through on one of his annual trips; and the miner was not at all impressed when told in an awe-struck whisper who the visitor was.

And yet there may be merit, after all, in the somewhat censorious implication of the phrase "absentee capitalism." Probably more than 90 per cent of all the stockholders live in other parts of the country, and there are more stockholders than there are employes. Certainly the small stockholders cannot be expected to move en masse to Arizona. But it is a little different with the directors and larger and more immediately interested stockholders.

Of course, they can't all move to the mining camps, either; but there is a certain ironic justice in the suggestion that the companies and their larger owners be taxed so heavily for schools, universities and roads that these larger owners will feel compelled to send their children to the local schools and spend their winters in touring the state instead of Florida or California.

After all, there is some just ground for criticism in the action of so many men who make their wealth out of the resources of the West and beat it immediately for New York to cut a dash on Fifth Avenue and a figure in Wall Street financial circles. A number of the largest mines, it is true, are owned chiefly by men who never lived in the Western country at all, but merely sent their money in and risked it there. Then, too, it was not so many years ago that living conditions in these Southwestern states were hardly civilized enough to invite capitalists to settle down there with their families.

But all that has changed now. Besides, if a country is good enough to make a fortune out of, if it is good enough to get one's start from, it ought to be worth visiting rather oftener than seems to be the custom of the average director and large owner. In some cases men high in their organizations do not visit the mining camps more than once a year or once in two years, or even once in four or five years. They are too busy with other interests, and the result is that they lose touch with human factors in the case.

Most of the local managers maintained, naturally enough, that it made no difference in the handling of the labor problem whether the wealthy directors, presidents and vice presidents from New York came often or not. The managers on the job argue that it is all a question of whether they themselves have the ability to deal with men. The case was well put by Robert E. Tally, general manager of the United Verde:

"Absentee capitalism has nothing to do with our problems out here. If the local manager can't get what he wants from the directors or from the one owner, if the mine happens to be owned by one man, by going to bat with them or him, then he ought to quit. If our men are not treated right it's not ex-Senator Clark's fault; it's mine. If I think he is wrong in his policies it's up to me to persuade him to change, or quit. If ex-Senator Clark spent three hundred and sixty-five days a year shaking hands all day long with the men in the mine it wouldn't help a bit unless the policies as put into effect through me and the rest of the supervisory force all the way down the line are right."

But with all due respect to this engaging and honest assumption of responsibility, and without meaning to imply that ex-Senator Clark does not visit his mine often enough, because after this statement from Mr. Tally I was careful not to inquire how often he or his son are there, there seems little question but that the chief owners of large properties in general make a serious mistake in being so little known to their men. One mine superintendent, in agreeing with this statement, added that if the vice president of his company, supposed to be one of the richest as well as one of the most public-spirited men in the country, would come out oftener—his visits are about four or five years apart—he would be very popular with the men.

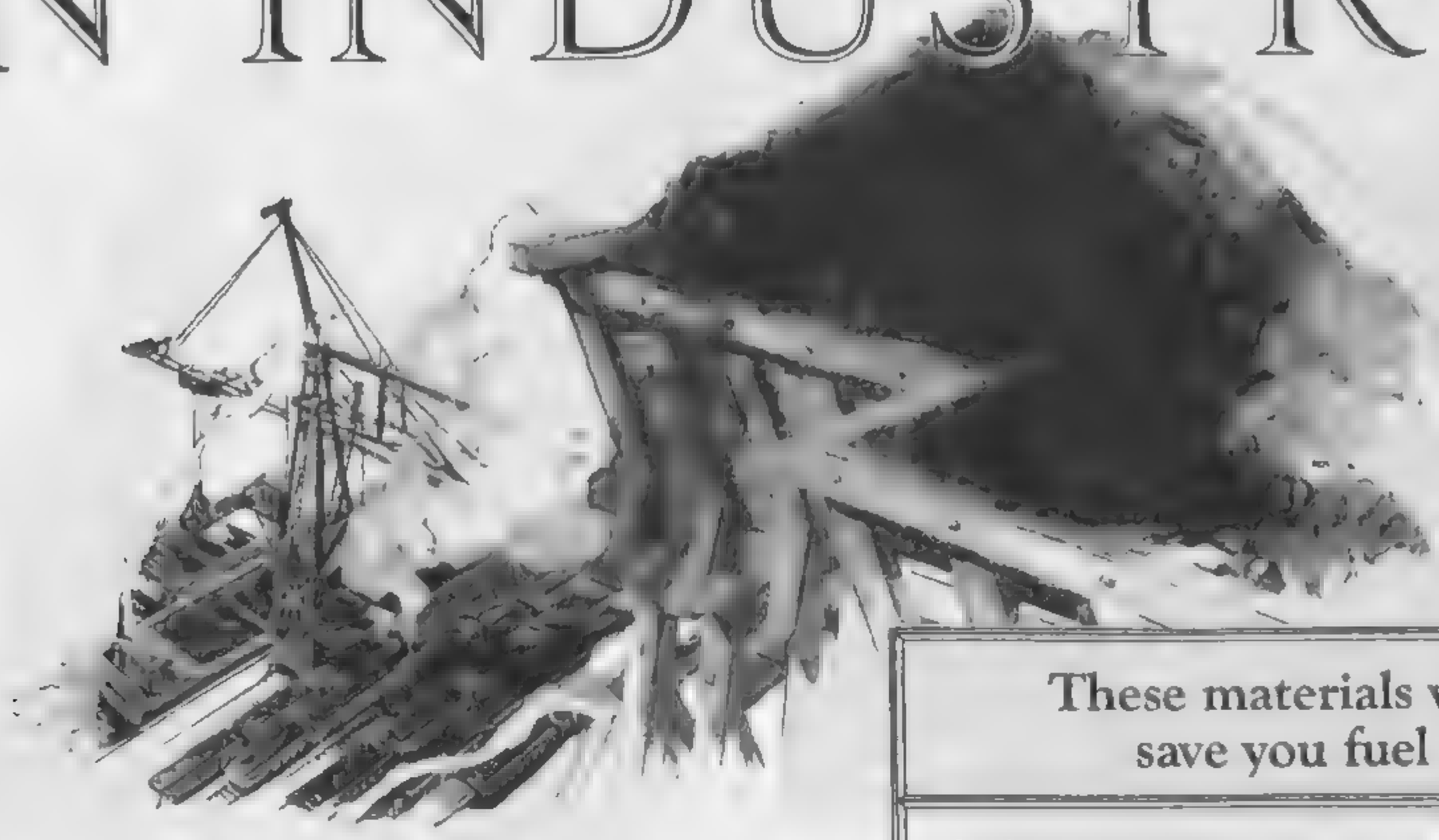
"Because he gave the Y. M. C. A. and church?" I asked.

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "Simply because of his personality."

I replied that this capitalist may have much the same feeling about a mine that a certain banker has about a factory.

(Continued on Page 54)

TO MEN IN INDUSTRY



Another Bunker Hill— the battle to save coal

ARE you fighting this battle against rising fuel cost? Here are the weapons that are turning the tide; weapons that have routed high power costs in many a plant, means that enable you to meet the increased cost of fuel by making every ton do more work.

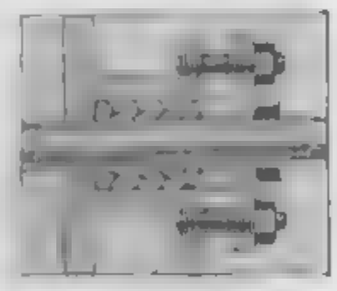
Study the chart at the right. It indicates four ways to save fuel. It tells how to cut power costs down with fuel prices going up.

All along the line from bunker or oil tank to drive wheel, there are many places where these Johns-Manville materials can save power.

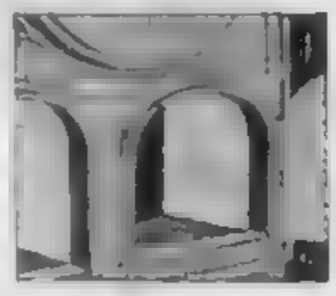
Perhaps the power leaks in these places were neglected in the past because fuel was cheap. But all past calculations must be scrapped to-day. These are new problems and here in this chart at the right are answers —products and processes that can earn for you bigger dividends than ever before.

These materials will save you fuel

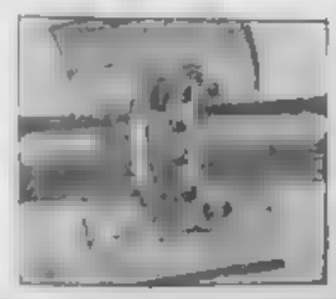
Insulation. Johns-Manville Asbesto-Sponge Felted Insulation—always the highest efficiency insulation, it now pays bigger dividends than ever, because the power it saves is worth more than ever. It saves more fuel for a longer time, not only because it is higher in initial efficiency, but because its very structure gives strength and durability that preserves its efficiency over long periods.



Automatic Packing. In many places, in packing rods and plungers, it has been stuff the stuffing box and turn up the glands with a wrench. Because no leak is visible, the gigantic leak in power necessary to overcome packing friction is overlooked. The Johns-Manville Sea Ring packs only when there is pressure and allows the rod or plunger to slide easily through the packing—at great saving of power.



Heat Treatment. B. T. U.'s that go up your chimney have also increased in cost and so Johns-Manville Heat Treatment means bigger savings than ever by providing a sound fire-box, leak-proof baffles and sealed outer walls through which the infiltration of air is impossible. Johns-Manville Heat Treatment gives you an additional saving by reducing costs of frequent shut-downs and burnt out masonry.



Packing Standardization. Most of you men in industry realize the folly of cheap packing—two cents saved in cost of a gasket and one hundred dollars lost when it fails. Dependable packing costs no more than cheap packing under the Johns-Manville plan of standardization. It cuts packing costs; saves packing waste; prevents packing failures and helps in the battle to save fuel—power—money.

The keystone on the right is the Johns-Manville trade mark. It symbolizes a large group of products and processes ever ready to serve Industry in the battle against power wastes.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st St., New York City
Branches in 56 Large Cities
For Canada
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Power Plant Materials

Glacier National Park

This Summer—

See and enjoy this scenic marvel of America—Father Time's masterpiece. A land of fascinating, jagged ice-carved mountains, studded with two hundred entrancing lakes, and streaked with glistening glaciers. Tours of one to seven days or longer if desired. Splendid hotels and comfortable chalet camps. Continue on to

The Pacific Northwest

and stop at Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Vancouver. Visit the bathing beaches, Rainier National Park, Lake Chelan and cross the Cascade Mountains. Through trains, low fares.

Write nearest office for information about routes, through train service, the low round trip rates and free illustrated books.

NEW YORK 507 Longacre Bldg
BOSTON 234 Washington St
PHILADELPHIA 407 Finance Bldg
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PITTSBURGH 708 Empire Bldg
ST LOUIS 201 Business Men's Bank Bldg
CHICAGO, 226 W. Adams St.
KANSAS CITY, 516 Railway Exchange
LOS ANGELES, 716 Citizens Nat. Bank
SAN FRANCISCO 624 Pacific Bldg
PORTLAND ORE. 201 Morgan Bldg
SEATTLE, King Street Station

A. J. DICKINSON
Passenger Traffic Manager
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Great Northern Railway

(Continued from Page 52)

"Whenever I finance an industrial concern they ask me to go through the factory," said the banker. "But it bores me to death, and I know nothing about it. I always judge the company from the balance sheet."

"Yes," said the mine superintendent, "and that is just the reason why bankers are so disliked."

But obviously the real issue of absentee capitalism does not lie in the fact that investors live outside the state, but because the representatives of these investors, so it is alleged, "through the abuse of their power, attempt to dictate the government of the state and to rule or ruin its citizens and institutions."

But how? Well, the most specific, definite complaint against the copper companies is that they, or interests closely identified with them, maintain company stores; and it is true that there are relatively few mining camps in Arizona, at least, where the company store is not to be found in one form or other. The company store, according to those who have little that is good to say of it, "is a curse to a community, because it stifles initiative, destroys opportunity and eventually delivers the employes of the company into serfdom." The platform of the Democratic Party, which is now in power in Arizona, "condemns the practice of large corporations in attempting to control the laboring man's pay check after he has earned the same through . . . the establishment of company stores." But "serfdom" and even "control" are large words; they must be explained.

The Company Store

Two criticisms of the company store fall at once of their own weight. It is said for one thing that the stores charge too much and thus gouge the workingman; and it is further said in almost the same breath that company stores, by underselling the independent merchants, drive the latter out of business. Each statement destroys the other.

The fact appears to be that company stores in the main charge about the going, average, reasonable price for most articles. A somewhat general policy seems to be that of charging a trifle above the average on articles of luxury and a shade below on heavy shoes, miners' gloves, jumpers and the like necessities. According to the last annual report of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, which maintains the largest chain of company stores in the Southwest, there was an 8 per cent loss in 1921, compared with a 2.4 per cent loss in 1920, while the loss on groceries in 1921 was 2.4 per cent.

It is true that in the newer and more isolated camps, especially where there is only one company, comparatively few competing stores are to be found. In Bisbee, however, there are said to be thirty independent grocery stores and at least six clothing merchants, in addition to one very large and prosperous independent department store. In all the camps except the newest and most remote I saw large and apparently prosperous branches of the great chain stores, such as Woolworth, Penney, Kress, Piggly-Wiggly and the like.

It is said that company stores act as collecting agencies for keeping the miner's wage out of the hands of local and independent business men, because the stores purchase largely in New York and other Eastern centers instead of from Southwestern wholesalers. This is both true and untrue, as it would be of any other big store. Large mercantile establishments usually buy where it seems to their greatest advantage. Certainly Woolworth and other independent chains with branches in Arizona mining camps do not and cannot buy all their stock within the state any more than the company stores do or can, and no law could ever compel them to.

Another criticism against the company store is that it is protected in its credits much more than an independent merchant. Although the law forbids actual deductions from pay roll, the companies find ways of getting around this, or at least they have means of bringing pressure upon debtors that other merchants naturally do not enjoy. But naturally this protection is a benefit to those who do pay their bills. It enables the company store as a rule to sell a better quality of goods, and in several instances to refund profits to regular customers.

Practically all Mexican miners come into a camp dead broke, and most Americans are in the same fix. The moment they secure employment they are able to trade at the company store. But if the company were not protected it could not take such a chance, for with the shifting character of the population the proportion of bad debts in a mining camp is naturally high.

Many people dislike paying their bills, and a certain amount of animus against the company store no doubt arises from the fact that those who trade there are obliged to pay. A couple of men worked for a time in a mining camp and managed while there to knock all the company's activities, including the store. But when they left it was discovered they had beaten their board, although the boarding-house keeper was a widow trying to educate two children. Smoke screens were known even before the late war.

One charge made against the company store, which if true to any extent is far less puerile than those already referred to, is that employes are practically compelled to trade there. It is said by labor organizers and those representing interests in the main hostile to the companies that miners who trade to any extent elsewhere soon lose their jobs for one reason or other, even though the general manager, mine superintendent and other higher-ups may not lose their dignity by being aware of the fact. Said one critic:

"The independent employe who persists in trading elsewhere than in the company store, at least in the community from which I come, may soon be observed at the railway station consulting the ticket agent as to rates and routes leading elsewhere. And on every hand may be heard the comment, 'Well, he bucked the company and that is what he got.'"

The manager of the company in this very same community replied to this charge by saying that he himself was a miner's son, and still remembers how his father had to dodge through dark back alleys to buy his boy a suit of clothes in an independent store when he could not get what he wanted at the company store.

"I decided then and there," said the manager, "that if I ever rose to a position of responsibility I wouldn't treat men that way."

There is no doubt that in earlier days pressure was used upon employes to force their trade into the company stores. There may still be some of it, although company representatives deny it on every hand. It cannot be a very serious evil, however, or else great independent chain corporations like Woolworth, Kress, Penney and Piggly-Wiggly would hardly remain in camps, practically all the residents of which are company employes. A fact like that is worth more than the charges of the labor leaders and the denials of the company officials combined.

Cooperative Merchandizing

Two at least of the large company stores in Arizona, those in Miami and Ajo, return the profits, or rebates, to the purchasers. The Miami Commercial Company recently rebated $40,000 for the six months' period, and the store in Ajo, a much smaller town, has rebated $155,000 since it started business in 1917. These profits, or rebates, run from 15 per cent to 17 per cent on purchases made, and each customer gets the same rate, whether general manager or Mexican mucker.

This system may to some extent handicap the independent merchant. No rebates, however, are given to employes who work for the company less than three months, none to customers not in the company employ, and none on cash purchases. These company stores, it should be further pointed out, do a certain amount of wholesale business, selling to other retail stores in the locality.

One notable feature about the company stores that I saw in the Southwest was the high quality of the goods carried. Evidently company stores do not dare carry shoddy goods. A mine manager discovered that miners were buying gloves in a dirty little shack in an independent town just outside the company town limits, instead of in the company store. Upon inquiry it was discovered that these gloves were of a quality which the grievance committee, representing the miners themselves, in conference with the company store manager, decided were too poor for the company store to carry, although its manager assured them he could carry such a line at a much lower

(Continued on Page 56)

The Tribute of National Acceptance

OLDFIELD Cords stand today among the leading tires in national favor. Their remarkable showing over a period of years has won them the endorsement of car owners and tire dealers throughout the country.

Delivering trustworthy service to all who have adopted them, Oldfield Cords have lived up to what the public had been led to expect from their spectacular demonstrations in speedway and road races.

Car owners have expressed their surprise that tires of such outstanding excellence could be sold at prices so advantageous. Combined with a remarkable fund of data gained by observing the performance of these tires in race events and in road tests have been unusual facilities for efficient production and economical distribution.

Such favorable circumstances have enabled Oldfield to offer the public one of the really notable values in tire history.

And the public has awarded Oldfield the cherished tribute of national acceptance.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO., AKRON, OHIO

OLDFIELD *Tires*

Watch This Column

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

WHEN this advertisement goes to press, I will be in Universal City, our own motion picture town on the West Coast, watching the production of some of our new pictures, notably Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

* * *

This requires accurate reproduction of sections of Paris and historical landmarks such as the Towers of Notre Dame, Place du Parvis, Court of Miracles, and nine streets of that period with their ancient architecture and cobblestone pavements.

* * *

The cast is exceptional and includes such excellent people as LON CHANEY, Norman Kerry, Patsy Ruth Miller, Tully Marshall, Raymond Hatton, Ernest Torrance, Kate Lester, Eulalie Jensen, Brandon Hurst and Harry Von Meter. Several hundred people will take part in the picture play, and the reproductions of the wonderful old scenery require a great army of architects and builders.

* * *

Have you seen any Universal Pictures recently? If so, I wish you would write me your opinion of them and, by the way, keep an eye open for "The Abysmal Brute" by Jack London, starring Reginald Denny; "Bavu," Earl Carroll's big Broadway stage success; and PRISCILLA DEAN in "White Tiger." Or, better still, ask your favorite theatre when they will be shown.

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 54)

price than the outside store. There is no satisfying everybody.

All mining-company representatives maintain that company stores are started in the first place, and kept going, to regulate and stabilize prices. A man who is not only president of a comparatively large company but is always trying his luck at small prospects made this statement:

"No company ever has anything to do with a store except for the sole purpose of keeping its men. When I go prospecting the first thing I do is to hire a Mexican or a Chinaman to run a store or commissary, and promise not to make more than a certain amount. And I always get stuck about $100 a month myself at that, making up the losses."

Prices change rapidly in a mining camp, with the ups and downs of employment. No class of men becomes dissatisfied more rapidly than miners. If they think a storekeeper is sticking them they up and leave. It has been suggested that if merchants charge too much the criminal laws against profiteering might be resorted to. But that hardly appeals as a practical remedy to mining corporations, which must at all hazards keep thousands of restless men at work in remote and barren mountain passes. They need a real balance wheel to the retail-price structure. The head of an employes' committee recently testified that if the company store in one large camp was suddenly removed the cost of living would advance 20 per cent.

In one camp a number of years ago the miners complained bitterly of the high prices charged by the company store. Whereupon the company ordered the prices slashed, and the miners redoubled their purchases. But the independent merchants hired a hall and employed professional agitators to harangue the crowd. As a result the miners circulated a petition condemning the company for putting the free and independent business men out of business.

For the most part, however, and except when under the control of outside agitators, the miner wastes no sympathy upon the free and independent merchant. His attitude toward the subject of prices is intensely practical from his own point of view, but highly impractical from the larger viewpoint. If he had his way he would buy goods at cost. He has no interest as a rule in building up the independent merchant or the retail and wholesale trade of the community, county and state. He wants to get his goods at the lowest possible price. Most of the large companies have employes' grievance committees, and next to wages the subject that chiefly interests these committees is the local stores and their prices.

The Company Town

If these committees had their way with the companies they would induce the companies to run stores that would put every independent merchant out of business instanter. In the few camps where there are no company stores these committees are constantly pricing articles in the independent stores, and if the prices do not suit them, they urge the general manager to bring pressure upon the store, especially if the company owns the land, which is often the case, to reduce prices.

The companies are between the devil and the deep blue sea. Every professional labor organizer, many professional politicians, and all other persons who for any reason are against the companies are constantly hounding them for maintaining stores. Yet the rank-and-file employes, who vastly outnumber all other classes put together, and upon whom the operations wholly depend, hound the companies just as hard to reduce the cost of living. Despite certain possible evils in the company-store system, it seems to me that the companies have handled themselves fairly well in what any unprejudiced person would admit is a delicate situation.

But the company store is only one phase of a much more important problem—the company town. All the copper-mining camps are more or less company towns, although the degree of openness or closeness varies greatly. Whether it be to the credit or the discredit of the absentee capitalist, the fact remains that the extent of company nonmining activities in any one of these towns fairly amazes the outsider unfamiliar with these peculiar and distinctive communities.

In most cases you sleep in a company hotel, and you enter the largest camp of all on a railroad controlled by company interests. In all cases the bulk of the taxes to keep up the highways entering the town are paid by the company. The afternoon paper that you read at your evening meal and the electric plant that furnishes the light are usually company owned. In one town both afternoon and morning papers are company property, but the glorious morning sunlight is not owned by the company.

However, in several company towns the streets and roads and places of public assembly are so definitely company owned that if the company guards, detectives and deputy sheriffs disapprove of your looks they can throw you out, theoretically at least, and in some instances practically, especially if you happen to be a well-known organizer for the I. W. W.

As a matter of course, the company supplies the water, and in some instances has the only ice plant in town. In a few places visited the telephone system was company owned, although in Bisbee and Globe, which are relatively open, the Bell system operates. Libraries, Y's and churches are usually company built, and the company pays most of the salaries, in several places at least, of the secretaries and ministers. If you are ill you will find most of the doctors are company employed, and, of course, the companies own the only hospitals. In the strictly closed towns a dentist cannot open an office without getting a permission or concession from the company.

Local Government

As the companies pay practically all the taxes, they naturally and inevitably dominate the schools. They cannot avoid it even if they would, and I was told by one of the leading educational authorities in the state, who spoke without a trace of bitterness, that it was foolish to term the schools a public system at all, because so many of them are really private institutions paid for by mining companies. He further indicated with an indifferent shrug that if a local school superintendent could not work in harmony with the local mine manager he might as well get out.

An anticompany newspaper recently ran an editorial entitled, From the Cradle to the Grave, and it must be literally true, for in some cases the cemeteries are on company ground and the undertakers no doubt have an understanding with the company, for it is a definitely and openly established policy of a thoroughgoing company town to limit all business enterprises to what the traffic will fairly and reasonably bear, and no more.

In some strictly company towns there is no pretense at all of local political government. The place of such government is taken by deputy sheriffs, who in reality report to the manager, or to committees of subordinates or individual subordinates delegated by him. The manager's word is law, subject, of course, to occasional review by the New York office. It is almost law even in the larger and older mining camps, those that do not consider themselves closed company towns at all.

Nothing is easier, of course, than to put a sinister interpretation upon the facts cited in the preceding paragraphs; and do not doubt for one moment, reader, that many such interpretations have been put upon them. But there is one consideration rarely mentioned by either side that should be dragged right out in the open. The real objection that underlies the criticism is not so much to the company town or the way in which it is run, as to the steady refusal of the mining companies to deal with and recognize organized labor.

It is not the function of this article to discuss the closed or open shop, the activities of unions, union recognition, or any such subject. A completely unionized hard-metal mining industry might prove just as paternalistic as one dominated as at present by the employers. I do not know. The reader will have to judge from what he knows of the coal and railroad industries. But once granting the copper industry's policy of nonrecognition, much of the criticism of the company town and its institutions falls to the ground, for they are the only institutions the companies can employ under the circumstances.

It is said the companies employ guards, detectives, spies and gunmen, and that people who are not liked are quickly railroaded out of town. Now, it must be recognized that the copper companies are determined not only against union recognition but against strikes, and their towns are run absolutely on that basis. The guards and detectives are used against organizers, strikers and anyone the company considers an agitator. Except perhaps during the mob hysteria of big strikes, it would be hard to point to anyone run out of these towns, except for good cause, who was not agitating for either union recognition or a strike.

Police have a common habit of running undesirables out of any town, and mine guards and deputy sheriffs naturally do the same thing. I think the companies recognize that their present policing system is not ideal; but in a sparsely settled country, just out of the wild frontier stage, they hesitate to turn their extremely valuable property over to a few politicians to guard, for, as everywhere else, politicians in mining towns are not always free from parasitical and grafting tendencies.

It is said that the companies, by owning many dwellings as well as the water supply and other utilities, can starve out workingmen who strike. This, of course, is true; but it is equally true that the mines themselves can be destroyed quickly and effectually by a few radical workmen, provided they can get control of the water long enough to turn it into the mines. Most valuable property everywhere, in cities as well as in mining camps, is privately guarded. Indeed, a mining paper recently pointed out that a radical labor lawyer who was denouncing the companies for employing guards had his own office in a building that employed private guards. A frank statement on the subject of company detectives was made to the writer by one manager as follows:

"Of course we employ detectives; every big company does. Our orders to them are to try to give the company viewpoint if they hear men agitate against the company; to change, persuade and mold opinion, if possible. They have orders even not to report a workman unless they are persuaded he is a dyed-in-the-wool agitator and here for trouble rather than for work."

At times the companies or their subordinates make serious tactical errors along these lines. A candidate for governor, regarded in certain quarters as radical, went into a closed company town to speak, and was immediately approached by a company agent who suggested that it was too cold to speak in comfort; and besides there wouldn't be a large enough audience to make it worth the candidate's valuable time. That was exactly what this old experienced and exceedingly astute campaigner wanted, and he left the town as fast as his powerful car would take him for fear some clever company lawyer might decide differently. For, as he afterwards said with glee, this attitude on the company's part, through his widely advertising it, gave him fifty more votes than he would otherwise have received in that particular town when election came around.

Company Journalism

I repeat that it is easy to call these company towns feudalistic. One of the minor counts is that the manager's house is usually the best in the district and on top of the highest hill near the mine. Well, I for one would not take such a job, in a place such as most of these towns are, unless they gave me a pretty good house on top of a hill, even if they had to blast the top off to get enough level space. For that matter the manager's house is more than that; it is where visiting directors and officers are entertained, and should command a good view and be near the mine, because key men in an organization should have such a location anyway.

Besides, a mining town differs from no other in that the most important men financially and industrially have the best houses. The only difference is that there are scores or hundreds of fine houses in the ordinary city, because there are lots of men there who either are well-to-do or fill important positions. But well-to-do people do not stay in mining towns, and the only one whose position is particularly important is the manager.

To the outsider the ownership or at least the support of newspapers seems perhaps the most puzzling feature. But in the early days of a mining camp it would be difficult to establish large independent papers that would not either depend upon or hound the companies. Besides, in 1917, when chaos was threatened, the companies felt that newspaper support was essential.

(Continued on Page 58)

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT
IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Different from all other tooth pastes!

A great achievement for the care of teeth and gums!

MOUTH acids are the cause of most dental decay and disease. Dentists and physicians have prescribed Squibb's Milk of Magnesia for years to neutralize these acids, and to protect the teeth and gums. No product ever employed does this as effectively and as safely as milk of magnesia!

It has long been recognized that anyone who could combine milk of magnesia in a correct dental cream would render a true service to humanity! Dental and medical authorities have repeatedly urged E.R.Squibb & Sons to undertake the solution of this problem. They realized that the facilities of the Squibb Laboratories would offer an excellent opportunity for this accomplishment.

After exhaustive research by chemists of recognized ability, the Squibb Laboratories now present one of their greatest achievements—

Squibb's Dental Cream—made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

There is no necessity for risking injury to your teeth and gums in order to keep them clean and attractive. You can use Squibb's Dental Cream with absolute confidence, knowing that it will do everything that dental authorities declare essential for the thorough care of the teeth and gums!

It polishes the teeth beautifully. It neutralizes mouth acidity. Its taste is pleasing and leaves a delightful sensation of real cleanliness in your mouth!

It accomplishes all this without the use of a single questionable ingredient! It contains no astringents, irritating antiseptics, or substances that lower the vitality of the gums!

Prove these facts for yourself—FREE

Mail the coupon below for a trial-size tube of Squibb's Dental Cream. Notice that it does not "foam-up"—it contains no soap. It cleanses and polishes beautifully without any feel of grit or scouring. Notice also how much better your mouth feels. Write for trial-size tube today!

Important

Your dentist, like your family physician, is a guardian of your health. His aim is to prevent as well as to cure diseases of the teeth and gums. The function of a dental cream is not to cure, but to cleanse. A correct dental cream, however, can prevent decay and disease. The regular use of Squibb's Dental Cream, together with professional advice from your dentist, will enable you to enjoy attractive teeth and firm gums.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

FREE Trial-size Tube

Mail this coupon, properly filled out, to E. R. Squibb & Sons, P. O. Box 1215, New York, and we will send you immediately one trial-size tube of Squibb's Dental Cream. S. E. P.—Mar

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

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"Now here's a shoe I like to sell"

"It's certainly a pleasure to sell a shoe that gives the customer all she wants in the way of style, and at the same time be sure that it's a comfortable fit.

"That's why I like to sell Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes. Never have to worry about the fit because they are made *different*—made to fit comfortably as a good shoe should. It's this comfort feature that always brings my customers back for another pair."

IT'S all in the way the shoe is fashioned. The Arnold Glove-Grip looks like any high-grade, well-designed and stylish shoe. But *inside*, curving up snugly against the instep, it follows the natural lines of the foot, gently but firmly gripping and holding up the arch. Lacing a Glove-Grip Shoe raises the arch instead of pushing it down. This is the real secret of foot comfort and it can be had only in Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes, without the sacrifice of good looks.

Both men's and women's styles in a variety of the latest leathers and shapes. The "Arch-Maid," illustrated below, is one of the popular styles for women. Its shapely lines, trim toe and well-proportioned heel of all-leather make it particularly appropriate for street-wear.

If you do not know the name of the Arnold dealer in your community, write to us. An attractive booklet of Arnold styles will be sent together with the name of the nearest Arnold dealer.

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY
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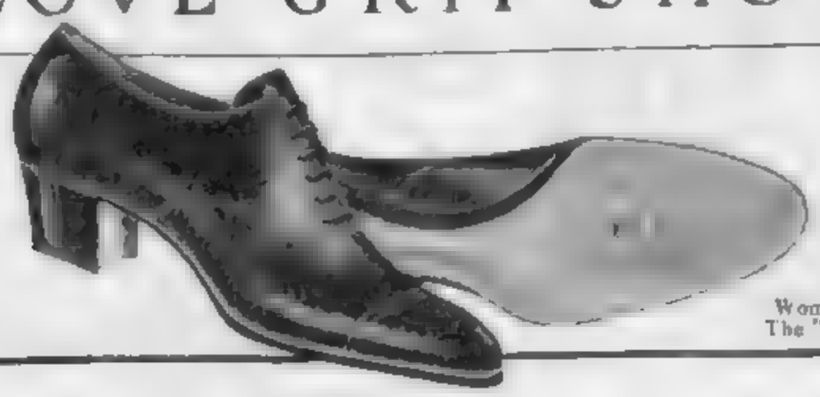
ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES



Women's Oxford
The "Arch-Maid"

(Continued from Page 56)

A few violently anticompany papers describe the company sheets as the copper-stained press, and one of their managers has been called the "high priest of copper-collared greed." One opposition paper runs a large motto daily on its editorial page: The Paper Whose Pen Drags No Ball and Chain.

Copper camps are said to be feudalistic because so many of the miners reside in houses leased from the companies, and there is no subject to which the labor organizers and politicians have devoted so much of their eloquence. But this is a complicated and many-sided topic, regarding which superficial impressions are futile. As indicated in a previous article, earnest efforts have been made in some cases by companies to encourage home ownership—the two big companies in Bisbee having gone to unusual lengths in this respect, with the result that in that district hundreds of workmen are home owners.

But even in several of the closed company towns, as near as I could discover, about half the American employes were home owners, and even among the Mexicans in Ajo relatively few occupied company houses. In several cases the companies rent houses at such low figures—at a loss to themselves—that it would be foolish for the average miner to buy. In Clarkdale, Ray and Ajo, all the most closed of company towns, I saw a great number of houses that are rented by the United Verde, Ray Consolidated and New Cornelia companies respectively, which were well arranged, well planned, clean, neat and thoroughly attractive, all at figures not only surprisingly low but obviously close to or even below the cost of operation.

Then, too, whatever the cause—and it certainly cannot be blamed entirely upon the present managements—the miner is a restless, shifting, moving person whom no force on earth can compel to settle down in one place.

The mining companies are certainly not responsible for the barren soil, the lack of water and green things that characterize most such places, or for the fact that the nearest town or city may be hundreds of miles away, and that nothing but desert and mountain lies between. Yet these and other like considerations make people unwilling to settle down permanently in homes of their own. It is a little rough to lay at the door of feudalistic absentee capitalists what Nature is so clearly responsible for.

The Stabilization of Labor

It is true, of course, that human nature rebels against being beholden to one's employer for everything. We do not have to depend upon labor organizers and politicians for that truth. It sticks out everywhere. Indeed one mine superintendent admitted that the company's new and model town was shunned by many workers, who preferred the dirty old independent village where, in the words of this official, "the men can get away from their work part of the time."

There are miners who prefer to pay thirty-five dollars a month for a poor shack outside the company limits, with no light or water, rather than twenty dollars for a new, clean and far better and larger house, with light and water inside. The workman who lives in a company house in a company town feels as if he were never off shift. Not only that, but he feels as if he were never out of the sight of his boss.

Now, it may be said further that even if the workman gets lower rents and prices from company houses, stores and utilities, he is better off as an entirely free man. It is said—and the statement is not to be sneered at—that the proper ratio or relation between employer and employe is the wage, and that there should be no other.

There is no douht, although the companies dislike to have it worded that way, that they do seek through stores, houses and utilities, a certain measure of control over their men. Truckloads of Mexicans are brought in in debt, and with the wonderful display of goods in the company store, the rent and the utilities, these laborers do not get out of debt very quickly. Naturally a worker in debt to the company getting not only his wages but his water, light, gas, medical attendance, hospital care, drugs and miscellaneous supplies from the same source, is a little slow to strike.

The company expresses the idea differently. It says—and there is a world of conviction in its statement too—that what it is after is the stabilization of labor, loyal workers. In other words, what the company is fighting for every minute, the condition upon which its very existence depends, is to keep its men; and it employs any and every means to keep them, some not free perhaps from question.

But there is still another side to all this. It is said the ratio between employer and employe should be wages. But is the workman better off with six, seven and eight dollars a day, with profiteering landlords, merchants and utilities, or with four and five dollars a day and a reasonable, moderate scale of charges?

Whatever the answer may be, and I will not attempt it, the curious, the undisputed fact is that pretty nearly every improvement in the way of a model town, a company store or anything of that sort made by mining companies has been asked for by bodies of workmen themselves. I doubt if there is any group of company houses that were not built originally either because there were no other houses at all, or because other available houses were being held at profiteering figures. Time and again, also, companies have been asked by groups of employes to start company stores.

That is, the companies are damned if they do and damned even harder if they don't. In one of the great Southwestern camps a company is building an entire town of its own on top of a mountain, although a few miles below there is a city, independent of any company, which at times has 10,000 inhabitants. But many of the best employes refused to live in this city because of what they consider the high charges and unfavorable social conditions for the development of family life. The employes themselves are demanding the erection of the new company town.

Swimming Pools Popular

Indeed I think it would be hard to disprove the statement that practically every outside activity entered into by the absentee-capitalist corporations has been due to the request, often the insistent demands, of groups of employes who the management feared would move away unless their requests for comforts and conveniences were complied with. Said one manager:

"We would never have built a single company house if the men had not been charged two, three and four prices for houses elsewhere. Recently our bunk house for single men burned down. It was a fine building, having cost $40,000. The question came up of rebuilding it. Some of the men wanted us to, but I got a list of available rooms in the town and discovered that plenty were to be had at reasonable prices. We will not rebuild as long as conditions remain that way, but if house owners begin to profiteer we will have to build to keep our men."

Many of the mining camps in Arizona have swimming pools, built and run by the companies, and these are exceedingly popular in the hot summer months. In Ajo 12,000 people used the company pool from last May to October, and 135 learned to swim for the first time, including one woman over sixty.

I do not have the figures for the pool in the Warren district of Bisbee; but as that is a far larger camp and the pool there is always crowded, the figures must run very high indeed.

The pools are used, of course, mostly by the miners and their families, and the companies try to have as few rules as possible. Yet you will always hear some one growling about its being a "damned company thing."

In one of the camps there has always been a community Christmas tree. Early last December the company manager called in the town-site manager and asked him what had been done about getting a tree. Nothing had been done, and the town-site man was instructed to approach the commercial club and another civic organization to see what could be done. But by December twenty-third nothing had been done. The company manager then sent a special train more than 100 miles across the desert to the nearest city where a tree could be bought. He also ordered more than 1000 stockings, with presents for children, a band, a Santa Claus, and so on. Hours before time for the celebration children were standing in line waiting for their presents. Everyone attended, and if the celebration had not been held everyone would have been mad.

(Continued on Page 61)

In the working man lies, inherently, that self-respect and dignity which comes of service. When he insists that his clothes—particularly his collar—reflect these qualities, he is only being just to himself. Which perhaps explains why working men prefer the VAN HEUSEN.

VAN REAL

The professional man instinctively strives for a certain air of both sagacity and alertness. He achieves it in the six inches below his face—those important six inches which sound the keynote of his attire—by wearing the VAN HEUSEN

VAN PHIL

The Beau Brummel of another century has become the man on the street of today. All men are interested in being fashionable. Some men have a distinct gift for it. Such men almost invariably prefer the VAN HEUSEN

VAN JACK

The engaging irresponsibility of youth is the prerogative of the college man. He wants in his collar, as in all other items of his apparel, smartness at all costs. When he can get smartness coupled with comfort, as it is in the VAN HEUSEN, he is supremely content.

VAN GARDE

The business man finds that when his apparel stresses the notes of initiative and aggressiveness it is a most accurate reflection of those qualities which he approves of in himself. The VAN HEUSEN solves the problem—at least so far as his collar is concerned

VAN KISSEL

The man of affairs isn't eager to be pronouncedly fashionable, but he does not wish to appear old-fogyish. A collar to him ceases to be a problem once it achieves both comfort and smartness. Hence his preference for the VAN HEUSEN.

VAN DELL

In the sportsman's collar the primary requisite is comfort—an eminent characteristic of the VAN HEUSEN. Those sportsmen who wish also smartness find that the VAN HEUSEN is the only collar which combines the two adequately.

VAN INCE

The ambitious young man, of all men, dares not neglect his appearance. The "V" which frames and accentuates his face is a significant note of his character. Wisely he chooses the smart VAN HEUSEN.

VAN ESTY

IN the eight portrait studies above are featured eight of the twelve current VAN HEUSEN styles.

MEN WHO WEAR the VAN HEUSEN COLLAR

In some fine things there is a democracy which invites the great mass of men as well as the fastidious few. ¶ Such a fine thing is the VAN HEUSEN collar. ¶ All manner of men respond to its clearly discernible distinction. ¶ Just as they neither know nor care what painstaking rehearsals make a Barrymore superb, so they are unaware of the giant looms which make the VAN HEUSEN the only collar woven on a curve. ¶ They do not know *how* it happens that the VAN HEUSEN is seamlessly erect, *why* it emerges so crisply without starch. ¶ They do not realize what vast sums and vast energies have gone into the *fold* of the VAN HEUSEN, that it be permanent and sheer in its curved perfection. ¶ They are interested only—and this is as it should be—in the inescapable fact that the VAN HEUSEN is the world's smartest collar.

VAN HEUSEN

the World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION, *Makers*, 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

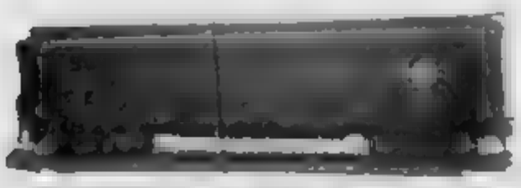
TONCAN

NEW YANKEE BASEBALL STADIUM
BRONX, NEW YORK CITY
Architects and Engineers, Osborn Engineering Co., Cleveland, Ohio

TONCAN: Roof and ceiling were used for this barn built for Mr. Joseph J. Jermyn, Jermyn, Pa. Architects: Duckworth Bros.

TONCAN: Giant Arex Ventilator on the roof of the Physicians & Surgeons Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

TONCAN: This five-foot culvert is under a 20-foot fill on Canadian Northern Ry., Brantford, Ont.



TONCAN: Ice tanks, drip pans, hatch linings and roof ends are used in the Wells-Fargo & Co. refrigerator cars. Their automobile cars have Toncan doors.

Canada:

TONCAN in Canada is fabricated by the Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont. and Galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

Tons of Toncan went into this stadium

THIS GREAT BOWL (seating 70,000) was built to endure. Every part of it was chosen to fight wind and rain, cold and snow, hot sunshine and the natural destroyers—corrosion and rust.

The sheet metal work is Toncan. The architects and engineers felt they *must* use Toncan. For most of this metal work will be exposed to the attacks of rust and corrosion and Toncan is anti-corrosive and rust-resisting.

Toncan is commercially pure iron, alloyed with just that amount of copper which gives it the greatest possible resistance to rust. The developments in metallurgy in the past few years and extensive tests have proved conclusively that the proper amount of copper in pure iron adds years of life.

Toncan reaches every phase of life

Toncan in baseball, our national sport; Toncan on the farm; Toncan in factories, skyscrapers and churches; Toncan in home kitchens—it is truly a universal and wonderful service that Toncan gives.

Wherever there is need for a rust-resisting, anti-corrosive sheet metal, Toncan should be used. If any man makes, buys or uses galvanized or enameled products —refrigerators, stoves, washing machines, kitchen cabinets—he should know why Toncan is better for these products. The maker should use Toncan; the buyer and user should insist upon Toncan.

No man can make a single ounce of iron ore

The world's supply is fixed. Every year rust decreases it. Our great task is to conserve this iron. Every effort of our thousands of employees, our miles of plants, our great laboratories, is to make iron and its brother steel last longer and serve better.

The use of pure iron and alloys is the only known way and it is producing excellent results. One of our greatest achievements is Toncan. If you have any problem in the use of sheet metal for any purpose, write to us. Our business is to help you.

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO *Branches in Large Cities—Distributors Everywhere*

TONCAN
METAL
Commercially pure iron alloyed with copper to obtain the greatest possible resistance to rust and corrosion.

U-LOY
STEELS
Special analysis steels and alloys made to your specification or ours for any required purpose.

MADE BY THE OLDEST AND LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HIGH-GRADE ALLOY STEEL

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 58)

Yet on the outskirts of the crowd men were heard to growl, "Damned company thing." There it is; the company is cursed for doing things and cursed as much or more if it doesn't do them.

A former president of the state federation of labor told me that in his travels he had discovered that what most galled the workman was the part played by the companies in building and maintaining clubhouses, Y's and religious organizations.

"Yes," I replied, "but who else will do it?"

"That is true," admitted the labor man; "but eventually any American town will grow, expand and improve."

Exactly; but the necessary growth, expansion and improvement, unless assisted by the only group in the community, often in the whole county, that has any money at all, will take about thirty or forty years in normal course. "Eventually" does no good. The company cannot wait thirty or forty years; it cannot wait "eventually," to get out the ore. It must satisfy thousands of working men right now, today, and even more thousands of investors, if not today, within the next few years.

There is something perhaps to be said for paternalism. Take one of the smallest details—the gardens; war gardens they still call them. I have spoken several times of the dryness and barrenness of the copper camps. But the companies counteract this all they can by encouraging employes to plant vegetable gardens. One company, the Miami, supplied the land, water, plowing and expert instruction last year for 381 such gardens, and was obliged to refuse fifty applications. As three crops a year can be obtained in this semitropical climate, the average value of vegetables raised amounted to between seventy-five and one hundred and fifty dollars; quite a sum for laborers, many of them with families, earning from $2.50 to five dollars a day.

But let us get a little closer and at somewhat more disagreeable grips with this subject of the feudalism of absentee capital. I cannot speak for other parts of the country; but judging from the dozen or so of mining camps that I have seen, they would be sink holes of filth and iniquity if it were not for company feudalism. Of course, if these places are given forty years of growth they will clean up gradually; but when ore is taken out by the thousands of tons a day forty years is a long time to wait.

Closed Towns Orderly

A company representative said to me that a closed company town has about one-tenth the crime of other towns of similar size. Instead of seeking confirmation of this somewhat startling statement from other company people, I took it as soon as possible to a man high in labor organizations. His only denial was that in no places are such strong-arm methods used; but what he meant, of course, was the running out of strikers and others engaged in anti-company projects.

The truth is that if there is gambling, prostitution, bootlegging, theft or disorder in a closed company town, and the manager hears of it, he orders it stopped; and it is stopped for a very simple reason. As everyone knows, and I am not talking about mining camps now any more than of cities in Massachusetts, New Jersey or Ohio, the reason there is so much crime in so many communities is because political bosses find it to their selfish advantage to cater to the votes of gamblers, bootleggers and prostitutes. This country is filled with cities in which corrupt bosses, often allied with certain local business interests, use the underworld, and even in some cases the police, for political and business purposes.

The ordinary local political boss has everything to gain from controlling the underworld; but the local mine manager is not interested, because that is not his job. Unlike the political boss, he has nothing to gain from protecting the underworld from the ordinary course of justice, and in consequence the underworld is simply not there.

In the next place the closed company town permits no residential mixture of races. In Ray and Ajo the whites and Mexicans are separated by actual mountains, and in Ray the white Europeans are still further separated from the white Americans. It may be undemocratic, but it faces the facts and produces quiet and order.

The result, of course, is that there is no gradual deterioration of neighborhoods from the incoming of alien races, which is found in the average industrial community. The separation extends to the swimming pools, where certain days are set apart for Mexicans.

In the next place the closed company town is clean, and many other mining camps, except such old and established ones as Globe and Bisbee—which are really under company influence—are filthy. Clarkdale, Ray, Ajo and other similar places are neat and trim. They have a completely ordered look. They are precise; and though there may be a military regimentation about them, I for one prefer it to nastiness and filth.

I visited one company town, not far away from which there is an independent village whose politicians are very hostile to the company. The contrast between the two places is certainly an eye opener. One is immaculate; it has every convenience and is beautifully laid out. The outside town looks like one's mental picture of a mining camp of the '70's, with all the dirt left on. Many of the houses on the single main street are said to be of ill repute, and the merest glance at the only too obvious occupants confirms the statement.

One would suppose that this hamlet bears about the same relation to the company town as a flea bears to a dog. It obviously caters to the vice that has been driven out of the company town. Yet language can be used in such misleading fashion that one place is known as free and independent, and the other is considered an expression of industrial autocracy!

Putting and Taking

It is said that the absentee capitalist takes too much out of a state like Arizona and does not put enough back. In the main this is true; and it is, indeed, a lamentable fact. There is no way, of course, for the corporations to put back into the ground the copper they have taken out, and from the very nature of the case a large part of this natural resource leaves never to return. The dividends naturally go outside because the investors live elsewhere; and even if the companies strain a point in buying supplies within the state, there is much that cannot be had in such a sparsely settled country, devoid as it is of manufacturing industries.

Then, too, a large part of the profit from copper goes to refiners and manufacturers rather than to producers, and the refining and manufacturing are done several thousand miles away. But copper does not differ in this respect from other raw materials in other parts of the world, which have to be sent to far-distant points for refinement. Manufacturing does not usually center in remote mountain cañons, far from the centers of population and markets, especially when fuel is costly and scarce. To make matters worse, much of the refined copper goes abroad for ultimate consumption.

Possibly with the development of the Colorado River power, and especially if the copper companies should in time follow out their plan of building a railroad to the Gulf of California, thus making Arizona practically a seaboard state, there might be some change in this respect.

As might be expected of the newest state, Arizona has adopted much in the way of constitutional and legislative policy that is regarded in certain quarters as enlightened and progressive and in others as radical. At any rate the people are determined that the state shall not be gutted and left a desert waste by the mining companies, as they assert a certain other Western state was left many years ago.

"The state is entitled to some return for using up its resources," they say. "At the very least, we will have good roads and schools, and the mining companies will pay for them."

It may be objected that the life of copper mines is longer than that of gold and silver mines, and the dead mines in other parts of the West are those where gold and silver were found, not copper. It is true, also, that the supposed ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty and forty years of life of various copper mines keep lengthening out, and that lower and lower grade ore is being developed and used. But nevertheless the people, who have the votes, are bent upon making the copper companies pay for what they use up, and they are certainly paying.

It is perfectly clear that much of the hostility against absentee capital in the sparsely settled Western states, and, indeed, against corporations everywhere, is

Jim Henry's Column

Try Ten MENNEN Shaves

and learn ten reasons why Mennen's is the choice of millions

Buy a tube at any drug store.

Lock up your old fashioned soap and your prejudices.

Try ten consecutive shaves with Mennen's.

You can send tube to me and I will refund purchase price unless—

—On the first day you are startled by the unbelievable softness of your beard — Softens Beard Perfectly

—and on the second day, you build up the firmest, creamiest mass of lather that ever covered your countenance — Mountain of Firm Creamy Lather

—and on the third day, you learn that you needn't rub in the lather with your fingers — No rubbing with Fingers

—and on the fourth day, you find that cold water works as well as hot — Hot or cold Water—Hard or Soft

—and on the fifth day you are finally convinced that Mennen lather never dries on the face — Lather Never Dries on Face

—and on the sixth, seventh and eighth days you begin to appreciate that your skin is smoother and healthier than it ever was before — Skin feels Great afterwards

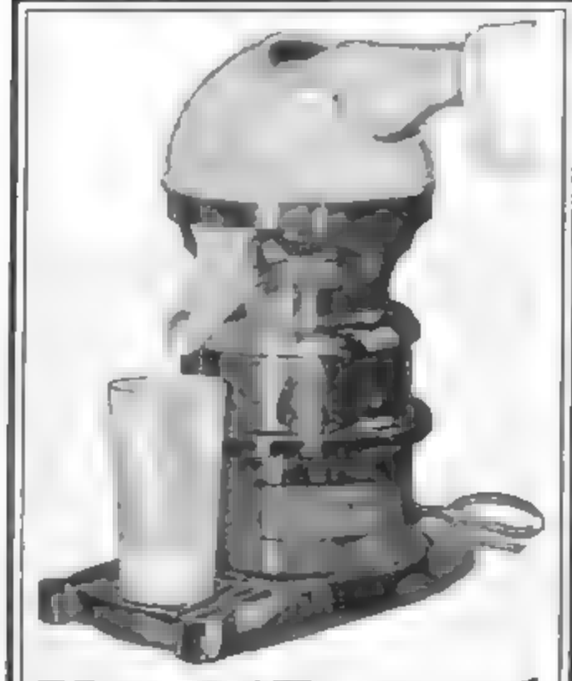
—and on the ninth day, you observe that you get more shaves from a blade — Boro-Glycerine Keeps Skin Healthy

—and on the tenth day that Mennen's at less than a quarter of a cent per shave is exceedingly economical — Will not irritate sensitive skin — Blades last longer — Economy—200 to 300 shaves in a tube

I have made a bet with Mr. Mennen that not more than thirteen men will ask me to make good on this proposition—for I never yet met a man who had shaved ten times with Mennen's without confessing that it was the finest shaving cream that ever touched his face.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



Year 'Round *Extra* Profits

For Soda Fountains

Let the Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractor turn your soda fountain's slow months into real [illegible]

Let it build a highly profitable year 'round [illegible] lemonade business for you with [illegible] "makes ten-cent drinkers out of five-cent buyers," as one Extractor owner put it.

Let it start to build a fresh fruit drink business for you now which will develop into the largest summer business your fountain has ever had.

Let it make your fountain the headquarters for fresh fruit orangeade and lemonade, two of the most popular drinks known.

Advertises the Drinks

Orangeade and lemonade are consumed in enormous quantities in the homes of your [illegible]

But you have missed much of this business in the past, because although people want the fresh fruit drink you have not been equipped to serve it efficiently.

Now you can serve these popular drinks—made up fresh before the eyes of customers—quickly and easily. The machine advertises the drinks—attracts buyers.

Put [illegible] fountain now. It will pay for itself before summer and show you clear "velvet" during your peak business.

Read What Owners Say

The Central Pharmacy, Somerville, Massachusetts, says:

"Your Extractor was a great success. It [illegible] twenty days."

Wikle Drug Co., Anniston, Ala., says:

"When [illegible] installed one [illegible] we had no orangeade trade at all and bought lemons only by the dozen. The first week we installed the Sunkist Extractor we bought a crate of oranges and one [illegible] We have averaged a crate of each per week since [illegible] weeks more."

There are other letters just as enthusiastic

Do This

First [illegible] for an Extractor now and get immediate [illegible]

[illegible] oranges and lemons by the box [illegible] Your business will begin to jump at once.

[illegible] cost is very reasonable. In fact, the [illegible] the Extractor costs [illegible] Order yours today. The profits alone on [illegible] pay for it. Be the first in your neighborhood to make real orangeade and lemonade.

Note the advertising we are giving orangeade and lemonade in the [illegible] publication. It is helping Extractor owners.

Sunkist

Fruit Juice Extractor

(Electrically Operated)

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Dept. of Fresh Fruit Drinks, Div. 503,
154 Whiting Street, Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship [illegible] Express prepaid [illegible]
When Quantity
Sunkist Fruit Juice Extractors at $47.50 each (In Canada $67.50 delivered.) Less 5% for cash [illegible]

Kind of current [illegible] Voltage
Direct or alternating
Cycles

This information can be obtained from your electric light company.

☐ Send me additional information relative to the Extractor.

Name [illegible]

Street [illegible]

City [illegible] State [illegible]

due to a never-ending struggle concerning this very question of taxation. Neither side to this controversy, the people or the corporations, can fairly lay claim to an altruistic attitude. Corporations rarely pay more than they are obliged to. Certainly in the early days in these newer states the corporations showed no disposition to overpay.

On the other hand, it is easy for a politician who pays very little in the way of taxes himself, representing voters who pay very little themselves, to put the screws on the big corporations. In one Western state one county has more than one-third the total votes, yet it pays less in the way of taxes than a single mine in another part of the state. Especially during periods of low prices when cattle raisers and cotton farmers are broke, it is simple enough to persuade them that the mining companies ought to be taxed more heavily, no matter how much they may be taxed already. Indeed, in the last few years, while the mining companies have been paying promptly, most of the other taxpayers have been delinquent.

When the mining companies foot the bill for anywhere from 45 to 90 per cent of the improvement it is natural for voters to approve new highways and schools. One hears it said that the companies oppose these improvements step by step, with all the financial and political resources at their command. Perhaps they do; but if so they are amazingly, unthinkably unsuccessful. What the companies themselves say is that they merely try to prevent useless waste and extravagance, and go into politics to keep from being strangled.

The Burden of Taxation

"I never knew the local mining company to oppose good schools here," said one school superintendent whom I asked to express his confidential opinion. "They pay over 85 per cent of the expenses of our school district, and I think they have a right to see the budget and point out any indefensible items."

A bitter critic of the mining companies, asserting that they were trying to injure the educational system of the state, said: "The lower the efficiency of the schools, the lower the average intelligence of the citizenship of the state, which in turn facilitates the domination of the public by the companies."

Bunk! I found the company representatives as proud of the schools as of the mines themselves, often eager to show me through the buildings, and without a single exception proud to point them out. In any case, the absentee capitalists pay from 1.5 to two cents in taxes for each pound of copper extracted, and at one time one company was actually paying $1.30 a day more in taxes for each laborer in its employ than it did in wages. That is, it paid $1.30 a day more for intangibles than it did for tangibles, although it did all its own policing and attended to and paid for its own local government.

One company, which is a very new producer, which has spent more than $10,000,000 and paid out in dividends less than $3,000,000, has nevertheless for several years paid half the taxes in a county 175 miles long and nearly seventy-five wide, containing the second largest city in the state and traversed by one of the great transcontinental railroads. When this mine came on the tax rolls the county was transformed all at once. It could either double the assessment or halve the tax rate. Yet of the ten to fifteen millions spent by this company in developing the property not more than two or three thousand probably came from the county, half of whose taxes it is paying.

It is obvious, of course, that if it were not for absentee capitalists there would be nothing to agitate against in large portions of our Western country except a few rattlesnakes, coyotes, jack rabbits and harmless aborigines.

Copper in the ground may be a natural resource; but it has no value whatever as the basis for employment, taxation and the development of communities, roads and schools until it is extracted; and it cannot be extracted without spending millions of dollars, which in turn cannot be collected except from the contributions of thousands of absentee investors.

It is said that the big mining corporations wait for the small prospector to do the actual work of discovery, to establish the geology of the district. Thus the big company takes no chances, it is urged, but merely engages in a manufacturing proposition, so many million tons of ore at so much, and might as well be milling wheat or anything else. This is one of those partially true statements; but no truer than the opposite, which is that large companies lose millions in fruitless attempts to find new mines and districts, and other millions in mistakenly turning down prospects just as good as those accepted.

Nor does one ever run across a prospector who would not like to interest absentee capital in what he has found; at least such spirits are exceedingly rare. Absentee capital is what they are after; to get some of it interested in their particular mine is the great objective.

The essential point is that absentee capital alone makes the work of the prospector of any value. It is said that the prospector takes the risk because he does the work of discovery, and no one denies that his work is very important. But there is just as much risk, though of another kind; there is just as much nerve, courage, farsightedness, knowledge and faith in developing his discoveries. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands of mineral deposits known to the fraternity for scores, in some cases for hundreds of years. Most mines were subject to anyone who cared to develop them long before the big companies took them up.

For the most part the big mines are not newly discovered; what is newly discovered are the processes, the enterprise, the organization, the brains and the aggregation of absentee capital willing to tackle 1.5 per cent ore. Certainly the small prospector is not interested in that kind of ore. I have met lots of them, and all they talk about is how they are about to strike the high-grade stuff. But it is not the high-grade stuff that gives employment to thousands of men where only mesquite and greasewood flourished; that pays the taxes, builds the roads and schools and develops the state. It is a different kind of ore, which only absentee capitalists can operate. What builds up the West today is the type of absentee corporation that has the nerve to put $12,000,000 into a capital investment, spread over five years of hard times, with no hope of getting it back for twenty years.

Suggestive in this general connection is an account, written about a year ago, by a well-known engineer, J. Parke Channing, of the beginnings of a big corporation of which he is now vice president, and which is owned at the present time, so it is said, by 13,000 small absentee capitalists, the Miami Copper Company:

"I came into Globe in December, 1906, just as a visitor, because I had never seen the Old Dominion mine and I wanted to look at it. While there I met Fred Alsdorf, who told me he thought there was a porphyry mine about six miles out of town. I rode over the ground with him a few days later, and all that was visible was a lot of red-stained rock, with an occasional speck of green. Fred Alsdorf knew about the porphyry deposits at Clifton, and I was fresh from examining and reporting upon the Nevada Consolidated in Nevada. There was not a pound of copper in sight, but I told him that I thought he was right, and that there was a good chance of finding a mine upon the ground. This was Sunday."

Hard-Won Success

"On Monday I had a talk with him and Jerry Elliott, and found they had options upon a lot of claims and that most of these options called for cash payments. I told Fred and Jerry that as there was no ore in sight it would be impossible for me to get anyone to make cash payments; but that if they would give me a chance to test out our theory I might be able to do something. Blackjack Newman was one of the owners. We all got together in a room in the Dominion Hotel, and about two o'clock on Tuesday morning an option was signed in which I had six months to do work before paying any money.

"A little while before, Mr. Adolph Lewisohn and I had organized the General Development Company with $1,000,000 cash capital. Up to the time of my visit to Globe we had spent $500,000 in fruitless explorations.

"I came back to New York and sent Louis Wright down. He looked the ground over and agreed with me that there was a good chance to find a mine. We started in to work in January, 1907, and were laughed at for our temerity. Nobody thought there would be any ore under this red-stained rock. Our faith, however, was justified; and along in April, 1907, the Red Rock, or No. 2 Shaft, at a depth of 220 feet, suddenly plugged into 3 per cent ore. I went up to Alaska, and when I returned in October the shaft had gone down some fifty feet in the ore and the first level was opened up. Then came the panic of 1907. The bank where we did our business in Globe closed its doors, and our pay-roll checks were unhonored. I took them up and issued in their place personal checks on my own account in New York.

"People in New York were so pessimistic that they were inclined to abandon the whole thing, and were it not for my personal assurance that I believed we had a good mine and that things would right themselves, I think the work would have been abandoned. So the work continued, and in the spring of 1907 we had about 1,000,000 tons of ore opened up and the General Development Company was able to float the Miami Copper Company and recoup not only the money that it had expended on the development of the property but also its previous losses.

"It took four years of hard work and $4,500,000 in cash before the Miami Copper Company started to produce copper. The capital for this, which represented the savings of hundreds of people, came not from Arizona but from states in the East, and had it not been for them the Miami mine would never have been developed. I am quite sure that at that time there was in the Globe district neither the money nor the faith in the property to open up this mine. And I maintain that without the coöperation of the saving people of the country, who are the ones that produce capital, many of the mines of Arizona and of other states in the Union would never have been opened up or exploited."

Taking Long Chances

Brief reference has been made in a previous article to Ajo, in a dry and remote corner of the great American desert. This little city, only about five years old, is about as typical an example of the workings of absentee capital as one can find. Yet it is one of the oldest of Southwestern settlements. One may see the ruins of an old adobe with corner blocks of copper ore, a wise precaution on the part of the builders, for otherwise the hostile Apaches would have sawed through the edges with ropes of hair or grass.

Many different groups of capitalists, including the man who gave to that part of the country its descriptive name, Arid Zone, attempted in vain to work the deposits; and two of the greatest of the mining corporations are said to have turned it down. When the company that is now operating it on a large scale went in some ten years ago, three-fourths of the metallurgists predicted failure. The process installed had never been commercially used elsewhere. Much of the experimental work had to be done in England, for there was no knowledge of it here. Although in operation only about five years now, the process has been adopted already in many other places.

Everything was experimental, including the attempt to find water. Failure to find water in this, the driest portion of the country, would have killed the project; but finally sufficient water was discovered in one place at a depth of 645 feet. The handful of Indian tepees and Mexican shacks already on the ground did not appeal to the management as the proper setting for a large mine, so an attractive modern city was built in their place.

Ajo is planned for many years ahead, with provision made for any amount of future development. The residential sections are carefully separated from the mine, the mill and the slag dump, and yet near enough for men to walk to their work. The axis of the town is a great, handsome school, containing a library and auditorium, and fronted by a large plaza, from which radiate avenues and streets. When natives from the interior of Mexico visit their friends in Ajo they are taken to gaze awe-struck at the college, as they call the school, and are told that it is free to everyone.

All the common labor is performed by Mexicans and Papago Indians, for in a sense the mine is in their native country; but the sections in which they live are kept

(Continued on Page 64)

FOUR NEW REASONS FOR BUYING GOODYEARS

Remarkable improvements make the new Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread especially desirable

SINCE the day of its introduction the Goodyear Cord Tire has enjoyed the preference of thoughtful motorists everywhere.

This preference has been justified by every reason of reliability, economy, and freedom from trouble.

Now, by virtue of the beveled All-Weather Tread, four new reasons for insisting on Goodyear Cords are added to the list.

Each of these reasons concerns an important improvement in the tire that profoundly affects every phase of its performance:

1 This new All-Weather Tread is made from an extraordinarily efficient rubber compound, by far the most serviceable that Goodyear engineers have ever devised.

2 Being semi-flat, instead of round as formerly, the tread affords broader road contact, which also offers greatly increased resistance to wear.

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With no sacrifice of non-skid efficiency this new tread runs more quietly and smoothly, while adding thousands of miles to the life of the tire.

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You can get this *improved* Goodyear Cord Tire now, at no extra price—your Goodyear Service Station Dealer has your size in stock.

When you buy from him you buy the utmost in quality, and a service that will help you get from your tires all the mileage built into them at the factory.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

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A motor collision taught Fred Eliot how to buy shirts

Eliot used to contribute heavily to custom shirt makers.

Then, on the way to week-end with the Carsons, his car was bumped at a cross-road. Eliot's luggage fell into the mud and burst open.

So he had to borrow clothes from his host. He noticed that all Carson's shirts bore the Emery label.

He found, too, that fabrics and tailoring were as fine as he had been paying fancy prices to get.

The custom shirt makers haven't seen Eliot recently.

Why Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made

Pattern in each shirt perfectly balanced—stripes matched in cuffs, front, etc.

Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve plackets (buttoning above cuffs) to prevent gaping sleeves and make cuffs set right.

Pre-shrunk neckbands. Neck-band-tab for inserting collar button in back

Closely-stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes And many other refinements of finish.

Emery shirts are sold at better class shops—$2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and up. If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served promptly, on receipt of money order and name of your dealer. Give neck-band size, sleeve length and color preferences. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

(Continued from Page 62)

as immaculately clean as that where white Americans live. I have never seen a cleaner, better planned or, considering the surroundings and natural obstacles, a more attractive town anywhere. Yet all this has been done by a big absentee corporation despite the fact that it has been necessary four times already seriously to curtail the working force, which is always a great obstacle to the smooth upbuilding of a community.

Despite all of which there are people who say that the predecessor "home town of Ajo," consisting of a few shacks in the most desolate spot on the face of the earth, "has been slowly expiring for years under these monopolistic methods."

Lest it be suggested that the writer is unduly favorable to the New Cornelia Copper Company, let me hasten to add my doubt of whether that company or any other would have built such a good town ten years earlier. Indeed, this article has been written in vain if it suggests the idea that the absentee capitalist is any more altruistic than other people, or that he becomes unselfish except under considerable pressure.

My recent articles have pointed out many fine things done by the big copper companies in the Southwest. But these things have come gradually, and, it is sadly to be feared, largely as the result of the bitter labor warfare, the deportations and the radical disturbances of 1917. In other words the men who built Ajo had the fruitful experience of others to profit by.

Boomerangs From the Past

One has the feeling somehow in visiting the copper camps of the Southwest that many of the improvements are, to put it mildly, a little belated. One wonders why the old-established and very rich companies never thought of these things before the war.

Apparently the absentee capitalist is like everyone else—as long as he is riding easy on the front seat with big dividends as a companion he does not worry much about the other fellow.

In a previous article a favorable reference was made to Bisbee and to the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, the largest in that district. No subsequent inquiry has changed the writer's point of view, but he has wondered from the beginning why so many of the improvements have been since instead of before the costly Bisbee deportations, especially in view of the fact that this corporation has paid far in excess of $100,000,000 in dividends.

In the same way one wonders why so many of the improvements made by the United Verde are of such recent date, although some years ago a single individual was taking $500,000 in profits out of the mine every month. One finds in numerous mines wonderful concrete shafts, modern ventilating systems and the like; but why are they so very modern, when fortunes from copper go back thirty and forty years, or even more?

Why, too, have these rich old mines done so little, relative to other big industries, to introduce any form of copartnership even among their older and more loyal employes? One wonders a little in regard to these companies whether the statement that the dollar is overpaid while men are underpaid is wholly the ranting of irresponsible radicals or whether it contains a piece of bitter and searching truth.

Of course, the owners and managers of ten, fifteen and twenty years ago must not be judged too severely by the standards of corporate ethics and responsibility of today. They know more now about sanitation, ventilation and safety, and they should know more about the larger questions of industrial policy as well. But on the other hand the owners and managers of today must not be given too much praise for the fine cities they are building now, for they have more light to go by.

Men active in management admit freely enough that much of the criticism from which their companies suffer today is a boomerang from the past. They frankly discuss the rawhide methods that formerly prevailed. Said one general superintendent:

"When I was a young engineer I worked for a company where one day an unexpected and unknown body of ore worth $1,000,000 was discovered by the merest accident. Yet the employes tried for years to get the company to spend four or five thousand dollars for a change house. One old miner remarked that he had taken out enough ore in four or five days to pay for that house."

Those active in mine management admit that it was only a few years ago relatively that miners had no chance of decent treatment in case of injury, and that the most radical changes in this respect will not persuade some of the old-time miners that the companies are different now.

"I attended a safety-first congress held in a mining town recently," said one general manager, "and it was a wonderful gathering. But in the smoking car going home I heard two miners discussing the congress. One of them said, 'It may be all right, but we all know that the policy of the company is rocks in the box first and safety second.'"

A lawyer representing one of the most powerful of the companies told me in private conversation, and I assume not for quotation by name, that the radical legislation in Arizona had really been a good thing, although I am sure he has fought much of it, and that if the state had not taken such a direction when it left territorial government the miner would probably still be without adequate protection.

But though the present managers freely discuss the sins of their predecessors, one somehow gathers the impression in the copper-mining districts that the big corporations there, perhaps not wholly unlike those in other lines, have never and do not even now take very kindly to criticism or outside suggestion.

The tendency of the mining company seems to be to brand anyone on the outside who makes suggestions or differs in any way from the company as a radical or Bolshevist. It is such an easy way to dispose of suggestions, especially if they happen to involve the expenditure of money. Too often, in the past at least, the only answer the companies had to the problems of the individual workman was to hand him his pay check.

In discussing these general questions Thomas E. Campbell, who has been governor of Arizona for several terms, who was himself once a mining prospector and operator in a small way, and is regarded as a conservative, said that in his opinion the big companies had usually made the mistake of fearing and combating the radical, so called, instead of attempting to recognize and use the ability this type of workman usually has. Mr. Campbell also said that big mines need welfare departments to an increasing extent, but that these departments will never get anywhere unless they receive more recognition and authority from the directors than is often the case.

Governor Hunt's Views

The writer talked on the same subject with the present governor, George W. P. Hunt. Governor Hunt, although considered radical by certain portions of the electorate, made a fortune as a merchant and banker in a mining town. He, too, has served several terms as governor, has studied the labor problem as closely and sympathetically perhaps as any man in public life in this country, and like his predecessor is intimately acquainted with all manner of conditions in the Southwest.

Governor Hunt stated his views succinctly by saying that the mining companies had never liked independence in anyone, and that he for one believes in looking after the aspirations of the under dog, for otherwise the whole barrel of apples will rot because a few are bad. I do not, of course, mean to convey the idea that either of these well-informed men would deny the great amount of good the mines have accomplished.

It would not do to close these articles without calling attention to a most interesting recent example of constructive and enlightened selfishness on the part of the mining interests, the formation of the Arizona Industrial Congress. The idea was conceived of building up other sources of taxable wealth through the activities of a state-wide association of mining companies, farmers, middlemen, railroads and consumers. The mining companies put one of their engineers, P. G. Spilsbury, in charge of the work and provided the necessary funds at the start.

The mining companies objected to paying such large taxes, were demanding economy, and yet were asking for a vain thing, for states do not economize. The tendency is constantly toward greater expenditure as people demand better roads and schools. The only way out was to introduce new industries and enlarge those already in the state, thereby increasing the valuation of property so that half a dozen big mines need not carry the whole burden.

A few examples will illustrate the working out of the idea. In one section farmers were going broke because they could not sell their potato crop. The congress got in touch with the leading wholesalers in the state's largest city, Phoenix, and persuaded them to take over the entire crop. The wholesalers would not do this until the congress had induced all the farmers to sign up and act with the wholesalers collectively. To bring this about the congress supplied the necessary funds to organize a farm bureau. If the farmers had not been signed up this way a few would have attempted to sell out under the wholesalers, and, of course, the latter would go into no such deal with any threat like that hanging over them.

It was found that milk was being shipped to Los Angeles from the Salt River Valley, and California butter was being brought in. Local butter was being shipped out in another direction, but was bringing fifteen cents less than California butter. The congress began to boost the sale of the local butter in all towns in the state, and in addition went direct to the mining companies, which are the largest individual consumers, to persuade them to buy the local product. At the same time it brought pressure upon the creameries to improve the quality of the butter. As soon as the butter had improved and the sales had increased along with an advance in price, further pressure was brought to induce the creameries to pay the farmer a higher price for his milk.

Constructive Industrialism

In one town the sale of this butter was increased 700 per cent, although it was understood that prices should go up at the same time, and in three months' time the farmer received 50 per cent more for his milk. The congress also was instrumental in marketing hay and lumber, where the interests directly involved had failed to find a market, and managed to boost the business of a hardwood mill. In this latter case mahogany from Mexico was being handled, but no market within the state could be found. The product had to be shipped a great distance at heavy expense. By running a series of articles in all the newspapers, and calling upon architects and builders, the congress stirred up interest in the product within the state itself.

The congress found that during a year in which 30 per cent of the agricultural products of the state were being sold at a loss or left to rot, a much larger quantity of the same stuff was being brought in from the outside. Where large consumers explained their refusal to buy home products on the ground of poor quality, the congress went after the producers and persuaded them to improve the quality. In some instances where producers were slow in responding the congress threatened to set up rival plants.

If the small agricultural producers lacked an organization to grade, store and handle their output properly the congress supplied it. If financial assistance was needed the congress went to the proper sources; and, of course, the mining companies, which started and financed the congress, are also interested in the banks. In other words, a central state agency, interested in building up all manner of small agricultural and industrial enterprises, and in a strategic position to do so, has started upon an experiment that if continued successfully should prove an important factor in building up a state that greatly needs small enterprises.

Of course, there are people who object to every idea fathered by big corporations or supported in any way by them. Criticism may be a good thing in prodding the corporations, but on the other hand it must be admitted that the function of the critic, the agitator, the radical, is after all a rather limited one. He has his place on the map, but there would be no map at all if he covered it.

As one of the local procorporation newspapers said of the industrial-congress ideas:

"If that is selfishness, then we need more of it. The many agitators who for years have been proclaiming their maudlin love for this state by assailing the big interests had failed to introduce one new industry. They were too busy denouncing the big industries to offer any assistance to the little fellows."

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We take it, though, that you are interested in improving your net profits. You wish to lower your operating costs. You would like to see your coal bill held down or reduced. You are concerned when production falls off *even though you may not connect it with the oils your Engineer orders*.

But the connection is there. It is absolute.

We make that statement on 57 years' experience in the specialized manufacture and application of high-quality lubricating oils. Our day's work takes us into the engine rooms of many and varied industries throughout the world. Our practical studies of lubrication and its results are, to speak moderately, extensive.

Your Engineer or your Purchasing Department, in making contact with the Vacuum Oil Company, can count on this:

The full force of our lubrication knowledge will be focused upon your individual plant—upon the lubrication needs of each engine and machine to produce for you operating economies that are broad and far-reaching.

You may never chance to see your Engineer's order for oil. But you can hardly fail to note the results which follow the use of Vacuum Oil Company products and the technical service that accompanies them.

As a direct step toward your securing these results, we shall be glad to make a Lubrication Audit of your plant. Details of this service in column at right.

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(In Condensed Outline)

INSPECTION: A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative in co-operation with your plant engineer or superintendent makes a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

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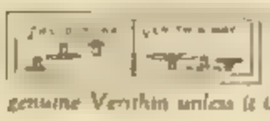

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OUR new watch is here. The newest of the famous Gruen Verithin Watches — the greatest value in a 21-jewel Precision movement that has ever been offered for $125.00, or at a cost no greater than a good suit of clothes.

Just twenty-one years ago the first Verithin was created. To commemorate its origin, we have produced this new 21-jewel watch, in a solid white and green gold case with hand chased center.

The Gruen mark "Precision" engraved on the movement has been the Guild's pledge of highest timekeeping service for over twenty-five years. A watch so marked is in a class above the average of perfection — a timepiece of dependable value.

And it is more than a fine mechanism. The Gruen Guildsmen have fashioned into it the same spirit of fine guildsmanship which exalted their ancestors, the masters of the ancient Guild of Watch Makers.

Sold only through good jewelry stores. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem.

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GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN"

THE CINDER BUGGY

(Continued from Page 23)

Having laid the cards before them, he proposed that they should unite their resources and bring off a corner in American Steel. Clearly they had Sabath cornered. They had only to let him go on selling until he was tired; then they could make him settle on their own terms.

Creed declined. This was John's party, he said. They had authorized him to sell their shares. Instead he had got himself involved in a contest with the most powerful speculator in Wall Street and now expected them to stand under. They would be fools to get into that kind of game. He flatly wouldn't do it. The others wavered. They hated to leave John in the lurch; they were afraid to stand by. Creed withdrew and vanished.

While the four others were hesitating a sudden panic shook the stock market. American Steel shares fell from 103 to 25 in ten minutes, plunging headlong through John's buying orders, and while this was taking place his broker came to him in a state of gibbering excitement.

"I thought you said nobody had any American Steel to sell?"

"Nobody has," said John.

"Then we're all crazy," said the broker. "More than a million dollars' worth of the stuff has just been delivered to us. The actual stuff, I tell you. The stock itself! We've got to pay for it at once."

"Let's look at it," said John. "I want to see it."

He saw it. The shares that had been delivered to him were Creed's. John paid for them, though it almost broke his back. He used his own money until he had no more and borrowed the rest from Slaymaker and Pick on his notes.

The fiasco was complete. American Steel was indignantly stricken from the stock-exchange list because it had been manipulated in so outrageous a manner, and the newspapers wrote columns about it most scornfully.

It was all over, and John and his crowd, now always excepting Creed, were at dinner in the Holland House, when a reporter from the Sun appeared at their table unannounced and asked, "Mr. Breakspeare, how do you feel?"

John went on eating as he replied, "I feel like a dog that's been kicked so much he goes sideways. I've got every pain there is but one—that's bellyache."

This was printed the next morning on the front page of the Sun, and Wall Street forgot itself long enough to say, "Not a bad sport anyhow."

"Now I suppose we'll go back and attend to the steel business," said Slaymaker

"In a day or two," John answered. "There's something I want to do here yet"

He wanted to find out how it happened. And he did. Bullguard, knowing Creed, had tempted him to part with his shares at a very nice price. These shares Bullguard turned over to Sabath with the understanding that they should be used to club John's market to death. John had no hostile feeling for Sabath. For Creed he felt only contempt. But with Bullguard he opened a score. His state was not one of anger. He had only himself to blame.

"I don't so much mind getting plucked," he said; "but I look so like hell."

He simply couldn't leave until he had turned the laugh. This he did in the way as follows: One morning at eleven o'clock a small funeral cortège, instead of stopping at Trinity Church, as funerals should in that part of the city, turned down Wall Street and stopped at the door of Bullguard & Co. Six men drew from the hearse a silver-mounted mahogany coffin smothered in roses, carried it into the great banking house, put it down on the floor, went immediately out and drove away. It was so swiftly yet quietly done, and it was so altogether incredible, that the door attendant knew not what to do or think. His wits were paralyzed, and while he stared with his mouth open the pallbearers disappeared. So did the hearse and carriages.

A great crowd instantly gathered. The nearest policeman was called. As no one could say how the coffin got there or what was in it, he refused either to move it or let it be moved until the coroner should come to open it. He was a new policeman and could not be awed. He knew his duty, and no manner of entreaty availed. For an hour it lay there on the floor. Police reserves were summoned to keep a way for traffic through the gaping throng. Somewhere inside the banking house, out of sight, was Bullguard, surrounded by his partners, apoplectic and purple with a sense of unanswerable outrage. The coroner was accompanied by a group of reporters. When the coffin was opened, there upon the white satin pillow lay the rump of a pig, rampant, tail uppermost; and in the curl of the tail was twisted and tied like a ribbon the few feet of ticker tape on which the last quotations for American Steel were printed. It was a freak story and the newspapers made much of it. Wall Street rocked with glee. John went back to Pittsburgh with an invisible smile in his midriff, leaving the wreck of a fortune behind him.

XXXVI

JOHN'S Wall Street disaster was personal. He assumed all liabilities. Therefore it did not involve his partners, except that he owed Slaymaker and Pick nearly half a million dollars on his notes. Nor did it touch Thane and Agnes. He took good care of that.

On the day of his return to Pittsburgh he had dinner with them. They had moved again, to a house of their own, one they had built on an unspoiled eminence among some fine old trees. They exhibited it with the pride of children. It was large and expensively made, with an unpretentious air; and one of its features, saved until the last, was an apartment for John. They hardly expected him to adopt it. However, it should be his always, just like that, whenever it might please him to come, and it had pleased them to do it.

The evening meal was no longer supper. It was dinner. Thane at last was comfortable in the society of servants, even in the brooding, anonymous presence of a butler. Agnes now was in full bloom. Life had touched her in its richest mood. There were moments in which her aura seemed luminous, like a halo; or was that a trick of John's imagination? He had not seen her for above a year. She was more at ease with him than she had ever been, spontaneous, friendly, quite unreserved, and by the same sign infinitely farther away. There was no misunderstanding her way with Thane or Thane's with her. They had achieved the consonance of two principles. They were the two aspects of one thing separate and inseparable, like right and left, like diameter and circumference. What one thought the other said; what one said the other thought. They conversed without words. Agnes pressed John with questions about the Wall Street episode. They had read a

(Continued on Page 69)

"Don't Try Anything in Wall Street. Gamblers Don't Go Far Down Here. We Eat Them"

Set the spring to suit the job; save drill points

Suppose you want to bore a tiny hole, say 1-16, in brittle stuff. You must go gently. Turn cap on handle to left and "Yankee" No. 44 gives you easy, light tension. Just right!

Next job, you may have to drive a 5-32 drill into tough timber. That takes "steam." Turn cap on handle to right, tighten up spring, and "Yankee" No. 44 delivers the high-power tension required.

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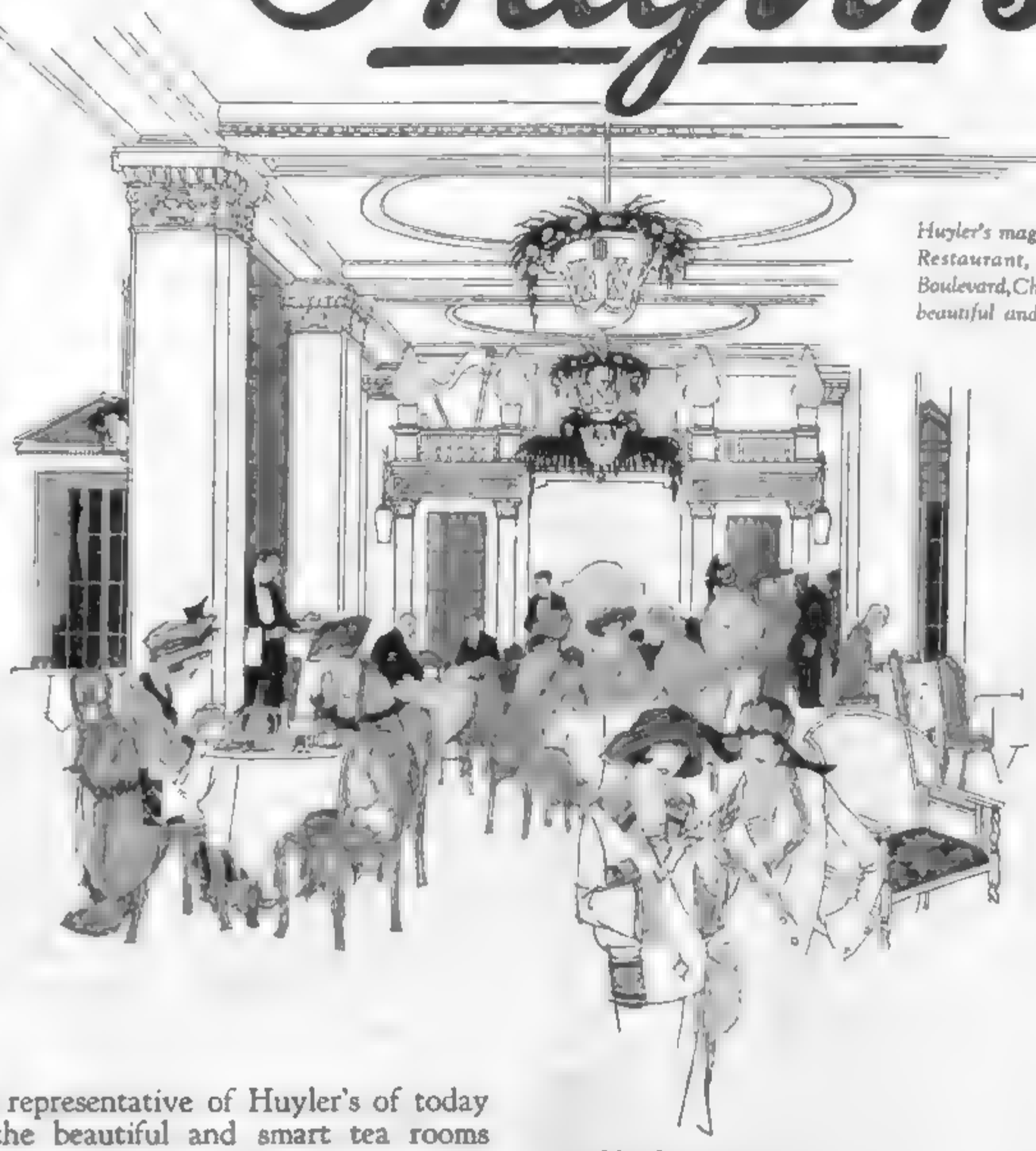

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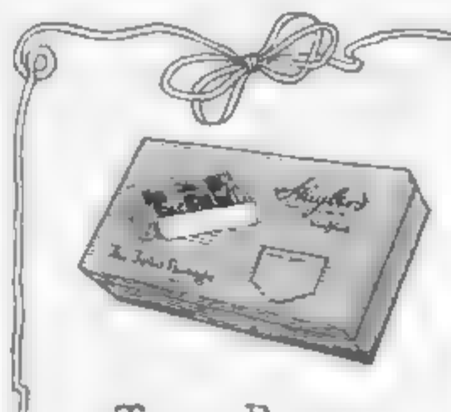

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We will make prompt shipment postpaid.

For Easter—Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates in Appropriate Easter Wrappers

(Continued from Page 67)

good deal about it in the newspapers. His narrative left much to be vaguely imagined

"But you yourself—how did you come out?" she asked. "Nobody else appears to have got hurt. What happened to you?" For on that point he had been evasive.

"I did get rubbed a bit," he said. "Don't worry about it. I'm all right."

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Tell him what we've been doing," she said, turning to Thane.

"Remember," said Thane, "you said once we'd see ore go in at the top of a blast furnace and come out rails at the other end of the mill without stopping?"

"Yes," said John, sitting up.

"That gave me an idea," Thane continued. "We've done it. It's experimental yet, but we can do it—take the steel ingots straight out of the soaking pit and put them through the rolls with no reheating."

"Does anybody know it?" John asked.

"Just ourselves," said Thane.

Agnes took it up there, described the process in detail and told how Thane had evolved it through endless nights of trial and failure. John was amazed at the extent and accuracy of her knowledge. Thane anticipated his question.

"She knows," he said. "She could run a mill."

It was literally true. John was thrilled to hear how at night, in cap and overalls, she had been going with Thane to the mill to watch his experiments. Not only did she learn to understand them; she could discuss them technically and make helpful suggestions. She had taken up the study of metallurgy in a serious way. She spent her days digesting scientific papers in English, French and German, and was continually bringing new knowledge to Thane's attention. Later, to her immense delight, she saw phases of this knowledge translate themselves through Thane's hands into practice at the mill.

"It's in the blood," said John, bound with admiration.

It was a cherishable evening. After dinner they sat on the veranda. Below them was a bottomless sea of velvety blackness, with no horizon, no feeling of solid beneath it, sprinkled at random with lights and intermittently torn by flashes from blast furnaces and converters many miles away.

"It's like looking at the sky upside down," said Agnes.

They could feel what was taking place off there in the lampblack darkness. Men were tormenting the elements, parting iron from its natural affinities, giving it in new marriage, without love or consent, audaciously creating what God had forgotten—steel! steel! steel! There in that smutted deep were tools walking about like fabled monsters, obedient and docile, handling flaming ingots of metal with the ponderous ease and precision of elephants moving logs. There amid clangor and confusion shrieking little bipeds were raising gigantic ominous shapes from shapelessness. There an epic was forming.

These three sitting on the veranda were definitely related to all this pregnant wonder. It had never ceased to thrill them. Much of it they had imagined before it was there. Some of those leviathan tools were Thane's own. He was thinking of them, not boastfully, yet with a swelling sense of having created them. They were his ectoplasm, his arms and legs and sinews externalized in other forms. Seldom did he review his work, being normally too much absorbed in the difficulty at hand. Now; as he gave way to it, a tingle of satisfaction stole through his blood. It made him wish to touch Agnes. His hand reached for hers and it was near. She seemed to know what he was thinking.

John was thinking of the steel age, of what it yet required, of its still unimagined possibilities. Every railroad then existing would have to be rebuilt with heavier rails and bridges. Cars would come to be made of steel. Street railways were a new thing; they would take immense quantities of steel.

They had been silent for a long time.

"That's the Agnes Plant—way over there—that blue flame. There!" said Thane.

"I had made it out," said John.

"What did you call it?" Agnes asked.

Sheepishly they told her that from the beginning, for luck, they had called it the Agnes Plant.

"How nice!" she said.

From that their conversation became more personal, even reminiscent. They found they could speak naturally of incidents always until then taboo. They talked of Enoch, of their arrival and beginnings in Pittsburgh, of the mill at New Damascus, which was doing well, and of each other how they had changed and how it seemed to be all grown up.

When Agnes rose to leave she shook hands with John, saying, "Alexander will give you the key. We don't press you. But it's there for you whenever, if ever, you have the impulse to come. Day or night—any time. And even if you never come it will please us to keep it always ready for you."

With that she was gone, so suddenly that John had been unable to get any words together. He had not even said good night.

"That place we've fixed for you means something," said Thane, lunging out of a silence. "I can't find any way to say it. We know how it was when you brought us to Pittsburgh, and how there wasn't any job for me until you bought the little nail mill. We know all about it. It's lucky for all of us—lucky for Agnes and me, I mean—I didn't know enough to see it then. There ain't no way to say how we feel about it. You can just understand that's what this key means."

John took it, turned it over in his hand, then put it in his pocket and said nothing.

"The reason Agnes was asking you so close how you came out in Wall Street," Thane added, "was we thought you might-a got skinned. We've got a lot of money. We think it's a lot. And we want you to know ——"

"Don't!" said John. "That's enough! Now stop it! Stop it, I tell you!"

"All right, all right," said Thane. "I'm through. I ain't a-going on, am I? I've got it all said."

"I'm going," said John. "Walk down to the gate."

At the gate they shook hands and lingered.

"You've got it all wrong," said John. "There's nothing you two—what I mean ——"

"I know, I know," said Thane.

"You don't know anything," said John. "Let me say something. I owe you a damn sight more than you owe me. I couldn't have done anything without you. You're the axletree. I'm only the wheel. This one new wrinkle, if it proves out, is worth millions."

"Well, don't lose that key," said Thane.

They shook hands again and pushed each other roughly away.

XXXVII

THE steel industry was a giant without lineage, parentage or category. Nobody knew how big it should be, nor could anyone tell at a given time what stage of growth had been reached. Not until afterward. It was measurable only by contrast with itself. It was supposed to be already grown up when John brought the American Steel Company back from Wall Street. But it was still in the gristle. Bone and sinew had yet to be acquired.

"What if we had sold out then?" Slaymaker would say again and again, with the aghast and devout air of a man whose faith in the Deity dates from some miraculous escape. "We should probably never have got in again," he would add.

If they had got out then they would have been able to count their wealth in millions. But they had had to go on; and when at last they did get out in the golden harvesttime years later they counted it in scores and hundreds of millions.

Thane's new method, which proved itself in practice, gave the American Steel Company a whip hand in steel rails. It could make them at a lower cost than anyone else in the world, owing to the saving in fuel. Nobody ever knew what that cost was. No matter at what price the Carmichael people sold rails, John could sell them a little lower if he needed the business; and he became for that reason a burning thorn in the flesh of Bullguard, who had capitalized the Carmichael properties and brought the shares out in Wall Street. They had a wretched career and everyone who touched them lost money. This was not only because of the American Steel Company's competition. The steel industry as a whole was running wild. There was no controlling it. For a year or two the demand for steel would exceed the utmost supply at prices which made a steel mill more profitable than a gold pocket. Then new mills would appear everywhere

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at once; and presently, although there never could be enough steel really, the bowl would slop over from sheer awkwardness.

There were still the three great groups—the Western group, the Carmichael group and John's—all growing very fast. They could not grow fast enough. Minor groups were continually springing up at precisely the wrong time. They generally smashed up or had to be bought out by the others to save themselves from ruinous competition.

The steel age cared nothing about profits. All it wanted was steel—more and more and more.

Next was the phase of specialization. One mill made rails exclusively, another merchant steel, another structural shapes for bridges and skyscrapers, another sheet steel, another steel pipe, and so on. That only intensified the competition.

Then trusts began to be formed, precisely as John had formed the nail trust years before, and for the same purpose, which was to regulate the output and keep prices at a profitable level. Somebody would go around and get options on nearly all the mills of this kind or that kind, and then get bankers to make them into a trust, with shares to be listed on the Stock Exchange and sold to the public. So there came to be a steel-pipe trust, a sheet-steel trust, a bridge and structural steel trust, a tin-plate trust, a trust for everything; and matters became a great deal worse because some of the biggest mills, such as John's, were never in a trust; and if the pipe trust or the structural-steel trust got prices too high the independent mills would begin to make pipe or structural steel. Besides, each trust was a law unto itself and the steel industry was still anarchic.

Now finance began to be worried. The shares of these trusts having been floated in Wall Street, and the public at last having begun to buy them, an outbreak of disastrous competition among the trusts, or between the trusts and the independents, or an overrunning of the steel spool caused a panic on the Stock Exchange. Enormous sums of capital had become involved. Every such panic caused a general commotion, like a small earthquake. Something would have to be done to stabilize the steel industry. That was the word; everybody began to say it—"stabilize." Gradually there crystallized the thought of a great trust of trusts to embrace everything. Not otherwise could the steel industry be stabilized.

Any such colossal scheme as that would have to consider first of all the three dominant groups. But when overtures were made to John, directly or through his partners, he repulsed them. To Wall Street's emissaries he would say flatly "No!" To his partners he would say "Not yet."

His word was final. Having retrieved his fortune in the first year after his inglorious shipwreck, by the most daring and brilliant selling campaign the steel industry had ever seen, a campaign that put American rails over European rails in all the markets of the world, his authority not only was restored, it was increased. Then, having paid off his notes with Slaymaker and Pick, he had got possession of Creed's shares.

That made his interest in the American Steel Company greater than that of any three others. There was still the North American Manufacturing Company, Ltd., in which he was the largest stockholder; it controlled the manufacture of steel wire and nails, and had never ceased to pay dividends.

He enforced one policy of business. That was to make steel continuously under all conditions and never to close a plant except for repairs. Back of him was Thane, steadily reducing the costs of manufacture. Sometimes they sold steel at a loss. In the long run, however, this policy paid so handsomely that they were presently able to find in their own profits the capital they needed for expansion. On an ever increasing scale they devoted profits to the construction and purchase of new properties—more mines, more ships, more mills. When his partners complained, saying it was time to take something out instead of putting all their gains back again, John offered to buy them out.

So he grew wise and tyrannical and a little gray at the temples. His voice became husky. He lived hard, worked hard, walked steadily on the edge of the precipice, with nothing he cared for in view. On his watch chain he carried the key to Thane's house. Twice he got as far as the gate and turned back.

XXXVIII

WHEN the steel age walked across the ocean from Europe a dilemma was created. The will and mentality were here; the labor was there. Until then labor in American mills had been made up of British, Irish, Welsh, Germans, Swedes and—choicest of all - Buckwheats, meaning young American brawn released from the farm by the advent of man-saving agricultural implements. The steel age widened the gap between brain and muscle. It required a higher kind of imagination at the top and a lower grade of labor below. There was no such labor here—at least nowhere near enough. Hence an inpouring of Hungarians, Slavs, Polacks and inferior European types, hairy, brutish, with slanting foreheads.

Nobody thought of the consequences. Nobody thought at all. The labor was needed. That was enough. There was no effort to Americanize or assimilate it. There wasn't time. It had to be fed raw to the howling new genie. It lived wretchedly in sore clusters from which Americans averted their eyes. Where it came from, life was wretched, even worse, perhaps; but here were contrasts—no gendarmes, freedom of discontent and a new weapon, which was the strike. These men, bred with sullen anger in their blood, melancholy and neglected in a strange land, having no bond with the light, were easily moved to unite against the work bosses, who symbolized tyranny anew. Their impulse to violence was built upon by labor leaders, and the steel industry became a battle ground. Strikes were frequent, bloody and futile, save for their educational value, which was hard to see then and is not at all clear yet.

This was all in the way of business, big business. We imported labor and exported steel. We flung Slavs into our racial melting pot and sold rails and bridges in Hungary. One can easily imagine an invisible force to have been at work; a blind force, perhaps. The centers of power were shifted in the world. Greatness was achieved. The rest is hidden.

One advantage the Breakspeare mills had was almost complete immunity from labor troubles. In every reign of terror destruction passed them by. For this there was Thane to thank. He handled all labor problems. In disputes between the workers and the steel companies the question of wages was seldom the basic matter even when it seemed to be. The trouble was much more subtle, or more simple, as you happen to see it, turning upon the ways and hungers of humanity. Thane knew men; he knew what drudgery costs the soul and how little it takes beyond what is due to overcome its bitterness. He knew, besides, how and in what proportions to mix different kinds of men so that the characteristics of one kind would neutralize those of another kind by a sort of chemistry.

Seven miles down the river from the Agnes Plant had been built a magnificent new plate mill, called the Wyoming Steel Works. It had every element of success save one. The manager had no way with labor. He was continually engaged in desperate struggles with the amalgamated unions, and the plant for that reason had involved its New York owners in heavy loss. These troubles, becoming chronic, culminated in a strike that spread sympathetically over the whole Eastern steel industry. At the Agnes Plant the men went out for the first time. They had no quarrel of their own. That was made very clear. But they felt obliged, as all other union workers did, to take up the quarrel of the men at the Wyoming Works and settle it for good; they would if necessary tie up every steel plant in the country in order to bring pressure to bear upon their arch enemy, the Wyoming manager, to whose destruction they had made a vow.

Not only did the strikers seize the Wyoming Works, as was always the first step in hostilities; they took possession of the town that had grown up around the plant and organized themselves on a military basis. An advisory committee of workers declared martial law, mounted a siren on the town hall to give signals by a secret code, put sentinels around the works, around the town, up and down the river front, and held a mobile force of eight hundred Hungarians, Poles and Slavs in readiness for battle at any point. No one could enter the town on an unfriendly errand. Trains were not permitted to stop. The telegraph office was seized. The advisory committee announced that any attempt on the part of the owners to retake possession of their property—say nothing of trying to work it with nonunion labor—would mean an abundant spilling of blood.

This was the situation when Thane received a telegram from John in New York, as follows:

"Can buy Wyoming Steel Works for a song. Will close transaction at once if you will say labor trouble can be straightened out with the plant in our hands."

Almost without reflection Thane answered, "Yes. Go ahead."

He had no doubt that the mere announcement of their having bought the works would end the violent phase of the strike. The rest would be a matter of peaceable negotiation. He might have made the announcement in Pittsburgh. The strikers there would have communicated it fast enough. He might have telegraphed it to the advisory committee. He might have done it in one of several ways. But his natural way was to go himself and see to it. He knew the strike leaders; he talked their language. An hour after answering John's telegram he was in a launch going down the river.

There had been no news from the scene of passion since the afternoon before. No one knew what was taking place in the Wyoming Steel Works town.

In the night two barge loads of Pinkerton men, recruited in Philadelphia, had silently drifted down the river past Pittsburgh. The manager was resolved to get possession of the plant by force. The plan was to land the Pinkerton men before daylight on the river bank. Once inside the works, they could stand siege until the state authorities could be persuaded to send the militia in. But the barges were sighted by the advisory committee's sentinels a mile above the town. The siren blew an alarm. Men, women and children tumbled out of bed. The armed battalion was rushed to receive the Pinkerton men.

In the darkness a running fire was exchanged between the strikers on shore and the barges; however, the barges did land at the works and the leader of the Pinkerton men signaled for a parley. He told the strikers he had come to take possession of the works and meant to do it. The strike leaders dared him to try. He did. He formed his men and started them off the barges. They were stopped by a volley from the Slav battalion intrenched behind piles of steel in the yard, and fled back to the barges. Daylight came. The Pinkerton men, unwilling to venture forth a second time, hoisted a white flag. The strikers scoffed at it and went on firing at the barges. They became discouraged. They could see the holes their shots made in the planks; they couldn't be sure they were hitting the men inside. So they floated burning oil down the river and sent tanks of burning oil down the bank against the barges. That was ineffective. Pinkerton men would not burn on earth. Someone thought of dynamite. Cases of it were brought and the lithest of arms among the strikers calmly attached fuses to the sticks of dynamite, lighted them and hurled them at the barges like firecrackers. Once in a while they made the target, tearing a great hole in the barge planking. Then there would be a volley of shots at the Pinkerton men suddenly exposed.

Two cannons were brought. They were handled so awkwardly that they did little damage to the barges and took off one striker's head. The use of dynamite increased. In some fashion the Pinkerton men fought back. When a striker fell groans were heard. When a Pinkerton man was hit cheers went up from the strikers and were repeated by the spectators—women, children and noncombatants—who gorged the spectacle from afar.

And that was what had been going on for hours when Thane's launch appeared speeding down the middle of the river. He was steering it himself; his boatman lay flat on the bottom. Having recognized him, the sentinels above the town passed word down their line, so that the strikers at the works knew who he was before he had come within rifle range. Firing ceased. He steered the boat in, shot it high on the bank and stepped out.

At that instant there appeared from behind one of the steel piles the figure of frenzy personified. This was not a striker. It was one of those weak, anæmic creatures

(Continued on Page 72)

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(Continued from Page 70)

who are intoxicated by participation in the lusts and passions of others and go mad over matters that do not concern them. He was a clerk in a dry-goods store and taught a Sunday-school class. It must be supposed that the cessation of firing made him think the strikers were weakening. He brandished a rifle, shrieking:

"Citizens! There are the men who wreck our homes, assault our women, take away our bread! Kill them! Kill them without mercy!" He was unnaturally articulate. "Cowards!" he cried. "Follow me!"

He leveled his rifle at the barges. The only man in sight was Thane, walking up the bank. The insane neurotic fired and Thane fell in a crumpled heap. Several men together leaped at the assassin and disarmed him. He disappeared.

Thane was unconscious. There was no doctor, no ambulance. They took him to Pittsburgh in the launch.

John arrived the next morning. He looked once at Agnes and knew the worst.

Thane lived through that day and into the night. Shortly before he died he wished to be alone with John. They clasped hands and read each other in silence. Once the doctor opened the door and softly closed it again. Thane beckoned to John to bring his head nearer.

"Take—Agnes" he said. "That's everything. Let her—come back—now."

Only Agnes knew when he died. At daylight the doctor went in and she was still holding his form in her arms.

XXXIX

FOR John the sense of loss in Thane's death was as if part of himself had broken off and sunk out of sight. To Agnes it was as if the whole world were gone. She seemed to have forgotten there was ever anything in it but Thane. Her life had inhabited his.

She went on living in the house, almost as if he were still there, often calling his name and answering aloud to an audible memory of his voice. She saw no one but John. She hardly knew anyone else, and she saw him only because she was aware of his great feeling for Thane and they could talk about him.

This was a bond between them and led to a companionship without which both would have missed the autumn and gone directly from midsummer to the winter of their lives. It was impersonal, yet very sweet, and they came to rely upon it much more than they knew. Agnes had neither kin nor friends. John was that solitary being who has many friends and no brothers among men.

Agnes began to fade. John induced her to travel. She went to Europe. He joined her there. They went around the world together. When they returned she seemed much improved in spirits. She had begun to smile again. After a month in the house among the trees she became terribly depressed. He coaxed her to New York and settled her luxuriously in a hotel apartment. She disliked it, and stayed on. More and more of John's time now passed in New York for business reasons. He told her this.

"We've no one else to visit with," he said. "Let's stay in the same town."

She said nothing. Often he surprised her looking at him with a thoughtful, far-away expression as if trying to remember what it was he reminded her of. Suddenly she made up her mind to go to New Damascus and build herself a house there. It would be something to do, John said at once, and that was what she needed.

The house, which was small but rather exquisite, occupied her for a year. Before it was finished she had conceived the idea of building in New Damascus the finest hospital in the state.

Journeys to New Damascus now became John's sole recreation.

And so the autumn stole upon them.

XL

HIGH in the financial heavens stood a sign—a sign of cabal, sign of rapture, sign of gold. The time had come to form the trust of trusts. Lords and barons of the steel industry began to settle down in Wall Street. They brought their trusts along. One day the Western steel crowd loaded six trusts on special trains—brains, books, good will, charters and clerks—and trundled them hither, banners flying, typewriters clicking, business doing on the way. They took the top floors of the newest steel skyscrapers and preferred solid mahogany furniture with brass mountings.

Wall Street said, "Here is the fat of money. It walks into our hands. How shall we divide it?"

But Wall Street had much to learn. These men, brash, boastful and boisterous, were also very wise. They did not come to play Wall Street's game. Most of them, like John, had at some time meddled with it and cared not for it. Now they were strong enough to play their own game. They brought their brokers with them from Chicago, Cleveland and Pittsburgh—men whose tricks they knew—and bought them seats on the New York Stock Exchange.

"Oh!" said Wall Street. "That's it, is it? Well, well!" and lolled its tongue in relish. It knew very little about steel and nothing yet about steel people.

"Now, gentlemen," said the steel people, "red or black, high or low, any limit or none. Let's shoot!"

Thus the invading barbars called the tune. And what a tune!

Using their own brokers to buy and sell the shares of their own trusts, they began to make the cañon howl. For a while the play lay between Wall Street and the barbars, and the barbars held all the cards. If Wall Street sold steel shares for a fall the dividends were increased in the night; if it bought them for a rise suddenly the mills were shut up and dividends ceased. Wall Street was outraged. This was worse than gambling. It was a pea-and-shell game. The steel people were haled to court on the charge of circulating false information about their properties to influence the value of shares.

Nothing to it! Nobody could prove the information to have been false. Merely the steel people had it first, as they naturally would, and acted upon it in the stock market, as everybody would who could. So they all went back to Wall Street and the play waxed hotter and steeper. No one had ever seen speculation like this. At conventions, unwritten rules, limits, the steel people simply guffawed. They invented rules. Nobody was obliged to play with them. Their creed was "Nothing in moderation."

After hours they played bridge for ten dollars a point. En route from Wall Street to the Waldorf, which was their rendezvous, they would lay bets in hundred-dollar units on the odd or even of numbered objects, like passing street cars. Whisky was their innocuous beverage. There was one whose drink was three Scotch highballs in succession. As the third one disappeared he would slowly rub his stomach, saying, "That one rings the bell." Yet all the time they attended strenuously to business. They were men of steel, physically and mentally powerful. Carousing was an emotional outlet. Gambling on the stock exchange was hardly more than a pastime. Night and day they kept their eyes on that sign in the heavens.

They had delivered the steel age. The steel industry was their private possession to do with as they pleased. They could make a circus of it if they liked. They did. Their way with it had become a national problem. The steel industry was much too important to be conducted in that manner. It kept the country in a state of nerves. These wild, untamable behemoths would have to be bought out. They were willing to sell. There was a ludicrous fiction among them that they were weary of doing, whereas they were only sated with it. However, as they were willing to be bought out, and as to be rid of them had become a public necessity, there remained only the question how. It would take all the spare money there was in the country. Yet it would have to be done. That is what the sign meant.

John called his crowd together, saying, "This is the tall good-by if we want to get out."

They did. He pledged them in writing to leave everything in his hands and returned to Wall Street, where for months past he had been preparing his ground unobserved. In one of the new steel skyscrapers he had established himself an office. On the door was his name, John Breakspeare. Under that, American Steel Company; North American Manufacturing Company; and nothing more. Inside was a private room of his own, with a stock ticker and a desk with a lot of telephones on it. Beyond was a large meeting room furnished with a long table, chairs, brass cuspidors, a humidor and a water cooler. From the window was a panoramic view of New York Harbor. A very simple establishment one would think. Yet it was the center of a web radiating in all directions. Nothing much could happen in Wall Street without causing an alarm on his desk, for he had made some very excellent and timely connections. His private telephone wires reached to the sources of information. One of them, it would have surprised everyone to know, ran to the office of John Sabath, with whom he had come to confidential terms. So it was that perhaps no one man, save only Bullguard, knew more than he about what was invisibly taking place under that sign which stood higher and higher in the money firmament.

What was visible had by this time become very exciting. The newspapers were giving astonished publicity to the doings of the golden bulls. What they did in Wall Street was recorded by the financial writers; what they did at large was written by the news reporters, and the public's imagination was inflamed. Incipient Napoleons of finance, greedy little lambs, comet riders, haberdashers' clerks, preachers, husbands of actresses, dentists, small business men, delicatessen shopkeepers, jockeys, authors, commuters, wine sellers, planters, prize fighters, insects and nuts were as locusts at the Wall Street tickers, where from ten to three they watched steel shares go up and down, betting on them, trying to outguess the steel men who ordered their fluctuations. Night time they swarmed again at the Waldorf Hotel, sitting in rows along Peacock Alley, walking to and fro as if at ease, peering in at the dining-room doors to glimpse the lords and barons of steel at their food and drink, with their heads inclined in clouds of smoke, or parading their women, who once swept their own floors and had now nothing to do all day long but make themselves look more expensive.

Everybody loved it. This was the steel court—a court of twenty kings, with its rabble and fringe and jesters, sycophants in favor, men of mystery passing, the unseen lesser deeply bowing to the greater, sour envy taking judgment at a distance, greed on ass-ear wings listening everywhere. One might hear a word to make him rich tomorrow. And the Machiavelli too. That was Sabath, his beard now gray, otherwise the same, sitting always by himself, darting here and there his piercing eyes.

This court made news. Often the steel men, bored with gaping admiration, would extemporize a midnight stock market and buy and sell their shares among themselves. Each morning, as addenda to the regular stock-market reports, would appear "Transactions at the Waldorf." The newest rumors floated here. No financial editor was safe to go to bed until the Waldorf grill-room lights were out, for it was generally late at night that the steel men spilled their secrets.

One was overheard to say, "There's a billion-dollar steel trust on the way."

What tidings!

The remark had gone around the world before daylight, and at the opening of the stock market in London people began to sell American securities. Those Yankees, they said, always a bit mad, now were drunk with the arithmetic of their wealth. Wall Street was vaguely uneasy too. There was no such thing as a billion-dollar corporation.

Rumor for once in its life was below the truth. The great steel trust was to be capitalized at a billion and a half. There had to be room for everybody. Bullguard was to be its deity. There could be no other. The charter had been applied for. Famous lawyers had reconciled it with the law.

All these facts came out gradually, mostly in the form of midnight rumors. In the highest circles of the steel court an extremely curious fact was already privately known. Sabath was to be the manipulator. If he could not perform the unimaginable feat of selling the shares of a billion-and-a-half-dollar corporation to the public nobody could. Yet how strange that Bullguard and Sabath should sail a ship together.

At length all the salient probabilities had been established, and nothing happened. A week passed; then another. Wall Street was strung with suspense and the nightly Waldorf swarm buzzed with adverse rumors. Time was priceless. The public was in a fever of excitement. If ever there was an opportunity it was then. Why did Bullguard wait? What unexpected difficulty had been encountered?

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"Wheel More'n I ever pulled down before," chuckled Sandy as he counted over his week's pay. "Why, there's nothing to it. Since the Old Man made all of us get our eyes examined I'm right up there with the best of 'em!"

Tuning up man power by improving eyesight

WHILE Sandy is crowing over his new spectacles and what they have done for him, let's slip behind the curtain. What had happened in that plant?

Several months earlier the president convened his department managers to discuss a falling-off in production. Each had his say. Then the president got on his feet. "You fellows are all right," he said. "Your work is all right. But there's waste somewhere. We've tried everything except—*jacking up the man power;* and I believe the men's eyes are at the bottom of the trouble. Gentlemen, we're going to have every pair of eyes in this organization examined and glasses fitted where necessary."

Faulty eyesight, production, and the pay envelope

It was found that 70% of his employees had defective sight and that 20% of his inspectors were unable to see sufficiently well to detect faults in the product they were inspecting![1] He *was* right! Eyesight was the factor they had all neglected. In a very short time, when the men who needed spectacles were equipped with them, production jumped decisively.[2]

Greater production per human unit is our economic need today. But it cannot be achieved unless the individual is physically efficient. No physical defect contributes more directly to fatigue and resulting inefficiency than faulty eyesight. No other defect causes a like waste of vitality, time and material.

Weak eyes and high prices are definitely linked

The Wellsworth Scientific Staff is unremittingly active, not only in improving vision by every mechanical process, but in broadcasting education as to what better eyesight means to American industries. The fact is that many employees are accused of carelessness and inefficiency when the whole trouble lies in faulty vision. Attention to eyesight is, therefore, the best service any employer can render his men and his business.

1 *Out of 3,000 employees in the Robert Gair paper box factory in Brooklyn, N. Y., 2100 were found to have defective eyesight.*

2 *Whiting & Davis Co., of Plainville, Mass., the mesh bag manufacturers, put through a campaign for eyesight improvement. They reported a 28% increase in production for the following month.*

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An Allan Dwan Production

"The Glimpses of the Moon"

by Edith Wharton

with Bebe Daniels and Nita Naldi

HERE are glimpses of the full moon of a glorious romance, one of those moons of gorgeous glamour—and yet how close it came to bitter poison!

Being Allan Dwan's first production since "Robin Hood" and being based upon Edith Wharton's tremendous-selling novel of the same title,

—which appeared serially in Pictorial Review last year,

—your best expectations will fall short of the reality, with its minute-by-minute growth of excitement created in all audiences by this Paramount Picture.

Think of a girl,

—played by the beautiful Bebe Daniels

—who loves so passionately that she will marry the man of her heart,

even though he cannot put a roof over her head save through friends' charity,

—and yet so ambitious and cynical of love's endurance that she adds a clause to the marriage contract calling for—

—for what? That's the plot, that's the bitter drop of poison, the drama that rises to the heights of Paramount's best!

See "The Glimpses of the Moon" at your own theatre. Show this advertisement and find out *when*

ONE of 8

of one month's releases of Paramount's Super '39

To make a great motion picture out of the best among best-selling novels is a feat that Paramount has many times performed. Here it is once again!

Think of the great pictures you have seen recently, "Manslaughter", "To Have and To Hold", "Kick In", "Adam's Rib", "Java Head", "Back Home and Broke"—all of them Paramount pictures—and then you'll realize more than ever that

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

Paramount Pictures

Famous Players Lasky Corp

It's a Paramount Picture

(Continued from Page 72)

There was but one, and that was John. The Breakspeare properties were too important to be left out. A trust of trusts without them simply could not be. Bullguard sent for all the other lords and barons first, and they were quick to come. Then one day John received a telephone call from the office of Bullguard & Co. Would he be pleased to come to their office for a conference? His response was to mention his business address. Next day one of Bullguard's partners called in person.

"Mr. Bullguard wishes to see you," he said.

"If I wished to see Mr. Bullguard I'd look for him at his office, not mine," said John.

"I beg your pardon?"

John repeated it. The partner went away, deeply offended in the name of Bullguard.

Sabath came to see him. He had been sent. John knew it and Sabath knew he knew it.

"When are you going to see Mr. Bullguard?" he asked.

"I'm here nearly every day," said John.

"Mr. Bullguard is performing a great public service," said Sabath, with not a twinkle, as if they did not understand each other down to the ground. "He's trying to get all you gamblers out of the steel business and bring some peace to the country. And because he spanked you once when you were in knee pants, now you're as proud as a pig with a ribbon in its hereafter. I'll tell him what I've said."

"Except the pig allusion. I'll lay odds you won't repeat that."

"I will," said Sabath. "I will."

John's partners began to be alarmed. He kept nothing from them. When they importuned him to bend a little, thinking his obduracy might have disastrous consequences for all of them, he would say, "It amuses me and it will pay you."

One morning Sabath's voice called him on the telephone, saying, "The great mountain is walking. You gamblers! Do you want everything in the world?"

"Thanks," said John.

Twenty minutes later Bullguard appeared. He walked right in, sat on the edge of a chair, crossed his arms, leaned forward on his stick and glared. When he glared the world was supposed to tremble. He was rather awful to look at. His purple face was of a strawberry texture; his nose was monstrous, angry red, bulbous, with hairy warts upon it; his eyebrows were almost vertical.

Three words were spoken—all three by Bullguard.

"How much?" he asked.

John drew a pencil pad out of his desk and wrote slowly, in large, owlish characters, this:

"If you smile, $300,000,000. No smile, $350,000,000."

Having written it, he stopped to gaze at it thoughtfully for a minute, then pulled out the slide leaf of his desk, tossed the pad there for Bullguard to see and leaned back. Bullguard glanced at it and stood up.

"That!" he said, tapping the "$350,000,000" with a finger, and stalked out.

Slaymaker, Awns, Wingreene and Pick were waiting in the big room. John walked in and threw the pad on the table.

"There are the terms."

Knowing John, they understood with one look at the pencil writing.

"Did he smile?" they asked as one.

"No," said John.

"My God!" murmured Slaymaker. He sank into a chair and wept.

Two-fifths of it was John's. His share included the Thane interest, which amounted to nearly twenty millions. Slaymaker, Awns, Wingreene and Pick divided one hundred and seventy million dollars. The balance went to thirty or forty minor stockholders in the Breakspeare companies.

XLI

SO THE fabulous Damosel of the Dirty Face, rescued from the goatherds that had found and reared her, was clothed in what she should wear, christened in due manner, anointed in the name of order and presented to the American people. That is to say, the steel industry was bought from the barbars and sold to the public.

Auspicated by Bullguard & Co., manipulated by Sabath, advertised by common wonder, the shares of the biggest trust in the world were launched on the New York Stock Exchange. Popular imagination, prepared in suspense, delivered itself headlong to the important task of buying them. A craze to exchange money for steel shares swept the country. That seemed to be only what people got up every morning to do. Such manias, like panics inverted, have often occurred. They have a large displacement in the curious literature of popular delusions. This one, although of a true type and spontaneous, was fomented in an extraordinary manner by Sabath, who now for the first time in his life had all the power and sanction of Wall Street behind him. The hand of the Ishmaelite that everyone feared now strummed the official lyre and the tune it played untied a million purse strings. The steel people removed their hats and bowed.

"We were amateurs," they admitted.

For weeks and weeks they sat behind piles of steel-engraved certificates, fresh from the printer, and signed their names until they were weary of making pen strokes at ten thousand dollars each. Before the ink of their signatures was dry the certificates were cast upon the market to be converted into cash—the market Sabath made. There seemed no bottom or end to it. The capacity of that market was unlimited. The public's power to buy was greater than anybody knew.

When it was over, when Sabath's sweet melody ceased, when the public owned the steel industry and the barbars were out, then steel shares began to fall. For several years they fell disastrously, and the public howled with rage. The trust went near the rocks. All who had had any part in the making of it faced a storm of wild opprobrium. There is much to be said in reproach. However, given the problem as it was, how else could anyone have solved it? The trust got by the rocks. The steel industry was stabilized, and ultimately the shares were worth much more than the public originally paid for them.

This eventuality few of the great steel barbars lived to witness. A little touched with madness, anyhow, as heroic stature is, the Wall Street harvest finished them. They were of a sudden nabobs with nothing on earth to do. Their wealth had been in mills and mines and ships, and Business was a very jealous mistress. Now it was in money and they were free.

In the first place they didn't know what to do with the money itself. Some of them bought banks of their own to keep it in. Then what could they spend it for? What could they invest it in? The only thing they knew was steel and they were out of that. Some of them began to buy railroads. They would say, "This looks like a pretty good railroad. Let's buy that." And they would buy it offhand in the stock market. Then Wall Street, controlling railroads without owning them, was struck with a new terror. It wasn't safe to leave control of a railroad lying around loose. There was no telling what these men would do next with their money. They had got control of several great banks and railroads before anyone knew what they were doing.

But after they had invested their money in banks and railroads they still had nothing really to do. They built themselves castles, in some cases two or three each, and seldom if ever lived in them because they were so lonesome. One transplanted a full-grown forest and it died; he did it again with like result, and a third time, and then he was weary. He never went back to see. They got rid of their old wives and bought new and more expensive ones. Even that made no perceptible hole in their wealth. They tried horses and art and swamped everything they touched. Gambling they forgot. One developed a peacock madness, never wore the same garments more than an hour. His dressing room resembled a clothing store, with hundreds of suits lying on long tables in pressed piles. One had a fantasy for living out the myth of Pan and ceased to be spoken of anywhere. One traveled ceaselessly and carried with him a private orchestra that played him awake and attended his bath. He died presently under the delusion that he had lost all his money and all his friends, which was only half true.

They disappeared.

Blasted prodigies!

Children of the steel age overwhelmed in its cinders!

XLII

JOHN, like all the others, signed steel-trust certificates until his hand became an automaton. If he noticed what it was doing it faltered and forgot. He sat in the

(Continued on Page 77)

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

"I wish our locks worked like that."
"Yes—we are proud of our hardware—it's Corbin."

THAT'S the way with good hardware—the longer you live with it, the better you like it. Its beauty, its prompt, precise action, the sense of security it inspires in you when you "lock up" for the night—make it ever so worth while.

Corbin hardware is a long-term investment. For little more than you would pay for doubtful quality, you can have hardware that will make the most modest home a joy to live in—hardware that even the chance caller will recognize as worthy of its environment.

Today, more and more people are showing their contempt for shoddy building by insisting on good materials and good workmanship. These people know that Good Buildings deserve Good Hardware.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

"Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware" is a booklet you should read, if you are planning to build. Write for it.

A friend Unguentine —quick! in need

UN-GWEN-TEEN

If you know Unguentine this message is for you

THIS is the first public message about Unguentine. It is addressed to you who *know* this "friend in need". Doesn't its name shine out like that of an old standby?

Remember the burn that ceased to hurt and rapidly healed when you used Unguentine
—or the nasty cut it caused quickly to be forgotten
—or the bruise that lost its soreness so surprisingly
—or the irritated skin that calmed down and was restored to health and smoothness?

Perhaps it was your physician who first used Unguentine in your home. With thousands of physicians today, Unguentine is the "first thought in burns", and is widely used for surgical dressings. Perhaps it was your druggist who called your attention to it, for nearly every druggist the country over *always* keeps Unguentine. Perhaps it was a friend.

Whether for a burn, a cut, a bruise, a skin irritation, a sunburn, a frostbite, or for something more serious, you found Unguentine a "friend in need".

Thirty-one years ago, Unguentine quietly began its alleviating and healing work. Since then it has proved a tried and true "friend in need" to veritably millions of people. Many are never without a tube of it.

Your friendly recommendations have spread its use.

Now for the first time, we are publicly telling of Unguentine's helpfulness so that this "friend in need" may find its way into all homes, and factories, and offices, and boiler rooms, and farms, where there are surface injuries to be relieved and healed.

For its purposes it is unsurpassed.

To keep a tube on hand is wisdom.

Get it at your druggist's—he knows what Unguentine will do.

To relieve and to heal

BURNS · CUTS · BRUISES · IRRITATIONS
FROSTBITE · SUNBURN
and many other kindred conditions

Price thirty-five cents

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NEW YORK CITY CHICAGO KANSAS CITY

NORWICH

FOR more than a third of a century the Norwich Pharmacal Laboratories have produced and originated the highest quality pharmaceuticals. These have been placed at the service of the medical profession and, through its members and dispensing pharmacists, at the service of the public.

NORWICH preparations are made in accordance with the most exacting medical and scientific standards. The name "Norwich" on a pharmaceutical preparation stands for purity of ingredients, extreme accuracy in control of preparation, and most rigid tests and retests for efficiency.

(Continued from Page 75)

big room at the long table, a clerk standing by to remove the engraved sheets one by one and blot the signatures. Suddenly he saw it all as for the first time, in an original, unfamiliar manner.

"What are we doing?" he asked the clerk.

"Signing the certificates, sir. They want this lot before two o'clock."

"Yes, but what does it mean?"

"What does it mean?" the clerk repeated. "I don't know, sir. What do you mean?"

"I don't know, either," said John. He threw the pen away, got up, reached for his hat.

"You're not going now, sir? They are waiting for these certificates."

"Let them wait."

"What shall I say when they call for them?"

"Anything you like. Ask them what it means."

Up and down the money cañon people moved with absent gestures, some in haste, some running, some loitering, all with one look in their eyes. Bulls were bellowing on the Stock Exchange. Steel shares were rising. Sabath was in his highest form. To the strumming of his lyre men of all shapes and conditions turned from their ways and came hither and wildly importuned brokers to exchange their money for bits of paper believed to represent steel mills they had never seen, would never see, had never heard of before. What did it mean?

As John gazed at the scene it became unreal and detached. He was alone, as one is in some dreams, there and not there, somehow concerned in the action but invisible to the actors and to oneself. It was like a dream of anxiety, full of confusion and grotesque matter.

He was lonely and very wretched, and accused Agnes. He would accuse her to her face. That was what he was on his way to do, perhaps because there was no other excuse for seeing her in the middle of the day. He would tell her how selfish and unreasonable she was. They were two solitary beings in one world together. Their hours were running away. He loved her. He had always loved her, and at least she loved nobody else. Then why should they not join their lives?

Three times he had asked her that question. Each time she had said, "Let's go on being friends. That's very nice, isn't it?"

A year had passed since the last time. He had watched for some sign of change. But she was always the same, except that after having been gently though firmly unwilling to say either yes or no, she seemed to come nearer in friendship and baffled him all the more. If she had any feeling for him whatever beyond friendship he had been unable to detect or surprise it; and fate would bear witness that the possibility was one he had stalked with all patience and subtlety. In fact he really believed that if he pressed her to the point she would say no; that she had not said it already only because she hated to hurt him. This notion tormented him exceedingly. It would be a relief to know.

She had been for some weeks in town, at the Savoy, where he detained her on the pretext that her presence was necessary in her own interest. It was only a little past twelve when he arrived there and called her on the telephone from the desk, asking her down to lunch. She was surprised and pleased, and answered him in a voice that had a ring of youth. The sound of it echoing in his ears evoked memories and caused the years to fall away. He waited, not there in the hotel lobby but in a boxwood hedge, surreptitiously, and saw her as a girl again, plucking flowers; pretending not to know he was there, yet coming nearer, always nearer, with a thoughtful air; and for a moment he forgot that anything had happened since.

"Business or pleasure, at this time of day?" she asked, coming up behind him.

Instantly, at the provocation of her voice, an impish, youth-time impulse took possession of him. It provided its own absurd idea complete and he did not stop to examine it. His mood seized it.

"Personal," he said.

"But you look so serious!"

"It is serious—for me."

They sat at a table in the far corner of the dining room.

"Out with it! Lucky it isn't murder. You'd be suspected at first glance."

"What shall we eat? Pompano? That ought to be good. . . . Don't look at me like that. I'm so happy I can't stand it. That's all that's the matter with me. . . . Fillet of sole. How about that?"

"Anything to cure such happiness. Sole, salad and iced tea for me, please. Now then!"

"A sweet? Or shall we decide about that later?"

"Later. I may be too much surprised by that time to want a sweet."

She was regarding him intently, with a very curious expression. He avoided her eyes.

"Yes, it may surprise you," he said. "Here, waiter! . . . Of course, you know—sole, hearts of lettuce and tomato salad, French dressing, iced tea for one, large coffee, sweets later—what an emotional animal I am—two salads, yes—or romantic. Whatever you like to call it—sole for two. After all, I don't know why—no, hot coffee for one—why I should be so self-conscious about it. The fact is simple enough. I'm going to be married."

"Oh! How exciting! When?"

"When? When, did you say? Why, right away! This evening, perhaps."

"Who is the lady?"

"I'd rather not tell you yet."

"Yet? But it's to be this evening, you say."

"You would know her name at once and you might be prejudiced in spite of yourself. I can't very well explain it. But I want you to meet her first."

"This afternoon?"

"Or this evening. I'm coming to that. I very much need your help. It's an extraordinary thing to ask. I'm anxious to keep it very quiet, both on her account and my own. Not the fact afterward. That must come out. But its taking place, when and where. Then, of course, we can go away for a year, two years—live permanently abroad perhaps."

"Yes?"

"I say I can't explain it very clearly. You'll just have to take a good deal of it for granted. The newspapers are so curious and impertinent. I'd like this to happen without anyone knowing it until the notice is published and we are gone. She has no home. I mean, she lives at a hotel. I have no home either. At a church or any public place like that we'd be noticed at once."

"Will you ask the waiter to bring some more butter, please? Yes, go on. What can I do to help?"

"Take mine. I hoped you'd guess by this time. There's no one else I can ask."

"Thanks. No, I can't guess."

"Well, if you would let the ceremony take place in your apartment here and sort of manage the fussy part I'd never know how much to thank you."

"Yes, indeed. I'd love to do it. Why did you make such a bother of asking? I'll have some decorations sent in. What will she wear? What colors does she like?"

"I'll have to find out."

"And the time."

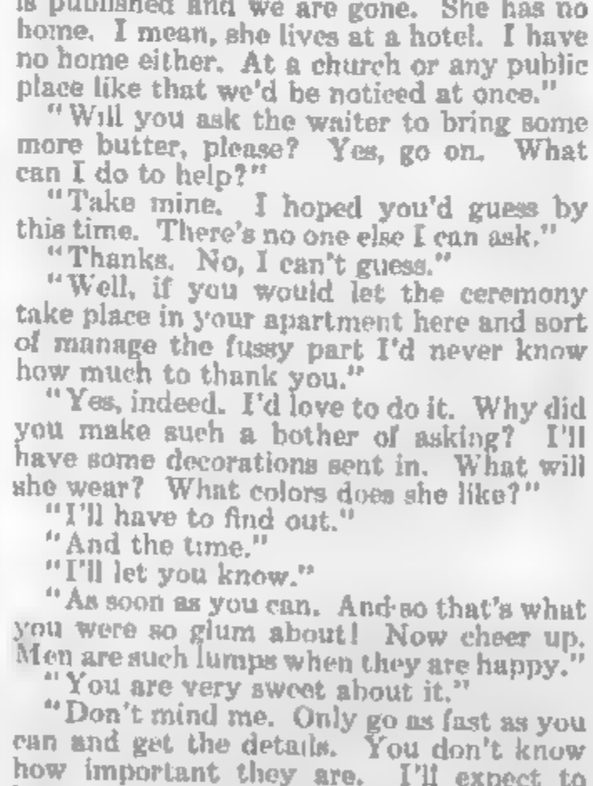
"I'll let you know."

"As soon as you can. And so that's what you were so glum about! Now cheer up. Men are such lumps when they are happy."

"You are very sweet about it."

"Don't mind me. Only go as fast as you can and get the details. You don't know how important they are. I'll expect to hear from you within an hour—two, anyhow. You will call me up?"

"Yes."



The next he knew he was in the Central Park Zoo, looking at the monkeys and wondering why they were so mystified. What had they to be puzzled about? Then there was a little brown bear that precisely expressed the absurdity he felt in himself. He did not mind feeling absurd. No, that was even comforting—a pain in the ego counteracting one in the heart. Clumsy as his device was it had served its purpose. He had found out what he had been aching to know. She did not care—not at all. In the way he had hoped she might she cared less than not at all—less than a foster sister or an old-maid aunt. He could not be mistaken. He had watched her anxiously. And she had betrayed not the slightest sign of self-concern either to his senses or to his intuition. He had that same diminished, ignominious feeling with which he retired from the boxwood hedge on the evening of their first youth-time encounter.

What an asinine thing to have done!

When he called her on the telephone two hours later, as he had promised to do, this conversation occurred:

"This is John."

"Yes. Now tell me all about it. You've been a long time."

"Hello!"

"Yes. What time?"

"Hello!"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Agnes, it's too much of an imposition altogether. I can't imagine how I could have asked you to do it. Thanks all the same, but we'll call it off."

"Nonsense! You're not telling me the truth. Something has happened."

"Maybe so. Anyhow I withdraw the request."

"Where are you?"

"Near by. Not very far."

"Meet me in the tea room downstairs. I'll be there in ten minutes." Not waiting for him to answer, she closed the wire. She was there waiting when he arrived.

"I'm sorry if anything has happened," she said most sympathetically. "Can you tell me about it?"

"It's put off," he said, feeling secretly and utterly ludicrous. "That's all."

"Oh, that can't be!" she said. "Suppose I talk to her. I shan't be modest about you. I'll not promise to be even truthful. But it won't do any harm."

"No use," he said. "I've said everything there is to say for myself. She knows me well enough—too well, perhaps. That may be it."

"Tell me about her. What is she like?"

"Cold. You wouldn't think so, but she is. The fact that a man loves her means nothing—not a thing."

"Is she so used to it?"

"I don't know. No, that isn't it."

"What?"

"I was going to say selfish. I ought not to say that. I'm selfish to want her. She wants to keep her life to herself. It's her own life."

"But it's only postponed? She doesn't say no?"

"Worse than that. She says ——"

"Yes. What does she say?"

"She says it's nicer as it is. We shall go on being friends. . . . Friendship is all right. It blooms in the next world."

"Let me talk to her, please."

"No; it's hopeless."

"I'd not urge you if I weren't so sure I could change her mind. The fact is I think I know her."

John started and regarded her fixedly with a groping, incredulous expression. She stirred her tea very thoughtfully and kept her eyes down.

"If she's the person I think she is," Agnes continued, still looking down, "what you say about her is probably true. And yet ——"

"Agnes! Be careful what you say!"

"I'll be as careful as I know how to be. Trust me."

"How long have you known her?"

"In one way, of course, you deserve to be wretched. It isn't all on one side. Do you think it's nice ——"

"How long have you known her, I ask?"

"A long time. Longer than you have," she said.

. . . . . .

Note from the society column of the New York Times, November 6, 1901:

Mr. and Mrs. Breakspeare are passing their honeymoon in Mediterranean waters on Mr. Breakspeare's yacht, the Damascene.

(THE END)

Monito

SOCKS

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Makers of Mens Socks Exclusively

FOLLOWING THE FOX

(Continued from Page 17)

seven months in the year, because during the summer months hunters are usually turned out in pasture to rest and recuperate. During these months they would cost their owner possibly twenty-five dollars, so that gets us down to about five hundred and ten dollars for the maintenance of the horse. Of course, if kept at his own private stable his mount can be cared for at less than half that amount. After that it is a question of equipment and the first cost of the horse himself.

First-class accouterments for a hunter will cost in the neighborhood of two hundred and twenty-five dollars. A good saddle can be had for one hundred dollars; bridle, twenty-five or thirty dollars; breastplate, fifteen dollars; blankets, bandages, and the like, about fifty dollars more. The hunting man's toggery will probably cost him, if he goes in for full dress—that is to say, the pink coat, top-boots, and so on, with the correct costume for off days—in the neighborhood of five hundred dollars.

There is no particular rule laid down for dress in the hunting field, except that of long-time custom. In the old days members of a hunt club were supposed to wear the hunt livery on all regular days; in fact, with the old Limerick hounds a fine of two guineas was imposed on any gentleman who did not appear in regulation togs. But in this country, unless it be at a hunt breakfast or ball, or where some member is officiating at a race meeting, the red coat—or pink, as it is called—is seldom worn. The pink is picturesque, and nothing looks better in the hunting field; but I imagine the greatest objection to it in this country is that many American men abhor wearing the tall silk hat, which, according to the regulations, except in the case of the master or hunt servants who wear the hunting cap, is imperative. White riding breeches and top-boots go with the red coat. The usual costume here, however, is a melton coat of some dark material, white or light-colored breeches and "tops," or ordinary riding boots worn according to taste. The hat is the regulation derby. This seems to be the most popular attire with 90 per cent of the members of American hunts.

Spurs, of course, are worn; but mainly nowadays they are without rowels. No one has much use for a man who scars up his unfortunate horse's sides in this day of increased consideration for dumb animals.

Now, one can pay anything he likes for a good hunter. I suppose that the average price paid in this country for a horse that will really give a man a comfortable ride to hounds ranges between eight hundred and twenty-five hundred dollars. I would say that the first amount would be rather below the mark, because a hunter with a character, as they say in Ireland, will always command a price and is not likely to go begging.

Don't forget that horses can be purchased at all prices; but I am speaking of animals that possess the real qualifications of a horse competent and qualified to carry his master to hounds.

Most Any Price is Cheap

Procuring a first-class hunter, without the most careful investigation and an exhaustive knowledge of what his qualifications should be, is a good deal like buying a ticket in a Derby sweepstake and trusting that you will be lucky enough to draw the capital prize. Some men are everlastingly buying hunters, but one hardly ever sees them well mounted. They flatter themselves that they can buy a young horse cheap and make him all that he ought to be overnight. Well, there's no such animal

Here in America the spirit of the times, which has taught us to exceed a speed limit in most things, has extended itself to the usual methods employed in making a hunter

A first-class hunter is never purchased in a falling market. The demand for him by far exceeds the supply; and you will know this is true, because outside of his kindergarten beginnings you must hunt him at least two seasons fairly regularly in order to give him the necessary experience; and that experience can be gained only in the hunting season, when he will be up against all kinds of conditions and asked to negotiate the various obstacles no matter how placed.

When one comes to think of it, any price in reason is cheap for a first-class hunter, because every time one goes a-hunting he trusts the safety of his body and bones to the animal he rides.

A hunter should be at least five years old to have acquired his full development. Three of these years will necessarily be spent in idleness. His education probably will commence when he is a three-year-old, at which time he will have had some light kindergarten instruction on the theory of jumping. He must be handled with the greatest intelligence and care. In the autumn of his three-year-old form he may be ridden occasionally to hounds, but in no case should he be permitted to make a protracted run or be distressed in any way. At four years his schooling will be continued, but still he must not be permitted to overdo himself or lose zest for the work. In the following year the finishing touches will be put on.

Now remember that all this time the young hunter must be handled with the utmost intelligence, patience and skill. The mere fact that a horse will jump anything you face him at is only the beginning. He must have a nice mouth and a clever way of taking his fences. In other words he must have what is called manners. He must not rush at his jumps, or in doing so have pulled his rider out of the saddle, for there is nothing more tiresome than to find oneself on the quarter-deck of some restless, excitable horse, covered with lather and foam and wearing himself and his rider out before the fox has left covert at all. So I say that without manners, and no matter how well he jumps, the rider will take no comfort with his mount.

Hunt Club Charges

If you take a pencil and paper and jot down the expenses incidental to raising a hunter until he has reached maturity, you will find that the actual first cost in dollars runs pretty close to four figures. It is no wonder, therefore, that hunters bring big prices; for taking the time spent and everything else into consideration, it is doubtful if the producer has made an appreciable profit in return for the labor expended; and when you remember the fact that not one man out of a thousand, even though he be a fair horseman, can make a hunter, you will be able to figure out why they cost so much, and moreover, why they are worth every penny of it.

With the advent of the automobile we were told that the horseless age had arrived, and most of our farmers went out of the breeding business, so sure were they that the demand for the horse was a thing of the past, and so strong was the propaganda in behalf of the gasoline wagon. Strange to relate, however, the demand for good horses of a certain type was never greater than it is today.

Then the war came along, and all the Allied nations had their buyers going over the country with a fine-tooth comb, looking for mounts for their soldiers. By this time the farmer was scared speechless. He readily accepted an average of one hundred and twenty-five dollars for stock that would now bring three times that amount, and thought he was stealing the money. He sold them all—young, old, good mares and indifferent ones—and when our friends over the water got through Uncle Sam was afoot.

Now, many men who in the old days bred the most desirable type of saddle horse have either gone out of the business entirely or started at the foot of the ladder trying to climb up again.

It seems surprising that the farmers who are so situated, and who tell us of the troubles encountered in keeping the boys at home on the farm, do not try the experiment of raising a couple of good colts each year and allowing the boys to have an equal interest in them. The English and Irish farmers, wiser in this connection, have found the system working almost invariably; and when you come to think of it, it would pay a farmer better to raise good saddle horses and hunters than the average crop, besides varying for the boys the eternal drudgery of agricultural life.

This brings us down to the overhead charges in connection with the hunt club itself, and if one puts them down roughly, and on the supposition that twenty couples of hounds are kept—which by the way is about the minimum—it will cost the club something like two thousand dollars a month for upkeep. This will include, of course, the wages for stable help, huntsmen, whippers-in and kennel attendants. A good huntsman will probably get from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a month, with house, light, fuel and the other extras that go with it. The whips draw salaries of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and the head kennel man from seventy-five to one hundred dollars. The average pay for expert stable help nowadays is forty-five dollars with board, which will run twenty dollars more. So that one can safely put down the wages of the hunt servants and helpers at one thousand dollars. The upkeep of the premises, rent—if any has to be paid—feed for the horses and hounds, and the usual extras, will run about one thousand dollars more.

Of course, it must be remembered that a good deal of this money comes back, because there is a profit on feeding the members' horses, shoeing them, and the like, and this, added to the annual dues and admission fees, places most of the hunt clubs on a sound financial basis. The annual dues, I might say, for most recognized hunts run all the way from fifty to one hundred dollars. Outside subscriptions to the master's fund or extra contributions might run from twenty-five to fifty dollars a year, from all of which it will be seen that hunting the fox is not in itself a rich man's game, but rather within the reach of every man of moderate means who loves to indulge in this most ancient of all field sports.

Most recognized hunt clubs give annual race meetings under the auspices of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, which are almost entirely confined to events for amateurs; and as the years go by, and many people tire of the professional side of racing, these meetings have grown amazingly in popularity.

They are usually held over a natural course laid out on the farm of some member, and are most enjoyable affairs, enthusiastically supported by the residents of the surrounding country. Thus, in a day when it is often alleged that racing in some quarters is commercialized, it is refreshing to know that the sport of kings is still carried on without having recourse to percentages, though sometimes perhaps the horse and the big sentimental appeal he carries with him are lost sight of.

True to Tradition

And don't for a moment suppose that the man who appears in correct hunting togs, with his red coat and top-boots, isn't a horseman, and is simply riding to show himself off, because nine times out of ten you will find he is the equal of any man crossing a rough country, and knows the game of horsemanship and breeding from Genesis to Revelation. He simply is subscribing to an old custom and conforming to the ancient rules laid down for a sport older than the Constitution and replete with the picturesque personalities of a long line of fox-hunting forbears.

Every hunt club has certain defined bounds over which it hunts, and the custom of huntsmen has been that these boundaries shall be respected. One hunt would never think of trespassing on the territory of another without express invitation so to do. These bounds are set by certain custom and usage; but above all, by the grace and good will of the owners of the property over which the hunt passes; and here we come to a knotty problem that sometimes confronts masters and huntsmen in this country.

Sometimes we hear about the trouble they have with the hounds in Ireland; but one can in no way compare the sport here with the manner in which it is conducted in the old country. In Ireland the seat of the trouble lay mainly in politics. The Land Leaguers and others of the disturbing type thought it would be a fine thing to stop the hounds; but they reckoned without their host, because they forgot that in the hunting districts of Ireland the pastime is linked pretty closely to an industry, and the farmers and small landowners were vitally interested in the preservation of the hunt; so they had no sooner got rid of the hounds than they started a campaign to get them back again.

In England there are many ancient packs that have hunted the same country for more than a hundred years. The people of the neighborhood have grown up with them. They regard the sport as national and take part in it with a zest beyond all exaggeration. Fox hunting with them is almost a religion.

But here in America no such conditions prevail. The average farmer, with few exceptions in certain localities, takes no active part in the sport; and probably deep down he regards the hunt as a fanciful man's plaything. He knows by experience foxes are the arch enemy of his poultry yards, and that sometimes careless riders plow across his wheat fields when the ground is wet and soggy. He knows what it means to have his gates left open and top rails broken from fences; but in the main he is a pretty good sport.

A Sporting Entente Cordiale

He may not hunt himself, but, after all, when he sees the red coats coming across his boundaries he feels a tingling from head to toes, and possibly the old sporting blood of some dead-and-gone ancestor dominates his personality for the moment. Oh, yes, he may have a long indictment against the marauding fox and something to say about crops ridden over and fences broken, but as a rule he keeps his own counsel and the hunt goes on.

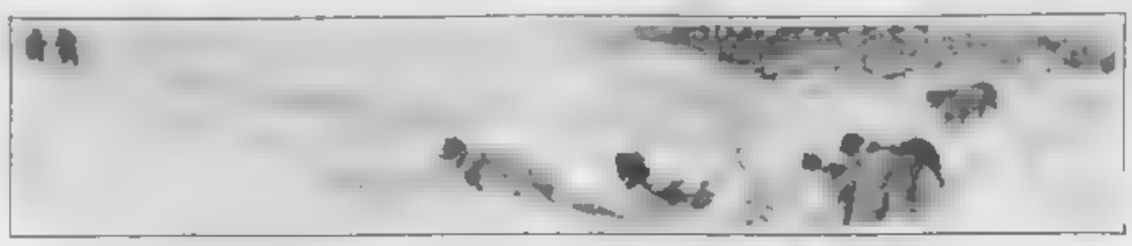
Verily, you've got to say that he's a pretty good sport.

One cannot argue with much truth that the farmer derives direct benefit from the fact that a hunt club is started in his vicinity. Outside of a very few localities where the particular neighborhood is universally interested in the hunt in some form or other, the balance is all on the side of the man who owns the land. Sometimes he feels, and with reason, that his hospitality has been strained almost to the breaking point, and he may have grave doubts as to whether his generosity is appreciated. But in the main an inborn love for sport in its broad sense and a desire to see others enjoy themselves prevail.

And on their part it must be said that the hunt club and its members are usually zealously cautious that nothing shall be done that will engender ill feeling or strain relations that with very few exceptions have been for many years amicable. If, for instance, a farmer's hencoops have been looted by foxes, the first duty of the master is to find out what damage has been occasioned, and pay for it promptly. But a great many men, through their good nature, who have been victims of the marauder, never think of filing any claim against the club, although their losses may have been in some instances most severe.

The huntsmen and whips, if they fulfill their full duty, must patrol the territory they hunt at frequent intervals and see that gates are closed and fences renewed; and it is fair to say that this practice is invariably carried out by the masters and officials of all recognized clubs; more so than ever, in fact, at the present time, because with the settling up of the country the territory within striking distance of the large cities is becoming more limited as the years go on.

But no matter how one looks at it, and no matter how much money the hunt club spends, it can only be maintained, after all, by the good will and grace of the man who owns or controls the land; and that he willingly concedes, perhaps, more license than he would to any other branch of sport is evidence of the deep-rooted approval with which this most ancient of all Anglo-Saxon pastimes is regarded.



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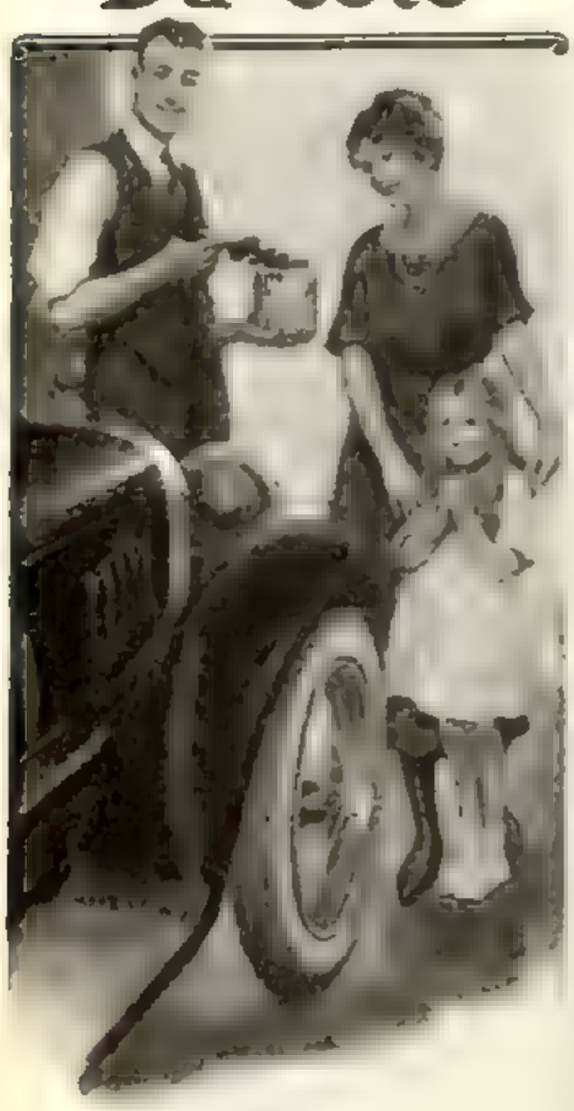

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PINE MAST

Continued from Page 11

proud of. It was Berthe who had managed to make him feel rich in that possession, with her round-eyed astonishment over even the little level patches in the bottom. He grinned at her as they climbed.

"All ours, Bert," he said, with a wide sweep of his arm.

Her name had puzzled him until she wrote it for him, toiling over the pencil. But she wouldn't let him pronounce it in any fashion but her own, masculine as it sounded in his ears.

"Fine!" Her eyes seemed to glow. "Big!"

He chuckled, wondering what standards had formed her idea of values. Over there, where she had come from, they must have rubbed along on pretty small farms. The land wasn't worth anything—three or four dollars an acre, perhaps, if somebody was fool enough to want it. For that matter, there was plenty of land in the Scaur that could be had for nothing beyond the taxes. But he did not try to explain this; he yielded to a pleasurable sense of the importance the land could give him in Berthe's eyes. It was a new and stimulating sensation to be considered as a rich man, even by a foreign woman who didn't know any better.

As they climbed toward the crest and came among the pine seedlings he must presently grub out again he swung the ax carelessly, with one hand, shearing off the thin stem of one of the young trees, as a boy might strike idly at a tall weed. His wife cried out in quick protest.

"No, no!" She caught up the severed top and showed him the concentric rings. "Long time to grow big."

He shrugged. That was one good thing about weeds of this sort—they took seven or eight years to get growth enough to matter. Instead of trying to explain, he flung out an arm, drawing his wife's glance to the thick stand of the young evergreens that, at a little distance, merged into a green mist above the starving grass. She laughed low in her throat, and nodded understandingly.

"Good! Much trees—soon."

Soon! He shook his head without trying to debate the word, amused by her misunderstanding. She actually thought he was trying to raise pines on his pasture land, instead of sheep! He admitted that there was a basis in fact for the error; there was more evidence in sight of pine than pasturage. But—soon! Berthe must have strange notions of time. Left to themselves, these seedlings might grow to timber size in a century or two. And David Treadway was fifty!

He climbed the snake fence to reach the condemned pine. She scrambled over after him, and he stopped a moment to explain that the fence marked his boundary. He could see her glance follow it to the corner, where it veered to the west along the rim of the hill and dipped out of sight on the farther slope; and again he caught a reflected warmth from the glow of pride and possession in her face. He took off a wammus jacket and turned back his sleeves, leaning the ax against the tree. He stood back to survey the ground before beginning his cut; it would save labor to bring it down so that he could roll the log with the slope. He slashed at a seedling that would have interfered with his swing. A sharp cry from the woman startled him. She had jumped between him and the great pine, her back against the trunk, her arms outspread.

"No, not cut! Not cut!"

He was puzzled by the passionate earnestness of her cry. Her hat had fallen in her spring; there was something strange in her, roused from the dour stolidity that had seemed her habit. She was more alive, more vivid—almost, he conceded half unwillingly, almost pretty. But her mistaken interference irritated him above these scattering thoughts; she was carrying it too far this time. He ought not to have given in on other differences; if he didn't put his foot down sharply she'd be bossing everything.

"Stand out of the way, Bert. Got to cut that tree."

She did not stir. He saw her mouth tighten, saw the obstinate motion of her head.

"No! Not cut!"

A gust of anger woke in him. He set his jaws, took her wrist, as if to move her by main force. She slipped her free arm swiftly about the trunk and he was startled to discover that her strength, with this anchorage, was equal to his own.

"Not cut! Not cut!"

"I tell you I got to cut it, Bert! You don't understand. The seed scatters all over my field yonder. See?"

He released her arm and snatched up an old cone, pointing up to the high, laden branches and to the overgrowth beyond the fence. She seemed to understand now. Her face brightened.

"Yes, seed!" She nodded. "Good! Much seed! Much tree!" She swept an arm widely, as if to picture the drift of the pine mast over the slope. "Old tree—good seed!"

The phrase halted David Treadway in another impatient motion toward her. Old trees and good seed! He found himself looking up at the Mark Pine with a crazy feeling of brotherhood and compassion.

"Good seed all right," he said slowly; "but I don't want it on my land. Spoils the pasture for the sheep."

He repeated this, trying to illuminate it with pantomime, showing her how even the seedlings killed out the grass. She seemed, at last, to understand.

"Sheep!" There was something like contempt in her short laugh. "Not good—sheep. Better much tree. Good seed make big tree."

Again he tried to move her forcibly, and again she clung too tightly for his strength. He stood facing her, angry and bewildered. She held out her hands in a placating, pleading gesture, strangely eloquent. His mood underwent a swift revulsion. After all, if she took the thing to heart like this, what was the sense of fighting her? Evidently the Mark Pine mattered to Berthe a lot more than to David Treadway. He was suddenly ashamed. Why shouldn't she have her way if she set such store by one old tree? Suppose the hill pasture did go back to scrub pine—what did it matter? He couldn't pasture quite so many sheep, sure enough, but they didn't pay much of anything at the best of it. He yielded in a gesture.

"All right, Bert; I won't cut it if you don't want I should."

She stood still, her eyes searching his.

"Not cut—ever? Not come back?"

He shook his head.

"All right; not ever, Bert. Guess I can let a mite of land go to waste if you want. Got plenty left."

He wondered at himself as they went back down the hill. He ought to be ashamed of giving in like this, and he wasn't. He was even mildly and bashfully pleased with himself. It was funny—Persis Maldrum hadn't wanted that old tree cut either. Women, he decided, were pretty much alike in some ways. He wouldn't have suspected Berthe of sharing Persis' sentimental attitude. Somehow he was rather glad to find that she wasn't so different as she seemed.

But he discovered presently, as the early autumn drew in on the hills, that Berthe had no general, inclusive sentiment for trees. She went with him on his trips to the wood lot as he worked up the firewood he had cut last winter, and she marked with crisscross blazes tree after tree for this year's cutting, as pitiless as any lumberjack. His respect for her deepened as he saw how wisely she chose. Every tree she blazed was ripe for the ax; the wood lot would not suffer but gain for the removals she advised.

He no longer quarreled with her stinginess in the matter of brush; there was no sense in wasting good firewood on useless, troublesome outdoor burnings that must be closely watched lest they spread into the woods, when the fagoted twigs made as good a cooking fire as anyone could ask. He even stooped to helping Berthe at her task when no rougher work required his attention. And he sold, that winter, forty cords of stove wood, a good share of which, in his bachelor years, he would have used for his own fires. Wood was fetching higher prices too. There was even a demand from Rannett, down in the lower valley, that drew on the local supply. The extra money paid the wages of the slattern who grudgingly consented to come up from Eb Whitcher's when Berthe's boy was born. She carried back a strange tale of miserly economies in contemptible details, of David Treadway's unmanly attitude toward his wife and son.

"Acts like there hadn't never been nobody born before. Couldn't make no more fuss over that woman o' his if she'd found a gold mine in the yard!"

III

THE faces of the men and women irritated Treadway, and amused him. He watched the curious shift of glance from him to Berthe and back again, with an exasperated understanding of the thoughts behind the inexpressive features. They looked down on him, these old neighbors, for having married Berthe. Manifestly they wondered about it, studying Berthe's impassive face as if to find in it an answer to a riddle. Some of them, too, were sorry for him. It was this that amused him. It was comic to be pitied for having married Berthe. He enjoyed the feeling of a secret jest, even while he resented the exclusion with which, unconsciously, they rebuked him. There was a sensible reserve in their manner toward him, as if his marriage had somehow made him alien to the fellowship of the hills.

The sheriff's voice droned on in the singsong of his sale. Treadway felt the common disinterest in the affair; it was only a formality to offer these abandoned lands at auction; there was no bidding, except in rare instances, and never more than one bidder for any parcel. As the chant boomed on he saw mental pictures of the farmsteads it named—old, solid, square houses, stone-walled fields where the rocks thrust up through the shallow soil, the families that had drifted away from them and died out. A kind of depression settled on his mood as the sheriff reached a tract he knew almost as well as his own. There was something sorrowful in this evidence of the final disappearance of the Websters from the Scaur. He realized that he had taken a certain comfort in Chick Webster's sentimental attachment to the old place, which had kept him paying taxes on it all the years since his father's death. But Chick had died, two years before, somewhere in the West, and his heirs had better uses for his money.

Treadway's common sense approved of their decision to let the place go for the taxes. The buildings were far gone in ruin; the fields had disappeared under scrub overgrowth; even in old John's day the farm had barely yielded a living. But Treadway was sorry, nevertheless, as the sheriff gabbled the figures. The Webster farm touched his at a common corner; he felt as if the decay of the Scaur had come closer to him than ever.

He saw blank, startled faces turned suddenly toward him before he realized that it was Berthe who had spoken. The sheriff looked up from his list, his jaw sagging. Treadway heard his wife repeat her bid. Even in his bewilderment he felt a dim pride in the clearness of her speech. You'd hardly know that she'd never heard English till three or four years ago.

He twitched at her sleeve. She didn't mean to offer money for those useless acres. Berthe was even cannier than he, and it was just throwing away the cash, supposing that they had it to spare, to buy more land in the Scaur, whatever the price. But Berthe paid no heed. She nodded when the sheriff, without waiting for another offer, knocked the place down to her bid, and she counted out the money deliberately from the homemade purse of ticking in which she carried her own funds, the proceeds of occasional cash sales of eggs and butter and cottage cheese. There was a new look in her face when she came back with the sheriff's deed. In spite of his puzzled irritation, Treadway understood that changed expression, sympathized with it. It was good to feel that you owned land, even the barren, stingy land of the Scaur. And if Berthe wanted it enough to buy it with her private savings it was after all her own affair. He felt himself smiling at her as she came toward him, and somehow, under the curious stares of the bystanders, his shoulders were a little straighter than before, as if, crazily, he was proud of his wife for what she had done.

Young Matt was in the buckboard, contentedly holding the end of the looped

(Continued on Page 84)

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SEATTLE—*Center of America's Summer Playground*

THE OLYMPIC RANGE ACROSS PUGET SOUND FROM SEATTLE

(Continued from Page 82)

lines twisted around the whip, a still, sober child, who seemed to understand Berthe without need of words. They drove away in silence. Treadway had learned to wait for Berthe's explanations or to do without them. She waited till the straggling town lay behind them.

"I wanted it," she said, "for Matt."

"Thought so. But it's poor land, Bert—almighty poor."

"Yes; but there is wood."

"Just scrub. Old John sold off the last stick o' timber ——"

"Not all. I know. I counted." Her smile vanished. "They cut most, but not all. We get a sawmill now. It is good to sell boards—better as firewood."

"Not enough saw logs to make it pay, Bert—have the mill on our hands and nothing to saw."

She shook her head.

"I counted. There is enough now—and every year more. In Alsace on so much land we make many boards always."

He suppressed an impulse to argue the point. She was wrong, of course, but it didn't matter. They had no money to buy a sawmill. As they reached the rise from which the Webster lands were visible he ran an exploring glance over the slant and was startled by the discovery that it was greener than he had thought. Above the mat of scrub he could see the dark spikes of scattered pines left standing by the timber gangs when old John Webster sold the woods.

"It is there," Berthe said quietly. "I counted." Her smile came and went again. "And they have made much seed, those old trees. In a little while it is all woods again, for Matt."

Treadway said nothing. His thoughts had moved ahead. In a little while Matt would be a man, to turn his back on the Scaur like the others. Matt wouldn't be like his father, too spiritless to get out into the world; he'd go down there as the others had gone when his time came. A few trees left standing on worthless land wouldn't mean any more to him than they'd meant to Chick Webster, prospering out there in Chicago. Treadway frowned. He mustn't let Berthe's foreign ideas get hold of Matt.

He heard Berthe's low-pitched speech without attention. She was talking about a secondhand sawmill she'd heard of, somewhere beyond Rannett, that could be bought for very little. They could borrow enough and pay it back out of the lumber they'd sell. He did not argue. It would be terrible if Matt grew up to be as spiritless as his father—willing to take root in the Scaur, with the great eager world beckoning to him beyond the bleak rim of the hills. Perhaps, as the Scaur people manifestly believed, David Treadway had given his son the wrong mother.

The disloyalty of the thought reproached him instantly. Berthe wasn't to blame for her queer foreign notions. By the time Matt was grown she would understand things better, be as eager as anybody to see her son make something of himself.

In this relaxing mood he heard himself assenting absently to Berthe's plans about the mill.

IV

DAVID TREADWAY was uneasy under the level eyes of the girl. She reminded him of her grandmother, as he had seen her long ago, when the whole Scaur had gathered to see her marry Herbert Maldrum; and he had never wholly lost his awe of Persis in the years that lay between. In the back of his mind a vague satisfaction contemplated Berthe's conquest of that formidable old woman. You'd never guess, watching them together, that Berthe had come to the Scaur as Persis Maldrum's hired girl. He had a sudden recollection of the day when he had driven Berthe away from this same house. It was funny to be here with her again, to see Persis Maldrum treating her with something that was queerly like respect.

And this granddaughter who made him think of Persis at twenty—he found himself studying her with a sudden hope that was touched somehow with resentment. Perhaps she'd make something of Matt after all. It was still hard for David Treadway to believe that she was going to marry Matt. Alice Glenny, after her years at school and college, marrying Matt Treadway, who'd grown up in the Scaur, except for his winters of schooling down in Rannett, who was as contented in the empty hills as Berthe herself!

Yes, this girl would wake him up fast enough. Treadway studied her covertly. There was spunk in her, he decided. Her eyes were straight and clear and intelligent, and there was strength in the line of her mouth. She'd stir Matt out of his plodding ways, take him out of the Scaur and down into the hurrying life of the low country, where men didn't grow fast to the ground.

It was what he'd always wanted for his son. Always, as Matt grew, he had meant to talk to him about it; had even rehearsed the phrases in which the thing might be said; but somehow the occasion for actual speech had never seemed to come. Even now, when somebody else would say it for him, David Treadway was aware of an unreasoning reluctance. He'd miss Matt, he and Berthe, when this girl took him away.

A sudden antagonism woke in him toward the prospect, a resentment at Berthe's share in bringing it to pass. She'd never regretted the decay of the community. Always, when another farm came under the sheriff's hammer, Berthe had been savagely pleased at the chance to buy it in, tireless in her wrecker's work of covering the clearings with that mask of scrub, counting the scattered trees that would make saw logs for the hungry mill when they had dropped seed enough to satisfy her.

From the window he could see the snow-covered hills. They'd been cutting, this week, in the old Webster tract, thinning out the young stuff in that field where old John Webster had pastured his sheep the year after the war. It came home to Treadway with a sobering force—those trees were younger than he by twenty years or more, and Berthe was already harvesting among them! He was an old man; older than he felt or believed. For an instant he resented the youth of the girl who faced him, resented even Berthe's erect and vigorous figure, seemingly more vital for the contrast with Persis Maldrum's bent, fragile age.

"I suppose you'll be wanting Matt to go down yonder when you're married, Alice."

He wondered at his tone. It was sullen, almost surly, as if he didn't want her to do exactly this. She laughed softly.

"I wondered why you looked so—so sober. I might have guessed you'd be afraid of that."

"Not afraid, exactly." It was strange that her tone and look should smooth out his thoughts, stop that dull ache in his throat. "I've been thinking ——"

"I know." Again she touched his sleeve. "You haven't any reason to suppose I'm not a little fool—wanting to do what they do—down there, no matter what it costs. I might have felt like that if I hadn't known—Matt's mother." Her voice changed. "And you."

He was bewildered, above an unreasoning pleasure. She liked Berthe anyway. She wasn't ashamed

"It's no wonder that Matt's—what he is," she went on slowly. "If I can be like her—the way he's like you! If we can go on, doing what you've done ——"

She drew his glance to the window with a swift, passionate gesture. Along the crest of the hill, black against the snow, he saw the thick mass of young pines that covered the pasture he had given Berthe that day he had tried to cut the Mark Pine. Above them, swaying to the savage wind across the summit, the gaunt old tree held his eyes. There was something terrifying in the spectacle. He half rose, as if to answer a gesture of distress, and, his hands tight on the arms of the chair, saw the great shaft lean far and hang for a long breathless space before it went slowly, almost proudly, down.

For an instant it seemed to David Treadway that it was he who had fallen. A wordless cry rose in his throat, and he felt Berthe suddenly beside him, her hand strong and reassuring on his arm. He pointed, and saw that his hand shook.

"The Mark Pine! I saw it go ——"

Berthe's fingers seemed to understand his thought; there was a strange healing in their touch. He saw Matt at the window beside the girl, and a swift flame of pride leaped up in him at the boy's lean, rugged strength and height, a pride that was not possessive but personal, as if he had seen David Treadway, young again, in the very flesh. Berthe's voice came to him

"But see," she said evenly, "they go on, the pines. Good seed!"

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9

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THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland

THE TRUTH

(Continued from Page 19)

I heard that Job Sharretts was murdered and Calvin was taken up for it. Dan Webber said it happened on Wednesday between Christmas and New Year's at about seven o'clock. But at seven o'clock he was at home, and it would take anyhow an hour to get to Job's place. So it cannot be."

In profound amazement, father and son looked at each other, then back at William.

"Did he agree to wait?" asked the younger man, whose interest in human nature often led him to propound somewhat irrelevant questions.

"No," said William; "he refused me. He was rough to me. But I must tell the truth."

"Can you support your story by witnesses?" asked the elder Sanderson.

William blushed a little.

"I tell the truth," he said. "But my Mary she can tell what time I left home, and the Shindledeckers, they know I was at prayer meeting."

"Other people were at prayer meeting, I suppose?"

"No," said William with a sigh. "Our people are few and they do not come as they should. But we had a good meeting; I made a sermon and one of them prayed and it went off all right. Then I went home. It was ten o'clock when I got in my house."

"You always have prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, I suppose?" said the elder Sanderson.

"Oh, yes," said William. "I guess everybody in the world has prayer meeting on Wednesday."

"And he wanted to get your land as well as Job's?" said the young man, still curiously.

"Yes," said William. "He would like to get the whole county. But I must tell the truth."

On a bright February morning William went with the Sandersons in their car to the Shindledeckers' house. He was not convinced that it was right to own an automobile, because the Bible made no mention of that vehicle; but his conscience allowed him to ride in another person's car on an errand which might mean the saving of a human life. The Sandersons were completely mystified. They still believed that their client had murdered Job Sharretts, but they tried in vain to pick some flaw in the story of William. The young man had driven with him behind his old mare from his house to that of Calvin Weikert and found his schedule to be exact to the moment.

When they told Weikert the story which William had told them he seemed about to faint. He had lost flesh and his great jowls hung like bags.

"He speaks God's truth," he said at last. "He is right." Sitting in his cell, he shouted it as one might shout "Sail Ho!" There was something about the sound which convinced young Sanderson more than ever that he was guilty.

"Hershey says you wanted his land too."

Weikert made the motion of throwing lavish gifts.

"I don't want it. I'll cancel the mortgage. I'll give him a better farm. I'll ——"

"You'll say no more about giving him anything," said the elder Sanderson sharply.

The two Shindledeckers, seeing the automobile coming up the road, turned the key. Only when William went round to the back door did the braver sister consent to open it a crack.

"I would like to talk to you a little, Betsy," said William.

"Yes, well." The door did not open wider; it was as though she said "Well, talk!"

William told his simple story.

"You and Tilly would be willing to go to court to say that I was at prayer meeting between Christmas and New Year's? Say you would, Betsy."

"Not to swear!" protested Betsy, terrified.

"No, just to affirm."

"I would," consented Betsy. "But Tilly wouldn't. She is crowd-shy."

"But perhaps she would say so here before the squire," said young Sanderson.

After a whispered conference, Betsy announced that Tilly would.

"An officer will come tomorrow and read a paper directing you to come to court," said young Sanderson. "He will simply read the paper and you need make no answer."

"Yes, well," said Betsy.

In the morning, mist veiled the landscape. At eight o'clock the barn was still an indistinct gray, the withered grass a lifeless brown. The hills in whose noble outlines William took comfort had vanished. He had been to the creamery and had returned. When he was unharnessing he saw coming out of the mist a young man in a blue uniform, whom he invited into his kitchen.

Mary was stirring briskly about; the baby lay sleeping in the cradle. The two little boys played on the floor, dressed in the costumes which their mother had coveted for them, long trousers and tiny jackets of dark jeans. Their delicate hair had been cropped into a curious round outline, and they were two solemn, bewitching little figures.

The young man in the blue uniform found the scene a pleasant one; he looked smilingly at the cheerful faces, at the simple toys and at the large calendar on the wall. He saw the large X which William had marked over the Wednesday between Christmas and New Year's, and he said that the picture represented a very fine cow. Then he took a paper from his overcoat pocket and began to read in a loud voice, as though William were a mile away.

"The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to William Hershey greeting: We command you, that, setting aside all business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear, in your proper person, before our judges, at Lanesville, at our county court, there to be held on the fourth day of March, to testify to the truth, according to your knowledge, in the matter of the Commonwealth versus Calvin Weikert. And this you are not to omit, under the penalty of one hundred pounds."

William nodded solemnly, not even wondering at the strange penalty.

"March fourth," said the young man. "Nine sharp."

"I'll be there," promised William.

When the young man had gone, Mary looked at her husband with amazement and admiration.

"Aren't you afraid, William?"

"No," said William. "All I must do is to tell the truth." He too looked round the pleasant room. He had heard no more about the foreclosure of the mortgage and the thin ice had hardened a little beneath his feet. His eyes fell last upon the calendar with its black X. "There," he said, "is where I marked down the eggs that day."

The court room, dull and dingy like most court rooms, was long and narrow and furnished with pewlike benches. The high desk before the judge was scarred by the use of almost a hundred years. The tall windows let in the gray light of another misty morning; but the mist was not dark and opaque, but bright and almost transparent.

William had sat in this crowded, ill-smelling room for five days during the impaneling of the jury and the opening of the case by the Commonwealth. Between the hours of 6:30 and 7:30 on the evening of Wednesday, the twenty-eighth of December, Job Sharretts had been murdered. He had but one enemy and that enemy sat here in the court room. The district attorney might have said, "Who sits here, paralyzed with terror, building his hope of life upon a little Mennonite in a broad hat."

Weikert understood but too well the hostility of those about him. He heard their murmurs, and nothing would have persuaded him to venture among them without a guard. He fixed his eyes upon the broad hat and did not glance to right or left.

At last William heard his name called, and rose. A man mumbled at him an unintelligible sentence and bade him raise his hand.

"I do not understand you," said William.

A silence fell upon the court room, spreading like a wave. The public knew nothing of the line of defense; but many persons were acquainted with William, and all felt instinctively that now somehow the truth was to be got at. The officer repeated his form of words distinctly.

"You do affirm that the evidence which you shall give to the court and jury, in the issue now trying, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God."

"Yes," said William, "I affirm."

He saw the judge and the jury and the lawyers and all the crowd, and he remembered Daniel and the three Hebrew children. He was allowed to tell his story without hindrance. There was nothing to which the prosecutor could object, no cause for which he could be stopped even for a moment. What he said was so short and simple that everyone gasped when he was through. He told the reason for his errand to Weikert; he even said that he was afraid to go in, and that when he had climbed into his buggy he sat for a while too disappointed and unhappy to drive away. As he spoke Weikert's mouth closed slowly and his cheeks lost their greenish hue and became simply white. But his hands still gripped the railing before him. Would they take the word of William Hershey?

Betsy Shindledecker furnished to the solemn occasion the only touch of comedy. She rose and stood before them like a priestess, her hands clasped before her broad waist. Her clear, positive statements surprised everyone and delighted the Sandersons. Of course, she was at prayer meeting the last Wednesday in December; she never missed prayer meeting. She and her sister were there, and she had prayed and William Hershey had made a sermon. Suddenly Betsy surprised herself; she believed this opportunity was given her by God. She said it was shameful that the people no longer went to prayer meeting.

The district attorney, astonished and taken aback, summed up his case feebly. The elder Sanderson summed up his brief evidence brilliantly. He reminded the jury that it was not his business or theirs to show who killed Job Sharretts, whether it was done by some vagrant or by some enemy whom they did not know; it was his business and theirs to testify to the fact that Calvin Weikert, sitting in his house, could not at the same time have killed Job Sharretts four miles away on the mountain.

When the jury filed out William went home. He was tired of court, and there was all the spring work waiting. He gave Calvin an appealing glance as he passed, in his heart no demand for reward, only a plea for mercy.

William finished his evening work and came into the house, two milk pails in his hands. They were so brimful that only their exact balance enabled him to carry them safely. It was pleasant to get one's work done in daylight and then have a minute or two to watch the sun sink. Supper was ready and he sat down.

"Oh, I wish he would let us off!" he said with a sigh.

"I should think he ought to," said Mary. "I should think that was the least he could do."

William shook his head and looked at her tenderly: he had recognized before a slightly worldly taint in this dear creature. He spread a slice of bread and butter and apple-butter for David, and added a little layer of cottage cheese, which he called smearcase. It was all that David's little jaws could do to stretch across the thick poultice.

"There is someone coming," said Mary. "My mother said you would get a fee for going every day to court."

"I don't want any fee," said William. "I only told the truth. Why, it is Weikert!" he said, astonished.

Weikert stepped in and sat down in the rocking-chair by the stove, but he would accept no food. He did not speak at first; it seemed as though his purpose in coming were to execute a gesture. He took a folded paper from his pocket and opened it; it was the mortgage on the farm. He tore it solemnly across.

"Tomorrow I satisfy it at the courthouse," he promised.

"I didn't ask for that," said William, joyful but disturbed. "I asked you only to wait for your interest; and I don't want any pay for telling the truth."

Weikert made three efforts before he was able to speak. He stood in awe before this little man and his great principles.

"It is because you have had sickness and a hard frost and poor crops," he said. "I have no little children and I have many farms. I ——" He halted suddenly and lifted a pointing finger at the calendar on the wall with its conspicuous X on the Wednesday between Christmas and New Year's. "What does that mean?"

"That is when I got the first eggs," explained William. "I came in from the barn with six eggs, and I went and marked an X so I should remember the date when the hens began to lay. There I saw it was Wednesday, and I remembered prayer meeting, and I thought I would go to see you. By that X I knew I hadn't made any mistake. I often looked at it, and once I thought I would take the whole calendar along in the court, but I forgot."

Weikert tried to rise from his chair, and sank back.

Then by another mighty effort he raised himself. Body and legs were trembling; he went staggering across toward the chimney piece.

"It is a pretty picture," said Mary. "We had it this long time already."

"I would like to have it," said Weikert. He stretched out both his arms as though he were swimming toward a life preserver which he must reach or perish. Little David, divining his purpose, began to cry. "Just the little calendar," said Weikert, as though he pleaded with little David not to interrupt or delay him.

"Take it," said William. "Hush, David, he doesn't want the pretty cow."

"And I thank you," said Weikert, going toward the door. He walked heavily. Confinement and apprehension of death had broken him permanently.

Weikert got into his car and drove down the hill. He was not fit to guide a car, but he came somehow to the office of the Sandersons, where the young man was alone, and there collapsed into a chair like a bag of liquid laid in a bowl; and young Sanderson looked at him with sharp curiosity. His father's large bill was paid. There was no reason why Weikert should have come back. But having read many legal cases, and having pondered upon the psychology of the criminal, he was not altogether unprepared for the question that came from Weikert's trembling lips:

"Is it so that no man can be tried twice for—for murder?"

"Yes," said young Sanderson promptly. "That is a provision of the Constitution of the United States. 'Nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb.'"

Weikert drew his great fist from his pocket and opened it. Within, warm and crushed, lay the little calendar. He unfolded it and held it with the tips of fingers and thumbs, his hands shaking so that he seemed to be trying to tear some strong object in two.

"Here!" he said. "He went by last year's calendar. He thought it was Wednesday when he was by me, but it was Thursday."

The young man sat silent and frowning.

"But the women who came to prayer meeting—how about them?" he asked at last.

"They don't know what day it is," said Weikert. "They are like him, unworldly. They go to church when they see the people and the light. He made the light and they went."

Young Sanderson looked at him steadily. He spoke no word, but his brain and his eyes cried out together.

"What really happened, Weikert?"

"I went to Job's house on Wednesday evening," gasped Weikert. "I wanted his land. He struck at me and I struck back. When Hershey came on Thursday I thought it was the officers. Do you think a jury would have believed me or let me off?"

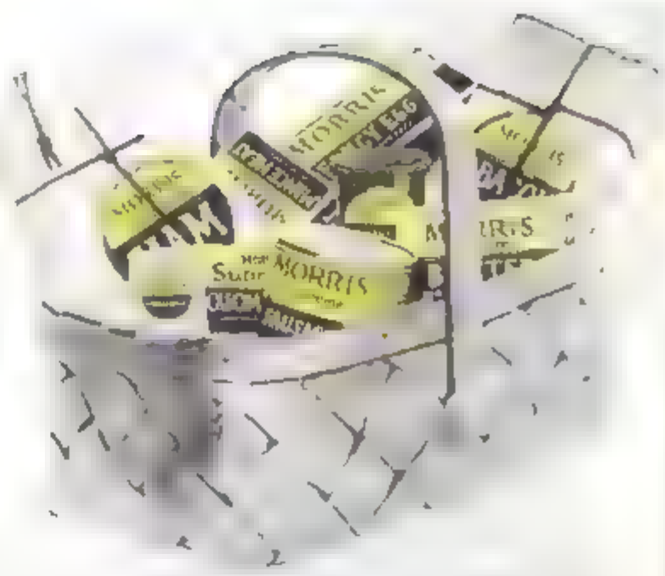
"No," said Sanderson slowly. "You'd got twenty years, anyhow. So that is how it happened."

"Yes," said Weikert. "That is God's truth."

MOR

Bake a Supreme Ham for Easter

RIS



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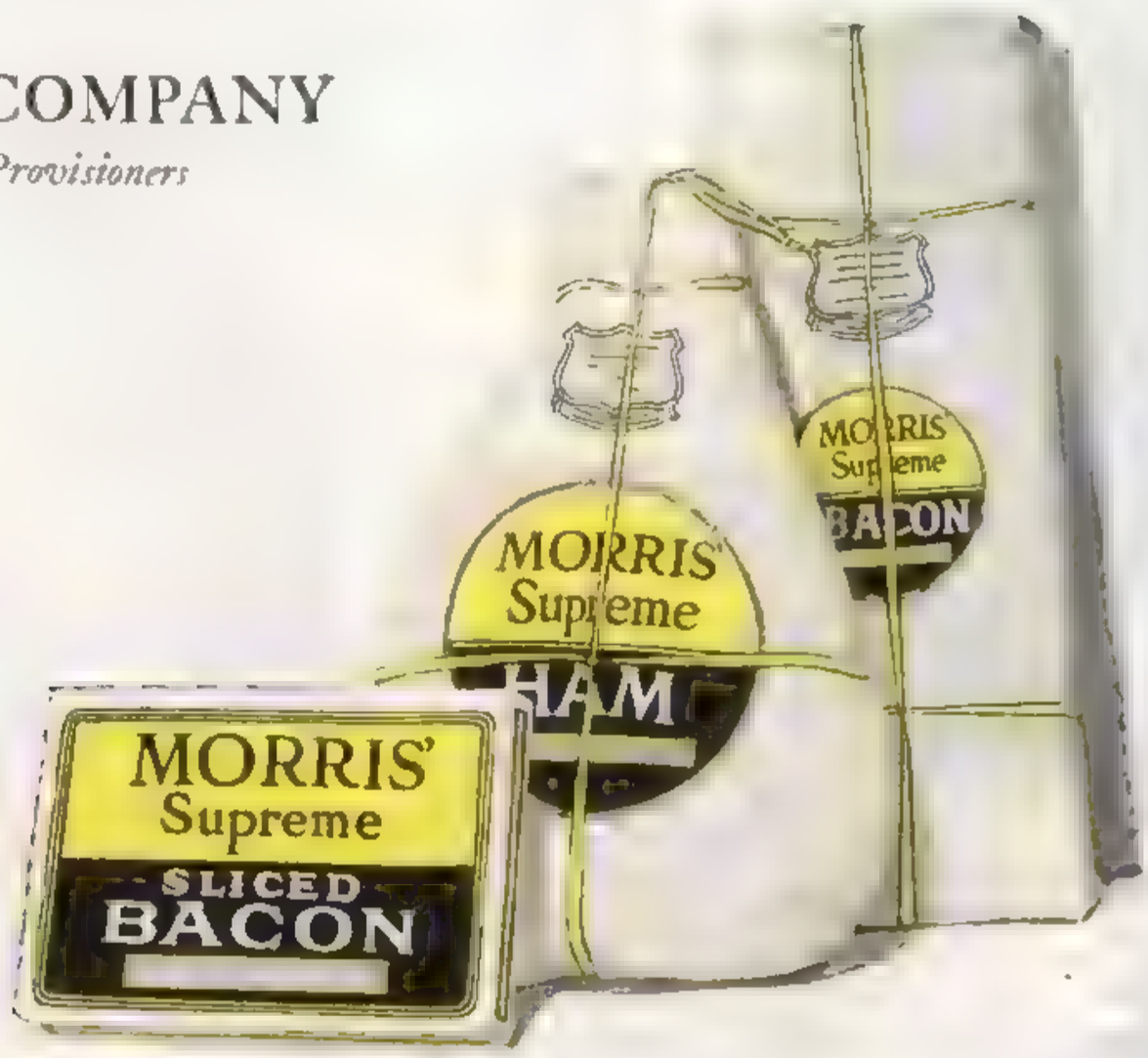

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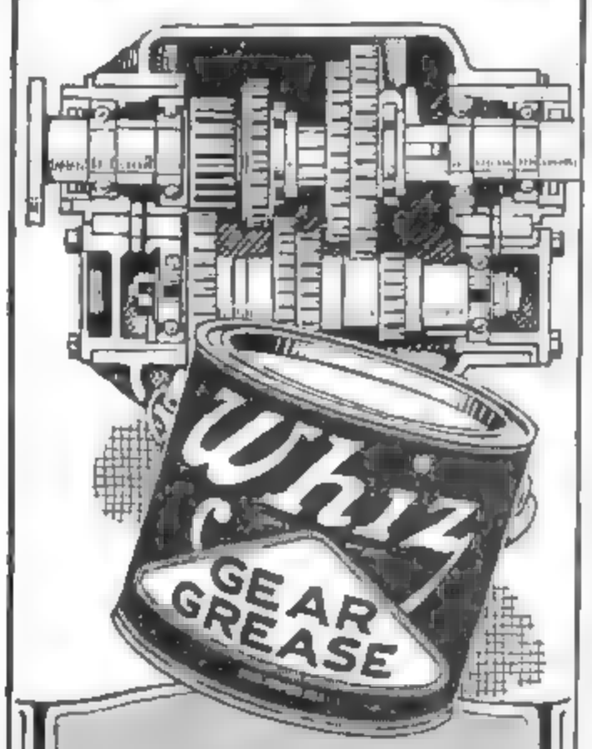

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UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

(Continued from Page 15)

because I know you. Frankly, I was proposing to use you for missionary work, to bring in some business. Of course if your man would do missionary work on a commission ——"

"He wouldn't make coffee money at it. He's not that sort. He's the kind to handle business that somebody else brings in. Nothing doing, eh? Well, Van, let this thing ride a few days, will you? I promised this young fellow to take care of him and I want to do it. It was a mortal shame to let him out, but everybody doesn't know that, and he's liable to be sleeping in the park. He isn't the kind that can land a job quickly. I'll be in to see you again, Van!"

He saw Jim Cameron at the little eating place on Eightieth Street.

"Lots of prospects, Jim, my boy!" he cried cheeringly. "Don't you get to worrying. How are you fixed?"

"I can get along," said Jim surprisingly. "I could lend you money if you needed it, Pete."

"Go chase yourself!" said Pete indignantly, thinking of the forty-five dollars that was coming to him on Saturday. He was in no need of money, no unusual need; it was Wednesday, and he rarely had more on Wednesday than the forty-five that was coming to him on the following Saturday.

He outlined his talks with the employers, tinting them rosily. Jim Cameron listened with sober face; he did not see how he could state that he was still a valued employe of the Hopper organization without letting Pete know that it was Pete who had been cavalierly discharged. His still and troubled face urged Pete to a great show of confidence.

"Lost heart," commented Pete to himself. "He'll never land a job with a face like that. And this is going to give him wrong ideas. He's thinking right now that a man is a fool to work his head off and then get thrown out. An infernal shame. I've half a mind to go back there and slap some sense and decency into that young pup."

"Keep your chin up, Jim!" he said, shaking hands. "You hustle around and brace those firms that I've given you. Walk in and brace them with the feeling that they're bound to give you the job, and that it's only a question of terms! I'm telling you they will take you on. Tell them to call up Joe Ketch if they want to hear about you; Joe's a white man. So long, my boy, and come in here tomorrow!"

"What about yourself, Pete?"

"You worry about Jim Cameron, young fellow. That's the way to get on in this world. Every man for himself. So long, Jim!"

They met the following day.

"Well, son, where's the new job?"

"I didn't get one," said Jim truthfully.

"No?" frowned Pete. But he brightened at once. "Say, Jim, I was doing some thinking last night! How much money have you got? You said something about having a few put away."

"I have six hundred banked."

"Six hundred!" intoned Pete with respectful astonishment. "What have you been doing, Jim—cabbaging Hopper's rents?"

"I've been saving money. I've been getting up to twenty-eight dollars every week for the last two years, you know. I wouldn't go hungry if I was out of work for a year now."

"Why, that's great!" cried Pete. "I was thinking last night, and I had a good idea, but it takes some money to put it over. That's always been the trouble with me—I get lots of good ideas, but they take money and I never have any. I'd be a rich man right now if I had the money to work some of the ideas that have popped into my head. I've seen dozens of shoemakers and delicatessen fellows walk into the office and carry away big profits on deals that I shoved them into, just because they had a few dollars!

"Look here, Jim. You ought to strike out for yourself. If I was a young fellow again I wouldn't work on a salary—not until I tried going it on my own hook. The trouble with a young fellow is he doesn't need much money, so he has a good time and lets his chances slip; when he's an old fellow he needs the money badly enough, but he can't afford to take a chance. You ought to strike out for yourself, Jim."

"In real estate? I'm afraid I don't know enough people, and I don't seem to take very hard with people on first acquaintance. I guess I'm a bit too much of a farmer, Pete. I've thought of it, I admit."

"Come in with me!" said Pete, tapping his broad chest. "You've got the money and I've got the experience. I know New York real estate backwards. What's the matter with having a dash at it in the summertime? If it's a flop we haven't lost much and we can hook up with some firm in the fall. And it will look a whole lot better, Jim, if you can say that you were in business for yourself and couldn't make a go at it, than if you got to say you were fired out of your last job. The chance is worth a whole lot more than working for board and lodging the next three months."

Jim sat frowning at the tablecloth. He was wondering if the chance was worth more than the comparative certainty of slow advancement at Hopper's. He didn't like Harold Hopper, and he felt that there was injustice in putting that young man over the old employes. There was more acid in Jim's blood than there was in Pete's. He was of a colder and harder breed. He liked Pete Pennefether, and knew the ability that was beneath the blanket of lazy good fellowship; he recognized, not without the same jealous ache, that Pete was the sort to which things come easily.

"I'm going to think hard about this, Pete," he said.

"We'll locate right here on West Seventy-second Street," said Pete readily. "It's the best street for the business, and it's coming all the time. I've watched it. I know a widow lady who's looking for a good rooming house; she's asked me to look out for one. And there's old Oliver's house up the block, a twenty-five-footer; he's a member of the athletic club, and he was speaking to me only last week about renting his house; the section is changing to business and he wants to get out. I was thinking of making a dollar by bringing these two people together, only I was letting the matter ride until I got around to it. Oliver will give me that house for what I say is a right rent, and I'll pass it over to the widow; I know she'll make a good thing of the upstairs. Rooms rent big on that street, and she can take care of a house right. A fair rent for that twenty-five-footer would be three hundred and fifty a month in the present market, but I know she can afford to pay that for the upstairs alone; it's too cheap, but it's the market.

"She wouldn't get much for the basement as rooms, but it's just what we want for a store! I can get that house without a dollar security; Oliver knows me and he knows I'll do what I say. I know the figures on several houses like it along there, and I know Mrs. Heilprin can rent the upstairs for six hundred gross a month. She'll make a nice living, for her, without half the work of the little house that she's running in Harlem now. I'll shove her into this! We'll have the lease, you understand, and we'll have to make good on it no matter what happens to our business, but we can't go wrong on a long lease there! We'll get the store for practically nothing, and it's worth a hundred and fifty a month to anybody."

"I imagine you're right so far," acknowledged Jim, impressed. "But—can we get the business?"

"Leave that to me," said Pete cheerfully. "Young Hopper is going to learn a few. I know every big owner on his books personally, and this is going to be war to the knife! We'll have no overhead, practically, and we can take houses at 2 per cent or 1½ or 1! I wouldn't step out on my own and try to grab his business—although there's nothing against it—but when he invites me to get out, let him watch for competition! I tell you we'll make this go!"

"I'll go in with you, Pete, if you can land that lease as you say," said Jim Cameron soberly. "You know I'll work, Pete."

"And you know I can work when I feel like it, and I'm feeling awful like it."

He was sketching on the back of the greasy menu card. He flipped it across the table.

PENNEFETHER & CAMERON
REAL ESTATE
MANAGEMENT A SPECIALTY

"You're on!" exclaimed Jim, clasping hands. "If it comes to the worst, I know where I can always get a job hoeing beans!"

"It's lucky you're fond of beans, son," grinned Pete. "There'll be nothing else to hoe on your dish for the next couple of months."

■

"SEND in Mr. Mahony!" ordered Harold when the new office boy answered the buzzer. "Now don't send in somebody else. For heaven's sake, learn your way around this office, will you?"

Harold was irritable. The business of Hopper's had been speeded up, was being driven under pressure. It was going now in a logical way, according to mathematics and the revised statutes. The result was eminently satisfactory to anyone without nerves and bowels; it would have been satisfactory to a proper employer, as Harold conceived of one, but it was wearing on Harold, who was not yet hardened to the rigid application of logic and economic theory. As he understood it, he was capital, and the two hundred employes outside were labor; but neither he nor the people outside were comfortable in the straitjackets assigned them by the books. Harold's pink face was paling under the strain of being a capitalist, and his people were reddening with rage at the thought that they were labor.

"Mr. Mahony," said Harold when one of the trig brokers stood before him, "what happened to that deal for the Albuquerque?"

"It fell through," said the broker with a shrug.

"How did it fall through?"

"Hesterman, who owns the Albuquerque, couldn't make title. I arranged the sale, and the contract was signed; the price was six hundred thousand dollars. But when they came to survey the property it developed that the front wall of the Albuquerque encroached a foot on the street, and the lawyer for the buyer advised him not to take the house. So the deal fell through."

"There was a deposit up on the contract, wasn't there?"

"Five thousand dollars. Hesterman gave it back and paid the buyer's lawyer, and they shook hands and dropped the matter."

"And do they think that we're going to drop the matter and lose our work?" exclaimed Harold indignantly. "I've just been talking to my father's lawyers—to our lawyers—and they advise me that we're entitled to our commission unless Hesterman let us know about the defect in his title. Did he?"

"Of course not. He didn't know about it himself. He didn't have the property surveyed when he bought it fifteen years ago. They were careless about street encroachments in those days. That was before that Riverside Drive case that made them careful. One apartment house on Riverside Drive encroaches six feet on the street, so that shows you how careless they were. I remember ——"

"Yes, yes," interposed Harold, not caring to swap memories with an old broker like Mahony. "Times have changed, and what you remember is not of much use nowadays. Look—here is the schedule of fees in the Real Estate Diary. 'One thousand on the first forty thousand, and 1 per cent ——'"

"I'm quite familiar with that, Mr. Hopper," said the broker, stiffening. "I helped to write that schedule."

"You should also help to enforce it, Mr. Mahony," said Harold neatly. "Our legal commission on that deal is six thousand and six hundred dollars, and was due us when the parties agreed on the terms of the sale, when their minds met, when there was a *consensus ad idem*, Mr. Mahony. I propose to insist on its being paid!"

"Naturally, Mr. Hopper," said Mahony soothingly, "the regulations of the Board of Brokers are stricter than their ordinary practice. That is to give them a whiphand in court if they are compelled to sue in a proper case. But it has not been the custom of this office, nor is it the custom of most brokers to stand on the letter of their rights in a case like this. Here is a case of an honest mistake, and your father would not think of enforcing such a claim against Hesterman. We have had charge of the Albuquerque for ten years, and we still have charge of it; Hesterman is a good client of this office. It has been our custom here to require commissions only on deals

(Continued on Page 93)

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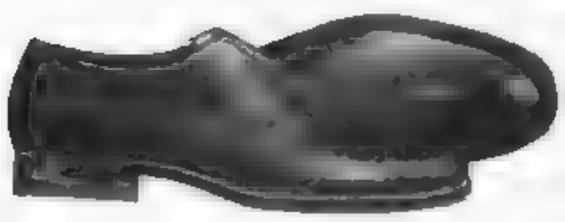

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The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

(Continued from Page 90)

that were consummated; our reputation on that point brings us lots of good business. People know that they haven't got to bring their lawyers here when they come to do business."

"Nonsense!" cried Harold angrily. "We are clearly entitled to a commission from Hesterman, and I propose to insist on our rights. I'm going to write Hesterman at once and demand that commission, and inform him that if it's not paid we'll commence suit!"

"You'll get the money," said the broker, with another shrug.

"Let them bring their lawyers here if they want to. We don't want any more than we can compel them to pay in court."

"You certainly won't get any more if you follow those tactics," blurted Mahony disgustedly. "Don't forget that you can't compel people to give you their business."

"Nor can I compel people to work for me who are inclined to balk at instructions!" exclaimed Harold excitedly.

"Don't forget that, either, Mr. Hopper," said Mahony, who was on commission only, and who could form a similar connection anywhere.

And with an independent swing of the body he stalked from the room.

Later Harold went into Ketch's office. He was not quite up to sending for Ketch, who had a forbidding air at times.

"Mr. Ketch," he said, "I have come to the conclusion that many of our houses are much underrented!"

"Who have you been talking to now?" grumbled Ketch.

"I do not need to talk to anybody to form conclusions as to my own affairs," said Harold. "But, as a matter of fact, I have been talking in this connection to Mr. Feldman, of the Feldman Realties; he was introduced to me at the club. You are probably aware that he is a syndicater, and one of the most active speculators in New York. It was he who first directed my attention to the fact that most of our houses were rented too cheaply."

"What did Moe Feldman suggest?" asked Ketch in a flat tone.

"He gave me the address of an attorney who specializes in landlord-and-tenant litigation. He says this attorney handles a tremendous volume of such business, and that he never fails to boost the rents in any house he takes hold of. He says this attorney is personally acquainted with most of the municipal-court judges and has lunch with them every day."

Harold had the grace to blush while saying this. It did not, indeed, sound quite the same as it had sounded the evening before coming from that hard-boiled speculator Moe Feldman in Moe's insinuating and matter-of-fact growl. It had seemed to Harold, the evening before, that Moe had thrown light upon the real-estate business; he felt now as if the light came from a burglar's dark lantern.

"Brass knuckles, eh?" said Ketch with a contemptuous chuckle. "We won't do anything like that."

Harold passed over for the moment the sudden assumption of command by Ketch. He had found that Ketch had sudden accesses of stubbornness, but he hesitated to push the matter to an issue between them.

"You wouldn't object to getting more rent, would you?" he argued. "It would mean more money for us, and more for the owners, and I guess they wouldn't object to that."

"Don't be too sure," said Ketch. "I'd go slow along those lines if I were you. Besides the money you're likely to get several by-products that won't be so pleasant."

"I maintain my opinion that the houses are underrented and that we should do something about it," said Harold.

He walked back into his office. His eyes fell on a motto which said Be Sure You Are Right and Then Go Ahead! He was sure that he was right. He could not see any more in Ketch's warning than a hazy evasion. Harold did not deal directly with any of the ten thousand tenants. He knew, by analogy, that they were human beings, with human wants and passions; but this fact had never been brought home to him. He was acquainted with them only as names on neat monthly statements. Through inexperience and youthful thoughtlessness, and through no natural hardness of heart, he looked on these red-white-and-blue compilations with an eye to their financial import alone; that was how Feldman, the calloused gambler in real estate, looked upon them.

He determined to go ahead.

Ketch was writing, in longhand, a letter to Felix J. Hopper, the Hotel l'Etoile, Mentone, France:

—— Monte Carlo, put down a little bet for me. Don't bet any of your own money, because it looks like a cold winter and you are going to need it.

Things are going nicely here at the office. Pete Pennefether is fired. Jim Cameron has quit. We are suing Jake Hesterman for selling his Albuquerque, which he hasn't sold. We are going to sue all our tenants. We want what's coming to us. We have a lovely row every other day.

He is a very bright boy, and I am keeping my hands off, as you told me to, and giving him his head. Jim and Pete have opened an office up the block, and are going after our business. It makes me laugh, seeing that it is not my business.

■

MRS. HEILPRIN turned down the gas under the coffee, popped two eggs into a pan of bubbling water, snapped out the gas under the pan, and walked from the kitchen of her new rooming house. She was a woman of thirty-nine—no self-respecting woman of less than fifty-five is over thirty-nine, and Mrs. Heilprin would not be forty for the next twelve years.

In spite of her fixed age Mrs. Heilprin walked lightly and quickly, like a woman to whom time is fleeting; she was a rosy woman, a rounded woman, a slightly shrewish woman, a woman with acid in her which did not destroy her sweetness, a ripe grapefruit of a woman.

She marched rapidly up the stairs of her new rooming house—breakfast optional and knocked briskly on the door of the rear room on the parlor floor.

"All right," yawned someone within.

She waited, listening to the sounds from the bed inside. The bed creaked encouragingly and then sank back into silence. She knocked again.

"All right!" cried the voice.

It sounded as much like a voice coming from a man standing in the middle of the floor as a voice could sound that came from a man on his back in the bed. It was intended to sound altogether like the voice of a wakeful man on the floor, but this time the bed had not creaked.

She compressed her thin lips, doubled her rosy fist and beat with the heel of it an insistent tattoo.

"All right," grumbled the voice resignedly. And the bed creaked loudly, and the man within sighed from the bottom of his soul.

"Breakfast in ten minutes!" called Mrs. Heilprin. "Get into the bathroom now, before the rest are up!"

The door opened and Pete Pennefether peeped around its edge.

"Good morning, Mr. Pennefether," said Mrs. Heilprin, averting her eyes.

"Morning, Mrs. Heilprin!" called Pete cheerfully.

He strolled by her, looking majestic in a purple bathrobe. He entered the bathroom and proceeded to run the water and to make choking and grunting noises like a submerging walrus.

She entered his room, whisked the bedclothes off, doubled over the mattress, twitched his cravat from his collar and his buttons and studs from his shirt, and threw the collar and shirt onto the center of the floor. She pulled back the curtains at the windows, throwing them over the backs of chairs. In two twinklings she transformed the cozy and sleepy chamber into a bleak and inhospitable interior looking as unlike its other self as a dirty and comfortable boy looks unlike a lad with wet hair on end, soap in eyes, and red and shining neck. Having wrought this ruin she walked from the chamber and ran lightly down the stairs.

Pete entered the basement dining room fifteen minutes later, and sat down to his optional breakfast.

"You boil these eggs very nicely, Mrs. Heilprin," he said.

"Those are not boiled eggs," she sniffed, sitting opposite him to attend him. "Boiling eggs is sheer laziness; those are coddled eggs."

"How do you get the coffee so clear?" he asked pleasedly.

"There's an egg in it. There are the rolls, in the napkin."

"You certainly know how to make a man comfortable, Mrs. Heilprin"

"I've been at it since I was nineteen," she said. "Of course, what with running my feet off after the roomers, it's nothing so nice as I would like to have it; nothing so nice as I could make my own home."

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"How are you getting along with them?"

"Well," she sighed, drooping slightly, "I do what I can. But what can a woman do by herself? It needs a man in the house. A woman is nothing by herself. Nor a man either, I suppose."

"Nor a man either," he admitted casually. "Nor a man either, Mrs. Heilprin. Please pass the butter."

"I do the best I can," she repeated, "but what can any woman ——" She listened. "Excuse me," she said. And she fled lightly up the stairs.

A tall and pimply faced young man was stealthily crossing the hall above. He was carrying a fat valise, but when he saw Mrs. Heilprin emerging from the stairwell he shifted the valise into his farther hand and tried to look like a young man sauntering from his rooming house with nothing on his mind and nothing in his hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Desaulles," said Mrs. Heilprin with cold politeness.

"Why, good morning, Mrs. Heilprin. Good morning!" he called effusively. "I was just running out with my laundry."

"You have a lot of laundry this morning, Mr. Desaulles," she commented, "seeing that your laundry came in only last night. Don't mind taking it out, Mr. Desaulles. Leave it in the room and I'll give it to them when they call, maybe. I wish you would let me have your room rent, Mr. Desaulles. You're back two weeks now."

"I'll give it to you tonight, positively!" he said. "Good morning, Mrs. Heilprin. Lovely day, isn't it?"

She marched to the front door and put her hand on the knob.

"Leave the valise," she commanded.

"Come, now," he blustered, pushing up to her. "Don't try to come that sort of thing over me. Because I don't take it, Mrs. Heilprin!"

"Suit yourself, Mr. Desaulles," she said calmly, stepping aside. "Go ahead. But I'm going to follow you until I find a policeman, and then I'm going to have you arrested. The judge will tell you whether or not you can move your baggage while you owe room rent."

"Aw, I'll give it to you tonight," he whined, weakening. And he turned and bore his valise back into his room.

"Tonight," she said determinedly when he passed her again. "Otherwise I'll have to ask you for your room, with baggage. No offense, Mr. Desaulles."

"Not at all, Mrs. Heilprin," he said cheerfully. "Not at all! Good morning, Mrs. Heilprin. Lovely day, isn't it?"

"Perfectly lovely, Mr. Desaulles."

As he left the stoop he passed a hard-faced man who was approaching it. The hard-faced man marched up the steps with the determined tread of a soldier scaling a declivity in the face of the foe.

"Good morning, Mrs. Heilprin."

"Good morning, Mr. Kilduff. Lovely day, isn't it, we're having?"

"You're back in your installments, Mrs. Heilprin," said the hard-faced man, pulling out a red morocco book and licking the side of a hard thumb. "The furniture! The twenty-fi' dollars that was due las' Sottidey."

"You shall have it next Saturday, Mr. Kilduff."

"Nix," refused the hard-faced man. "You told me las' Sottidey I'd get it on the follering Sottidey, didn't you? And now it's the follering Sottidey! I want it today, or out comes the furniture!"

"I say you'll get it next Saturday," she said, frowning. "Two of my people are back in their rent, but they're going to pay up. I promise you that. Now don't make so much noise or you'll get something right now that you won't like."

"Oho!" he said. "So that's how it is! Well, let me tell you I'll get it right now or I'll go right in there and start moving out the beds. You hear?"

"If you come in here without an order of court I'll have you arrested for housebreaking," she snapped.

"You're not dealing with a child, Mr. Kilduff. You'll get your money next Saturday. If you want it before that, go see your lawyer and see how much quicker he'll get it! Now go right down that stoop and about your business, and look for somebody you can bulldoze, or I'll have you removed by an officer!"

"Next Saturday, then," he grumbled, marching down again.

Mrs. Heilprin shut the door softly, and shook it to see that it was secure. She returned to the dining room, where Pete Pennefether was exploring his second egg.

She sighed and sat down across from him, after having replenished his coffee cup.

"Yes," she breathed pathetically, "what can a woman do by herself? Of course she can do her best, but what's her best amount to, after all? There are more hot rolls in the oven, Mr. Pennefether. Let me take those away."

"Poor little woman," ruminated Pete, emerging on the sidewalk. "A lone woman hasn't got much chance in this world by herself. But she certainly knows how to run a house. Good looker, too! It's funny some man with eyes in his head doesn't——"

He stared idly at a buxom young lady who was tripping past in a knee-length skirt. His intent though idle gaze made her self-conscious; she was wearing this skirt for greater ease of movement, to be businesslike, to be free and equal, and she did not think it any old man's affair that the skirt exposed her shapely calves.

"Yes, sir," murmured Pete, his gaze following the young lady, but his thoughts remaining with Mrs. Heilprin, "there's a wife for any man with eyes in his head! A solid and sensible woman who knows what men like. None of your silly and tricky flappers. A man can see what he's getting there!"

VII

PETE plunged determinedly into his privateering against the business of the Hopper organization; he was wounded in his self-esteem, and while the wound was fresh it would not let him rest. He wanted that business. He wanted to walk into Hopper's office from time to time and tell them to make arrangements for the transfer of certain houses to the management of Pennefether & Cameron.

He had to work hard, and Pete had never liked hard work. He had been able to get along nicely without it; there were plenty of scrubs in Hopper's office. But he plunged at the drudgery, the routine, the tiresome plugging away.

The wound to his vanity would not, of course, have spurred him indefinitely; he was of a forgiving nature. He might even in time have compromised with his loyalty to Jim Cameron, though the stimulus of that would be more lasting. He would probably have subsided eventually into a leisurely gait; he was fifty-two. But a man of his experience and intelligence, a man of his wide acquaintance and likable nature, could not fail of winning a measure of success while he worked at all.

But there were forces working that favored him. It would be superficial to say that he was lucky; he merely took advantage—unwittingly, it is true—of the same forces that had cast him down. He won to success through the uninviting avenue of hard work, an avenue that is always lined with doors upon which opportunities are knocking.

He secured the management of several apartment houses, and among these—a prize—was the stately Albuquerque, whose collections were worth two hundred dollars a month. He had not expected to get the Albuquerque, but had made a determined dash at it, with the surprising result that he had been told almost instantly to go up there and take it off them right now!

His astoundingly easy success emboldened him to lift his eyes to Britton Chambers, a vast twelve-story apartment house occupying an entire city block in the Eighties between Amsterdam Avenue and Broadway.

"You'll never get that one, Pete," said Jim Cameron. "Britton Chambers rents for two million a year! The collections are worth fifty thousand a year to Hopper. If we had that house we'd be established, but we can't get it, Pete."

"What do you mean—we can't?" rumbled Pete, swelling himself to arouse his own courage. "Haven't I had charge of it for the last ten years? Is there anything about managing it that I don't know? Why, say, I know Cavendish, the owner, like I know you, Jim. Better! He calls me Pete."

"So do I," said Jim Cameron unconvincedly. "But what do you call him?"

"Well, I call him Mr. Cavendish. But I guess I could call him Bill if I wanted to. Once I could, anyway."

"So could I," said Jim, joining in the laugh.

But two days later, armed with a dozen personal letters vouching for his honesty, Pete visited the Metropolitan Fidelity Company and priced a bond in the sum of one hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars, that sum being the gross monthly rental of Britton Chambers. He received a tentative promise of the bond, and then he went to beard Lasher & Jeffreys, who were William Duyck Cavendish's attorneys.

"Mr. Lasher is in conference, sir," said the courteous old office boy in the law offices on the twenty-fourth floor of the Equity Life Building.

"When he is at leisure," said Pete, "tell him that it is Mr. Pennefether, who has had charge of Britton Chambers for ten years last past."

"Mr. Pennefether," intoned the office boy, bowing his gray head. "I shall notify Mr. Lasher, Mr. Pennefether. Won't you be seated?"

"Mr. Lasher will see you, sir," said the office boy twenty minutes later, opening the gate in the railing. Pete passed through.

Mr. Lasher was a tubby little man with a gray Vandyke, an over-large and fleshy head and pouchy eyelids over bright gray eyes. He was in his shirt sleeves—a stiff-bosomed white shirt buttoning down the back, wing collar and small black tie.

He started Pete into his narrative at once, and listened without interrupting him or looking away. Pete made it snappy and simple, knowing that he was talking to a busy man and one who needed few explanations.

"I'm afraid it's no use, Mr. Pennefether," said Lasher in a level tone. "Mr. Cavendish is not thinking of making a change. The service of the Hopper firm has been satisfactory."

"Will you present the matter to Mr. Cavendish?"

"Certainly, if you wish, Mr. Pennefether. But it will be no use. Mr. Cavendish will leave the decision to me, and I shall advise him not to make the change."

The old lawyer softened this statement with a smile that was bright but cold.

"I can handle the house considerably cheaper," urged Pete. He felt that he was up against a stone wall, but he would have his try at it.

"The matter of a few thousand per year would not be sufficiently interesting to Mr. Cavendish, but I shall tell him of the chance. The house is being managed satisfactorily now, and is giving a very nice return, and we will not disturb it. You understand that I do not doubt anything of what you have told me; it is merely a matter of letting well enough alone. The house is a very valuable property, but it still does not represent the bulk of Mr. Cavendish's estate. And Mr. Cavendish is not—between ourselves—a man of business. You say that you are acquainted with Mr. Cavendish?"

"I've been present on the several occasions when he visited Britton Chambers."

Mr. Lasher considered. "You may speak to him now if you wish. He is here in connection with the settlement of his sister's estate. You must not annoy him or press him, Mr. Pennefether, and you must not take offense at what he says. Mr. Cavendish is a nervous man, and is in an irritable state at present. I will tell you frankly, Mr. Pennefether, that I am proposing to use you as a safety valve; after you have spoken to Mr. Cavendish, and after he has regained his composure again, he may be more amenable to my direction in another affair. Do you see any value to yourself in the experience?"

Lasher's heavy face was calm, but there was a glint of amusement in his deep gray eyes.

"I shall be delighted," said Pete, smiling.

Lasher arose and walked from the room. He returned shortly, leading a sturdy old gentleman by the arm.

The old gentleman—he was hardly older than Pete, but was unshaven and of generally neglected appearance—walked in step with Lasher to a chair beside the desk, and sat down. He was William Duyck Cavendish, head of one of New York's great land-holding families; the Cavendish holdings were estimated at between thirty and forty millions of dollars in value, almost all being tumbledown wrecks on very valuable sites; the Cavendish family never sold and never rebuilt. They had gotten immensely rich through sheer stubborn holding on; they had acquired Britton Chambers through the failure of the builder who had taken a lease of the site.

Cavendish looked at Pete, but evidently did not see him; his gaze traveled smoothly by. Pete could make no difference to William Duyck Cavendish. He looked into Pete's eyes for an instant with the calm and bland gaze of a standing horse or, say, with the calmness and blandness with which Pete would have looked into the eyes of a strange horse. There was an unnatural quality in the man's detachment. He was not mad; there was madness in collateral branches of the family, but this representative was not mad. He was indeed a man of great shrewdness, who had extended the family fortune through many farsighted purchases. But he was eccentric.

"Here is the citation, Mr. Cavendish," said Lasher, sliding a legal paper across the desk and glancing warningly at Pete. "Sign here. It is a waiver of citation."

"You said it was the citation," said Cavendish, sitting motionless and not offering to take the extended pen. His voice was high and singsong.

"The waiver," said Lasher more loudly. "Sign it now, and let's get through with it!"

"Is it all right?"

"Certainly it's all right. Come, Mr. Cavendish."

Cavendish turned his head slowly and stared at Pete, and again it was evident that he did not envisage him.

"No, no," he said. "I think I won't sign it. You sign it, Lasher."

"I can't sign it! You must sign it. I tell you again it's nothing but a purely formal paper in the matter of proving your sister's will. It amounts to nothing."

"Then why should I sign it?"

"The law requires it."

Cavendish shook his head slowly and obstinately. "There must be some reason for it. No, I guess I won't sign it."

He was known to suffer at times from this peculiar infirmity of will, which coexisted with a brilliant mind, and which alternated with a power of bold decision. Pete had heard of him refusing to make the last formal step to close a contract whereby he would have made half a million; when the spell was upon him he was simply mulish, yielding to nothing, not to his own evident interest.

Lasher leaned back in his chair placidly and nodded to Pete.

"Well, think it over," he said. "Meanwhile, here's a gentleman who wishes to speak to you about Britton Chambers. He would like to have the agency for it."

"I've had charge of it for a number of years, Mr. Cavendish," said Pete, hitching his chair forward. "I've left Hopper, and am in business for myself, and I want you to consider the matter of giving me the management of Britton Chambers. I ——"

"Hopper!" exclaimed Cavendish with a sudden flare of the eyes. "Did you send me that letter? Damn your impudence, sir!"

Pete took the letter and read it.

Dear Sir: In reference to your property under our management I have good news for you. I am proceeding to rerent it at a more satisfactory scale, it being in our judgment much underrented. I have every confidence of increasing the rents at least 10 per cent, beginning with the first of the month. You will be charged nothing for this service, although it is very valuable. It is Hopper service.

Do not hesitate to call upon me whenever you require advice in connection with your realty investments. Do not fear to annoy us; we have always time for our clients, no matter how small their business may be. It is my intention to establish a personal relation with all the clients of this office, and I assure you that you will be received with courtesy when you call, the same courtesy as we extend to all.

With kindest regards,

(Signed) HAROLD Q. HOPPER.

Lasher reached for the letter.

"A piece of infernal impudence!" sputtered Cavendish. "You say you did not write it? Who are you? Oh, really, Lasher, I can't be annoyed like this!"

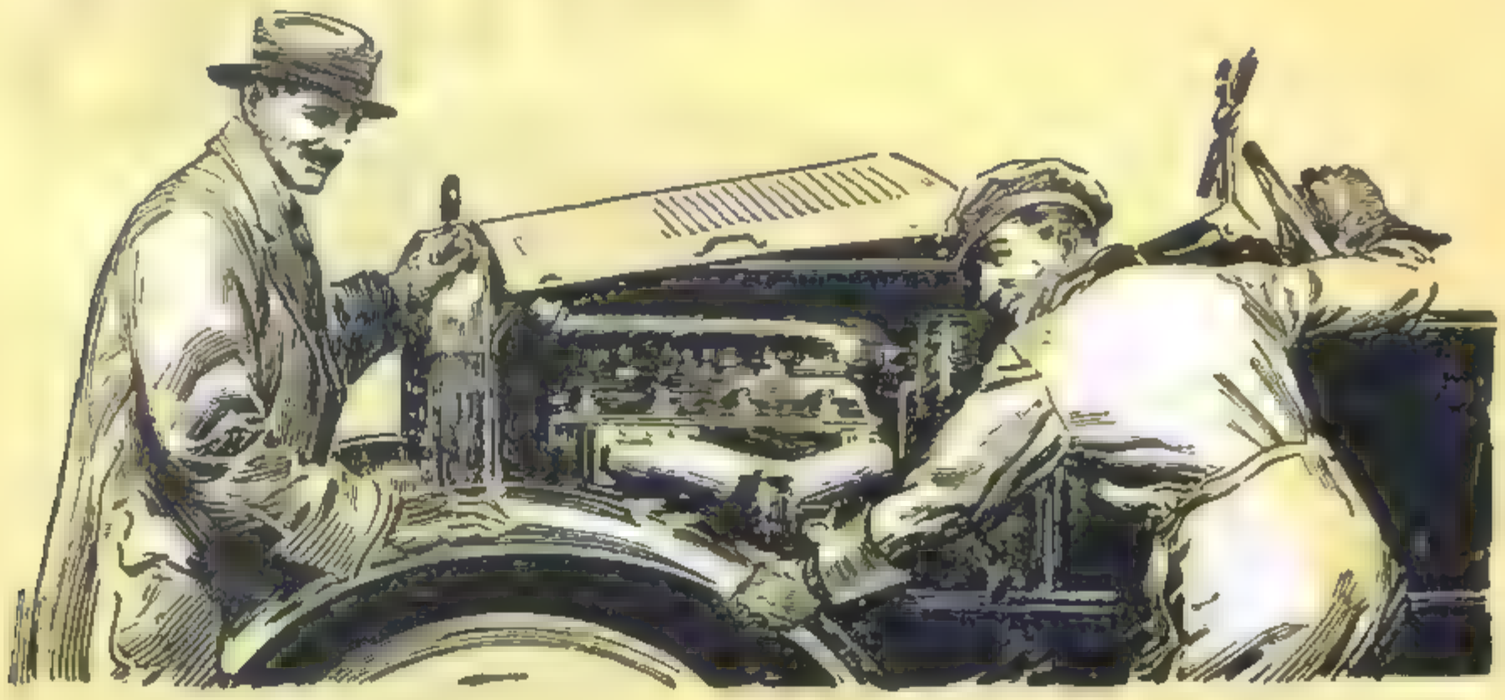
"It's a letter from young Hopper," said Lasher soothingly. "I don't think he intended it for you, Mr. Cavendish. It reads to me like a form letter that he sent to a great many people. He didn't intend to offend you, I'm sure."

"No, no," said Cavendish querulously. "You should do something about this, Lasher. I shouldn't be annoyed with letters meant for everybody."

"But, see," protested Lasher, "he says he's proceeding to raise the rents! There's no harm in that—no harm to you. A 10 per cent increase would come in nicely, wouldn't it? I know the young man meant well. You leave this with me and I'll write him."

"He will increase the rents?" said Cavendish. "Well, he didn't ask me. He should ask me. It's my house, isn't it? I don't know about increasing the rents, Lasher. I don't know about that. Maybe they won't pay it. Maybe they'll move out. Maybe he'll get it. I don't know."

(Continued on Page 98)



"Quiet and smooth as your watch"

Can you say that of your car now—just as you did when it was new? You'd like to keep your motor new; quiet; efficient.

Proper lubrication is the one way to do it.

There's an easy way to be sure your car is getting proper lubrication—always use Sunoco, the distilled oil. Like distilled water in your batteries, it is pure. Made in several types; each type wholly distilled. One of them is right for your car.

Most oils are compounds of light oil and "cylinder stock," the residue left after light oil has been distilled. This cylinder stock is the cause of most carbon troubles. There is none of it in Sunoco. Sunoco will last longer and lubricate better. It will help you keep your car new.

For your transmission, differential and grease cups, there's nothing like Sunoco Greases. Like Sunoco Motor Oil, they're better lubricants.

Have your dealer drain out your old oil and grease, and refill with the proper types of Sunoco.

You'll find much you'd like to know about proper lubrication in this little book—clear and untechnical.

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SUN OILS

The *"Reason Why"* for Brunswick Sedan Tires

To the Brunswick 78-year-old research organization is due the credit for the two latest steps in tire development. First, Friction-Proofed construction to resist road burn. Now the Brunswick Sedan feature to complete the efficiency of the modern tire.

The ideal of the automotive engineer is a car in which each part co-ordinates with every other in perfect balance and harmony.

In tires it has been necessary to provide a score of sizes for cars of different *weights. But each tire has been expected to give its full mileage on any car of a given weight regardless of its type.* One set of tires to go on a car with low center of gravity or on a closed car with high body that swings its weight from side to side, placing great stress on the hinge-point in the sidewall of the tire. No wonder that so many tires so far used on closed cars blow out prematurely in the sidewalls.

The Brunswick Sedan Tire, Friction Proofed and perfectly balanced for the closed car's side-sway, keeps pace with the new era in motor cars — the era of enclosed cars. Its extra strength makes it extra good for open cars as well.

Look for the RED SEAL that marks the Brunswick Sedan Tire. Brunswick dealers everywhere are proud to show this new tire. And they will back it up with service, too.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company

Manufacturers, Established 1845 **General Offices: Chicago, Illinois** *Branches in all principal cities*

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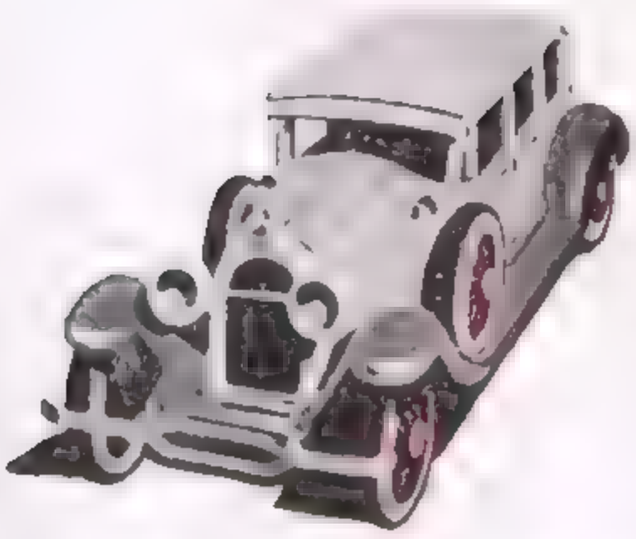
The BRUNSWICK SEDAN TIRE
FOR ALL CARS

A new tire to meet a new need. A tire built specifically to resist the two enemies of tire mileage, friction and the tearing twist of the fabric to which every tire is subjected. The friction foe is met by the now well-known Brunswick Friction-Proofed construction.

But on the closed car there is a top-weighted side-sway that attacks the body of the tire with a rending grind that often brings destruction long before the thick, tough tread has run its full course. The Brunswick Sedan Tire is built specially to handle that merciless stress.

Better also for open cars

Closed cars are differently balanced and cause a totally different strain on tires from that to which open car tires are subjected. But Brunswick Sedan Tires come now to meet face to face the exacting conditions that tires must encounter when used on closed cars. From the very fact that the Brunswick Sedan Tire renders better service on closed cars, it is logical that it will afford even greater mileage on open cars, where the twisting, tearing stress is also present, although less severe.



Cost no more than ordinary tires

The Brunswick Sedan Tire sells itself to you on its merits — backed by the full prestige of three generations of Brunswick-Balke-Collender manufacturing integrity—78 years of success in quality products.

Now Brunswick dealers everywhere invite you to examine these new tires which ensure maximum mileage. They cost no more than standard list price.

"Red Seal" marks these tires

See that the new Brunswick Red Seal is on the tires you buy — it marks all Brunswick Sedan Tires. Note, too, how soon it will become known on the road as a symbol of good judgment in tires.

Friction-Proofed
BRUNSWICK
SEDAN
TIRES

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company

Manufacturers, Established 1845 — General Offices: Chicago, Illinois — *Branches in all principal cities*

Copyright 1921 BBC Co

Let me STOP that trouble!

TRICKLE! Gurgle! Squish! Drip! How it gets on one's nerves. How it wastes water. And all because of that miserable little ball in the closet tank.

Let *me* stop that trouble—yes, for keeps. No, I'm not an ordinary tank ball that lasts just so long and then must be renewed. I'm the invention that's making a big hit with plumbers who are proud of their work, with owners of homes, hotels, apartment houses and all public buildings. I'm the

MUSHROOM Parabal

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GUARANTEED 3 YEARS

Made in a patented shape like an inverted mushroom. I fit tightly down into the outlet valve. And my outstanding lip receives full pressure from the water, thus perfectly sealing the valve.

And I last. Never before was there a ball made of one piece of pure, live gum, like a surgeon's gloves. I'm not affected by water chemicals. I cannot swell, collapse or stretch. I'm reinforced where the wear comes. Never can any water trickle through me. I'll last for many years—am guaranteed for three years. The Woodward-Wanger Company will see that you get a new bulb free, and pay the plumber's time, should I not make good that long.

Get the Mushroom Parabal and stop your closet leaks. Your plumber can supply you. If not, send us his name and we will see that he gets it for you. Descriptive literature free on request.

WOODWARD-WANGER CO.
PHILADELPHIA

Quality Plumbing Specialties for 17 years

THE MUSHROOM PARABAL
Costs $1.25
It may be had only through legitimate Master Plumbers
Note this distorted old tank ball. No wonder water leaks through. See how the Mushroom Parabal perfectly seals the valve.

(Continued from Page 94)

Pete lost hope. Harold Hopper had stolen his thunder. It would be no use to talk of a paltry saving in the cost of management, in the face of a substantial increase of the rents made by Harold Hopper.

The door opened, and the gray-haired office boy glided in and bent to Lasher's ear. Cavendish watched him frowningly. Lasher glanced quickly at Cavendish, and whispered forcibly to the office boy.

The office boy glided out, but returned almost immediately.

"Excuse me," said Lasher, rising and following the office boy.

They heard him speaking sharply in the outer office, and being answered by a hoarse and rumbling voice.

"I tell you," they heard him cry, "there's some conspiracy here, and everybody, including you, officer, will be held strictly to account! It's an outrage to arrest a man of his standing on such a trivial charge. Yes, I'm quite familiar with the new law, but I say there's conspiracy here. Some wealthy tenant of Britton Chambers is behind this, and I warn you not to burn your fingers in serving him. . . . Very well, my man. Wait here a moment and I'll bring him out."

He wore a very angry face when he returned. He moved to close the door, but it was held open against him by a policeman in uniform who stood stolidly in the doorway eying William Duyck Cavendish.

"Mr. Cavendish," said Lasher briskly, "this officer has a warrant for your arrest. Some disgruntled tenant of Britton Chambers has sworn out the warrant, the charge being that elevator service has been denied him during the last twenty-four hours. I suppose they are making some repairs to the machinery, and they have suspended the service—something that is unavoidable, and at which no one should take offense."

"Did you say—a warrant for me?" demanded Cavendish, bristling.

"It is sworn out under the new rent law," said Lasher, spreading his hands. "Under that law an owner is liable to arrest and fine and imprisonment if he fails to give the elevator service called for in his lease. Now, be calm, Mr. Cavendish, while I get the district attorney of this county on the telephone."

But Mr. Cavendish did not become calm.

"You wish to arrest me!" he cried in a mounting voice, turning to glare at the officer.

"You wish to lay hold of me and drag me like a common criminal through the streets! You do! Don't deny it now! That's what you came here for!"

He rose and approached the officer as though he would leap upon him and throttle him. He was shaking with rage.

"You contemptible fellow," he screamed, "you came here to arrest me! I can see it in your face! Don't try to lie to me! You wanted to put your filthy hands on me, and drag me from this office, and drag me down all those stairs, and drag me through all those streets, and throw me into a filthy cell with thieves, and robbers, and pickpockets, and—conspirators! Give me the warrant, Lasher, and I'll show it to him. He's denying it! Conspirators, I say! I'll give them elevator service! I'll tear the elevators out! I'll tear the house down. It's my house! Don't dare to deny it. It's my house! Mine, mine!"

"If you don't mind," said the policeman, retreating before the sheer moral pressure of Cavendish, "I'll wait outside. I guess there must be some mistake here. I'll do whatever the district attorney says, Mr. Lasher."

"Don't let him go!" screamed Cavendish. "Stop him, Lasher. He's a conspirator! Stop him, I say! He's getting away, Lasher! Do something about this! What shall we do?"

"Sign here," said Lasher, leading him to the chair and putting the pen in his hand.

Cavendish dashed off his signature, while Lasher waved Pete peremptorily from the office

On the following morning there was a letter from Lasher & Jeffreys in the mail of Pennefether & Cameron:

Dear Mr. Pennefether: In reference to your proposal of this evening to take over the management of Britton Chambers. I have put the proposition to Mr. Cavendish, and, after thoughtful consideration, he is inclined to see merit in it. You may call at Mr. Hopper's office with this letter, and make the necessary arrangements. Your charge for collection will be 2 per cent.

Mr. Cavendish wishes to say through me that he does not intend this change as a reflection upon Mr. Hopper or upon his office. He has always found the Hopper service very satisfactory, and has no sentiment but esteem for Mr. Hopper and the personnel of Mr. Hopper's office.

It is understood that your agency may be terminated without notice. A contract of agency with a fixed term may come later if Mr. Cavendish is pleased with your efforts. I am informing Mr. Hopper of Mr. Cavendish's decision, and am sending him check for one month's commission in advance as provided in his contract.

Very truly,
WILBUR J. LASHER.

"Yea!" yelled Pete Pennefether, leaping up to dance. "We got it! We got it, Jim! We got Britton Chambers! I'll say we're on the map now!"

Jim Cameron clutched the letter with incredulity.

"Well, you old snoozer!" he cried. "You did it, Pete, didn't you? So you did. Calls you Pete, does he?"

"I'll say he does!" said Pete, strutting about. "Fine fellow—Bill Cavendish. You'll like him, Jim. A little rough, but a real heart of gold. Good old Bill!"

He was an emotional fellow, and he couldn't stand still for excitement.

"We're made men, Jim Cameron," he chuckled, fidgeting about. "We're on our way, old Stick-in-the-Mud! Just think of the prestige, to say nothing of the money. Oh, we're going to do things in style after this. I think it would be a good idea to buy this house from Oliver, don't you? We could get it for a mere eighty-five thousand dollars. Then we'll build a new two-story stone front on it; the alterations won't cost more than fifteen thousand if we're sharp about it. You shall have charge of the management of properties and I'll take the brokerage.

"We'll incorporate, of course. We'll allow ourselves small salaries at first—say, ten thousand a year apiece—and let the surplus accumulate. No splurging at first, Jim Cameron!"

"For heaven's sake, shut up, Pete!" grumbled Jim, who was writing a letter. "I'm complaining to the company about this typewriter."

"What's the matter with it?"

"I can't seem to write on it."

"But you can't write on any typewriter."

"I know that, but I'm not telling them so. I'm sticking to the facts. They've just sent us a bill for the typewriter, and I've got to make them an answer."

"We're not as tight as that, are we, Jim? Say, Jim, I was thinking of drawing some money, but if it's going to embarrass us, I won't do it. I asked Mrs. Heilprin to come to dinner with me some night, and she spoke right up and was charmed and named tonight. Say, Jim—do you suppose the account would stand a draft of two dollars? They have a dandy dollar dinner at the Bandit Tea Room."

VIII

"DAD!" cried Harold, jumping up and running to catch hold of the sunburned little man with the short gray beard.

The Old Man put down his belabeled grip and caught his boy's extended hands, gave them a short and hearty shake, and then dropped them and resumed the frown that had gathered on his face while he walked through the office.

"Well, dad," said Harold proudly, leaning against the desk with crossed shins, "you'll find I've taken care of the business while you were away. I've put it on its feet, dad!"

"On its feet, eh?" commented the Old Man over his shoulder. "Where is it going? It was resting easily when I left three months ago."

He was standing with his back to his boy, reading the mottoes on the walls. He didn't seem to like the mottoes.

"Yes, sir," said Harold. "I've gotten up a statement for you, dad. We made two thousand dollars more this summer than we did last summer when you were here. Young blood, dad! New ideas!"

"Two thousand dollars is nice money," admitted the Old Man. "Say, Harry, did I see Hungry Jake Brower outside? Who let him in?"

"I have secured Mr. Brower as a steady client, dad. You know he's the biggest speculator in the city. He gives us lots of good business, dad."

"If you've secured Hungry Jake," said the Old Man, "you're the first that ever did it. I don't like to have him around, Harry; it looks bad; he's too slippery."

"I've always found Mr. Brower's word to be as good as his bond."

"It is," said the Old Man, "if you have his bond too. He never broke his word in his life when he had a bond up. That fellow never kept a promise or a contract in his life if he was going to lose a dime by it. Of course I don't expect you to know the histories of such people, but I'm surprised that Ketch didn't tell you. I'm going to talk to Ketch!"

"I wish to talk to you about Mr. Ketch myself," said Harold. "Mr. Ketch has displayed a very bad spirit during the summer, dad. He has shown an unwillingness to take orders."

The Old Man grunted ambiguously. He picked up the statement.

"You've done a lot of selling, Harry," he acknowledged. "You've had an unusually lively selling summer. But, say—you've sold four of our own houses! And to speculators too. That's bad business, Harry, pushing for sale the houses we have charge of—unless they're given to us to sell. It's killing the cow that gives the milk. It's dollars to Chinese perforated nickels that we'll lose these houses when the speculators sell to investors. Shortsighted, Harry."

A tall man in a loud check suit and an expensive and gayly banded Panama sauntered into the room without announcing himself, and spread a sheet of paper on the desk.

"Want a piece of this, Hopper?" he asked huskily, shifting his cigar into the corner of his mouth. "It's a genuine pick-up! It's a big loft down on Thirty-fifth Street, with every lease expiring next February, and the rents away down! It's got a first mortgage on it now, the owner will take back a big purchase-money second, I can raise a third for two years at only 20 per cent, and I can hock the rents for half of the cash payment. It's a steal! It's worth seven hundred thousand, and I can swing it with fifteen in real cash! You can have any part of it. What do you say? Can I put you down for five?"

"No," said Harold embarrassedly. "I don't think I care for it, Oppenheim."

"Here's something sweet," said the visitor, shifting his cigar into the other corner, and pulling another paper from his inside pocket. "You'll like this! The Mid-City Hotel! Big stuff, hey? It belongs to the Ittner estate and I'm working it through the estate's lawyer; he's getting his, and they'll do what he says. I can buy it for a million and a quarter, which is simply stealing it! And we'll never have to close the contract. The lessee up there is taking out a hundred thousand a year, but I've seen his lease and it's got a cancellation clause. Do you get it? We'll pick this up with ten thousand on the contract, and then we'll sell our contract to the lessee for fifty thousand profit. He'll pay it. He's got to pay it!"

"Really, Oppenheim ——"

"Suit yourself, Hopper. I never shoved you into anything yet. Here's another! It's a private house on Fifth Avenue. I caught a whisper last night that the big department store adjoining is quietly picking up the houses all around to build a big addition. I jumped right downtown and got a price on this house. They need this house, Hopper! And I'm going to step in and take it, and give it to them right. Do you want a piece?"

"Not this morning, Oppenheim, really. I—I'd rather not talk about such matters just now."

"Oh, excuse me," said Oppenheim, looking around and seeing the Old Man for the first time. "I didn't know we were being overheard, but I trust I am among two gentlemen"

He backed out, eying the Old Man darkly.

"What is this place now, Harry?" asked the Old Man angrily. "Is it a real-estate office or a gambling den? Who is that fellow?"

"He's a syndicator, dad. Very successful too. He digs good things up and then he parcels them out among a certain crowd."

"Look here, Harry," exploded the Old Man, "we're real-estate brokers, you understand? We're not speculators. We don't buy and sell on our own account. How much business would we get if our clients knew we were doing this sort of thing? Do you think a sane man would intrust us with the business of selling his house if he knew we were in league with the buyers? I know how this thing works. These speculators are coming in here and letting you in on

(Continued on Page 101)

HETTRICK

Tourist Tent
Khaki-Watershed
$22.50
This tent itself weighs only 18 pounds and when rolled with jointed poles and packed in its Khaki-Watershed bag is light and easy to carry on

Thousands of Camp Sites Offer Tourists Comforts

Order Your Tent Now for Your Auto Camping Vacation

PLAN your vacation now and get a full measure of anticipation. Look forward, as a million other brain workers are doing, to the free, healthful outdoor life of sport, changing scenes and recuperating rest.

The family with a motor car and a tent is *independent*. They can go a gypsying to secluded places all alone. Or they can stop at comfortable camp sites with drinking water, laundry facilities and baths; in fact, all outdoor luxuries.

There you can meet companionable tourists from all directions. You can join in the games by day and the campfire parties at night; stroll over to the band concert or visit the dancing pavilion before seeking the peace and quiet found only when close to nature.

Up in Five Minutes

The tent is the starting point of all camp equipment. This new Hettrick Tourist Tent is *specially* designed for auto campers. Compact and easy to carry, it gives the greatest amount of floor space for the least weight—room for three cots. It is always easy to find ground space for it, and even inexperienced campers can erect it in five minutes when the front flap is thrown over the car. It can also be erected quickly with the use of jointed poles.

It is not the amount you spend for a tent that determines its value but how well it meets *all* the special requirements of auto camping. This tent was created for that particular purpose. We claim it to be the most serviceable, handy and comfortable tent for the least cost. It is given the famous Hettrick *Khaki-Watershed* treatment so that it will resist rain, moisture and be mildew-proof.

Write Us for FREE Booklet

Write for booklet No. 8, *free*. It describes this tent and gives valuable suggestions on how to prepare for a camping trip. It also shows the many other uses for this tent; for hunters, fishermen, dressing room at bathing beach, play tent for children in the yard, contractors, week-end picnics, etc.

Dealers, Write Us for Special Introductory Offer

Hardware, department, sporting goods, automobile dealers, auto accessory, furniture stores, etc., should write us at once for our *special dealer offer*. The world naturally looks to the Hettrick Company to take the lead because of its thirty years' experience making tents of all kinds and its reputation of being the largest producers of tents and canvas goods in the United States.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Write, or use this coupon

THE HETTRICK MANUFACTURING CO., Toledo, Ohio
Enclosed please find money order, $22.50 (in U. S. A. only). Please send me prepaid one Hettrick Tourist Tent No. 8, complete with jointed poles, stakes, etc., as advertised in The Saturday Evening Post.

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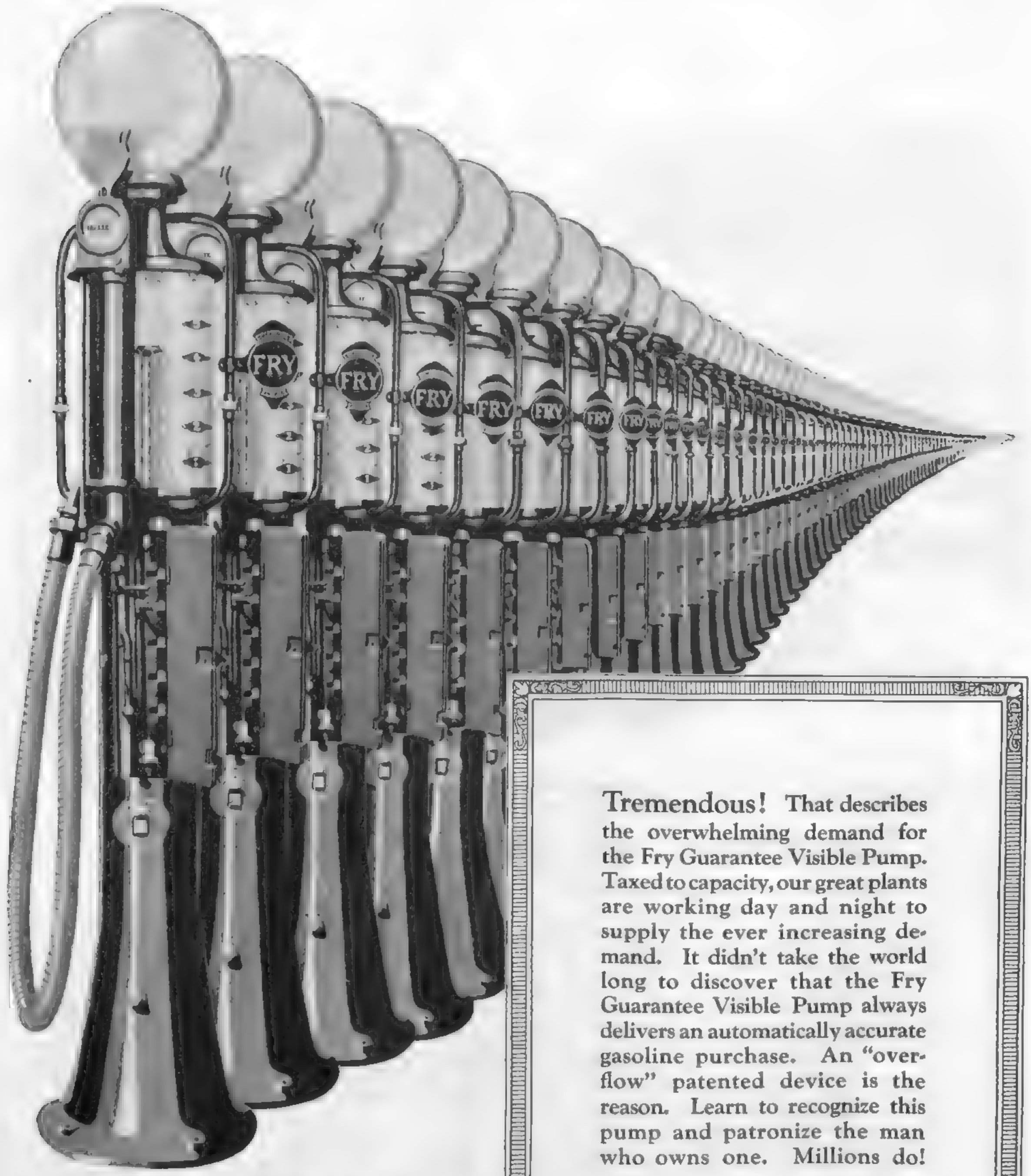
Do not wait for our general salesman. We are covering large and small territories as fast as we can get additional salesmen. Write us.



Fry Guarantee Visible Pump

"Always Accurate"

Tremendous! That describes the overwhelming demand for the Fry Guarantee Visible Pump. Taxed to capacity, our great plants are working day and night to supply the ever increasing demand. It didn't take the world long to discover that the Fry Guarantee Visible Pump always delivers an automatically accurate gasoline purchase. An "overflow" patented device is the reason. Learn to recognize this pump and patronize the man who owns one. Millions do!

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company
Rochester, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 98)

their schemes, because they know this office has the confidence of the owners, and they want you to betray your clients! Harry, if you've been in any syndicate that bought any of our houses your profit is going to be given back to the owner, because it's just stolen money!"

"I didn't see anything crooked in it, dad," mumbled Harold, reddening.

The Old Man was studying the statement.

"Where's Britton Chambers?"

"Why, dad, we lost Britton Chambers, through a very unfortunate circumstance that was beyond our control. You see, it was this way. One of the tenants whose rent had been raised got sore, and ——"

"Heavens above!" cried the Old Man. "You lost Britton Chambers? It took me five years of planning and scheming to get that house on our books—and you've lost it? You've lost it!"

He had caught hold of his scanty hair with both hands. But now he sighed loudly and subsided. He took out a cigar, bit off a fair quarter of it and chewed the bite. Meanwhile he read the statement.

"Two thousand dollars," he said, throwing the paper aside. "Two thousand more than last summer, eh? You could have got more than that by selling the desks, and it would have been as bright a stroke of business. You've been selling the goodwill, Harry, and you made a mighty poor bargain. You've gotten a wrecker's price. Send Ketch in here!"

"Joe," said the Old Man, disregarding the renting manager's greeting, "what do you mean by letting this boy play ducks and drakes with the business? What do you mean by it, Joe?"

"Those were your orders, chief," said Ketch, shrugging his shoulders. "You told me to keep my hands off and let Harold get some experience in your place. You told me to let him use his judgment, and I've done it. He's had my advice every time he asked for it, and sometimes when he didn't."

"You know perfectly well that I didn't mean it, Joe! You know I say a lot that I don't mean, Joe. All I meant was that the boy was to learn to bear responsibility; I didn't mean that he was to be allowed to start the business on the way to ruin! Who's got Britton Chambers now?"

"Pete Pennefether and Jim Cameron. They're in business up the block. Doing nicely, too, I hear."

"You'll hear something else when I get through with them!" promised the Old Man grimly. "If they want fight they'll get plenty. I'm going over to see them. Meanwhile, Ketch, this is again a real-estate office, and not a deadfall. Here, Harry, take down those silly signs! There's only one sign needed in this office while you're doing business in your way, and I don't see it here."

"What sign is that, dad?"

"Watch Your Hat and Coat," growled the Old Man, stalking out.

IX

"YES, SIR. Who shall I say is calling on Mr. Pennefether?" said the stenographer, rising. She was a new stenographer and on her best language.

"Hopper is the name," said the Old Man of the big office down the street.

He looked around the dark but cleanly room, checked up covertly the visible papers on the stenographer's stand, and glowered at the pictures on the painted wall. He snorted when his glance encountered a large and excellent photograph of Britton Chambers.

"Hello, Mr. Hopper," bubbled Pete, bustling out of a rear cubbyhole. "How's everything in Europe? Glad to see you back!"

"I want to talk to you, Pete," said Mr. Hopper, keeping his hands to himself.

"Come into my private office," said Pete with a sweeping gesture. "Miss Higginbotham, I shall be in conference. I am not to be disturbed while Mr. Hopper is here. Come in, Mr. Hopper! Sit right down there. Wait. Now you can get in. Snug little place, isn't it, eh?"

He was a thinner Pete, a more careworn Pete, but still a cheerful one. He beamed on Mr. Hopper. The sunshine of his smile was not reflected from Mr. Hopper's face.

"I hear you've been stealing my business, Pete."

"I've been taking it, if that's what you mean. I guess it's anybody's business that can get it, isn't it?"

"Have it that way, if you like. And I'm going to get it. I'm going to get it back! You haven't treated me fairly, Pete!"

"It is I that wasn't treated fairly," said Pete, flushing. "I was with you for twenty-five years, Mr. Hopper, and I was let out like an office boy caught at the stamp drawer. Don't talk to me about that, Mr. Hopper."

"I'll talk to you!" shouted Mr. Hopper. "And you'll listen too! I'm going to talk business to you, Pete!"

He jerked out the balance of his cigar and snapped off another quarter. Pete knew this for a danger signal. When Mr. Hopper was in an easy frame of mind he smoked his cigars; when he was angry he ate them.

"What do you think your business is worth?"

"Oh, I imagine we should net six or seven thousand apiece this year," said Pete largely. "We'll do better later on, when we get more business. There are lots of owners that I haven't approached yet. I figure the business is worth fifty thousand dollars right now, as a running concern."

"It isn't worth fifty cents," said Hopper.

"It's not for sale at that."

"It will be. And you won't get many bids, either. You're not up against a boy now, Pete, and you're going to find the fact out. You can't take any business from me. I'm going right after your hide, Pete. I'll take any house for nothing that I've ever had charge of, if it's necessary to get it away from you."

"Get the Albuquerque!" laughed Pete angrily.

"I'm reaching for it. I've notified our attorneys to discontinue that fool action, and I'm going down to see Hesterman tomorrow."

"Get Britton Chambers!"

"That will be harder," said Mr. Hopper grudgingly. "If it was all plain sailing I wouldn't talk to you until I had moderated your ideas. However, Pete, I am here to talk business, and seeing that you are complaining about the way you were treated I shall make some allowance for you. I am going to do the handsome thing by you."

Pete nodded, wary.

"Instead of proceeding to fight you as you deserve," said Mr. Hopper, "I am willing to shake hands with you, and let bygones be bygones!"

"That's handsome," admitted Pete, putting forth his hand. "I'm glad you take that attitude, Mr. Hopper, and I think you show good business sense, as a young and hustling concern would knock you into a cocked hat in any fight! We're young, energetic, aggressive! Thank you for calling, Mr. Hopper. Drop in any time!"

"Who's young, you old rascal?" grumbled Mr. Hopper. "Why, you are as old a man as I am—mighty near it. You need a pension, Pete—not a business. But for old-time's sake I'll overlook a lot and take you back at the same job and the same salary! What do you say to that?"

"It's an offer," grinned Pete.

"What do you want?" snapped Mr. Hopper.

"Do you want to buy out Pennefether & Cameron?"

"What's the price?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," said Pete calmly. "I imagine I could argue my partner into taking an offer like that."

"Save your breath," said Mr. Hopper. "You haven't got the offer."

He sank down in his chair and chewed steadily. Pete waited, the first skirmish being over.

"I'll tell you what I've been thinking of, Pete," said Mr. Hopper, emerging from his contemplation. "I've been thinking of reorganizing! I'm getting to be an old fellow, Pete, and I'm thinking of incorporating the business as a stock company. It's unfair that I should have to pay big salaries to a lot of men who have no financial stake in the concern, and none of its worries. If I were to die the business would go to the wolves; and I'm proud of Hopper's, Pete. It's the biggest real-estate business on the West Side, and I made it. There's no reason why I should bear the troubles of a lot of clock watchers, who forget about the business once they've bolted through the door with their hats. I'm going to reorganize, Pete, and I'm willing to give you a block of the stock—for old time's sake, Pete, and because you're worth it, and not on account of this business here. I wouldn't give you a plugged dime for your business!"

"How big a block would that be?"

"I'll have Hopper's valued. I think it will tot up to about a million, counting

Lawrence flat knit Athletic Union Suit—light-weight, roomy, absorbent.

"Say, John, these buttons must be made of cast iron and sewed on with anchor chains."

SO it seems to men who wear Lawrence Tailored Knit Underwear. The buttons are very strong and are sewed on with special thread which we spin *in our own mills*, to insure extra strength. They *can't* pull off.

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Men's Union Suits—$1.75 to $2.00; Shirts and Drawers—$1.00 to $1.25. Two qualities: 1—Blue Label—combed yarn, finest quality. 2—Red Label—same durability and finish—slightly different yarn.

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COMFORT

By EDGAR A. GUEST

What matters how the day has gone,
How troubled I have been at heart,
How madly life has spurred me on?
What matters all the ache and smart?
This holds me faithful to my post—
Night brings me home where all is fair;
Home to the ones I love the most,
And perfect comfort waits me there.

Written Especially for
John Lucas & Co., Inc.

The next stanza in the Edgar A. Guest Series will appear in an early issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

COMFORT

There is within each of us something which causes us to be uncomfortable if we do not treat others fairly. Sometimes this thing is called conscience. The unfairness done to another may be secret, but the knowledge that a wrong has been done and that others would disapprove if they knew of it, causes such discomfort that often he who has done the wrong makes restitution to obtain peace of mind.

As Lucas looks back over the long road of achievement which has been traveled during the past seventy-four years, our knowledge that a dependable product has always been the Lucas goal, gives us much comfort and also confidence as to the future.

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plant, goodwill, and so on. I should think if you got ten thousand dollars' worth ——"

"Nothing doing," said Pete decisively. "Speaking for myself and Jim Cameron—so far as I may—I shouldn't want to appraise the value of old associations and sentiment at less than about—well, just about fifty thousand dollars! You know it's hard to value things like old times. But I always thought a lot of you, Mr. Hopper, and we always got on nicely. Twenty-five years of old times and friendly association; I'd be ashamed to appraise a beautiful thing like that for any measly ten thousand dollars. About fifty thousand would be right—if you take it quick."

"If I told you what I thought of you, Pete ——" shouted Mr. Hopper, starting up and pointing at his former employe with rigid arm. "You can go to thunder!"

He stamped out of the dark little office.

He stamped all the way out of the office, giving himself the benefit of the last half inch. Viewed from the rear he was a very angry man, a cornered man, a man standing knee-deep in a last ditch, a man who had given up all but the handle, a man whom only the most abject surrender and apology might placate. There went a man who was through!

He yanked open the door, turned to slam it shut—and shouted, in the very act of closing the door behind him: "You come around and see me tomorrow morning at ten o'clock—you, Pete!"

Pete had watched the exit with admiration but without anxiety. He knew that he didn't have Hopper's best offer. Hopper was too good a business man to make his best proposition at first grips, and too good a business man to abandon any deal without offering at last his very best. Hopper had lost the strategic advantage when he came to Pete; now he had resigned himself to its loss by inviting Pete to come to him.

If Pete had been twenty years younger he would not have considered going back to Hopper after he had made such an excellent start in the race for business. But by no process of taking thought, by no Couéism, could he have again the legs and the lungs of youth, the resilience under blows, the brave confidence that is half ignorance, the easy elation. A few more years and his mind must turn toward the slippers and the easy-chair, though his business would still be in the building.

Jim Cameron would be better off in a big organization where his capacity for work would be exercised. A man like Jim needed only a good digestion and agility in dodging taxicabs to rise in any big business. He was one of the steady, tireless, unimaginative sort, the tortoise type, the type that creeps steadily and prosily upward.

On terms, of course, on terms!

Pete and Jim went down the street the following morning to Hopper's office. Harold Hopper was in the private room. His glance crossed Pete's silently. The Old Man was sitting in the swivel chair at the big desk.

"Harry," he said, "shake hands with Pete Pennefether!"

"I know Mr. Pennefether," said Harold coldly.

"We correspond," said Pete.

"I said shake hands," repeated the Old Man. "There, that's better. Harry, Pete Pennefether is a man who has been with me for twenty-five years, and I shouldn't wonder if he did me more good than harm. Pete, this is my son, who is going to be the majority stockholder in this business some day if he behaves himself. His head is full of brains and they are going to be very valuable to the business when he has taken the trouble to learn it. Hello, Cameron! Sit down.

"Harry, call in Joe Ketch. Send in Mahony, and Dabney, and Herman Lemke.

"Sit down, gentlemen. Try those cigars."

"Gentlemen, I'm going to reorganize this company on a stock basis, if you're agreeable. I think most of you have heard something about it. My idea is to capitalize it on the basis of its returns over the three years ending June fifteenth last; those were average years. In fact, those were altogether too darned average to suit me; the business didn't grow during those years. I've been mulling the matter over for several months, and it strikes me that the reason the business didn't grow is because it didn't seem important enough to you gentlemen."

"I suggest that you increase our salaries all around," said Ketch.

"A rotten idea," said the Old Man. "That will be enough from you, Joe. A salary acts on a man like dope; unless the dose is made bigger and bigger it loses its kick, and the man loses his ambition. He gets a notion that he is on an annuity. I am thinking more of making you people earn the salaries you are getting now. In calculating the capitalization I shall allow to each of you your present salaries, and I will show you the figures on my income statements ——"

"Income-tax reports are privileged," said Ketch, "and we wouldn't think of looking at them. Besides, we make those things out ourselves and we know how!"

"—— income statements from our bookkeeper," continued the Old Man, staring him down. "I propose to see that I net the same amount hereafter. I shall probably do better in the future when the business increases through having the benefit of your brilliant minds; I'm not distributing charity.

"I propose to take in the real-estate business of Pennefether & Cameron, whose executive officers are with us here today. The fact that our friends Pete and Jim were able to carve themselves a stake out of my business was the last straw; I'm willing to waive the privilege of firing you if I can make sure that you'll work. You've all got some personal hold on the clients, and I don't see any sense in firing business out the door. I'll meet the cost of taking in Pennefether & Cameron, since the business was lost while in the hands of Joe Ketch, who was my salaried employe."

"You left it in my hands," growled Ketch. "And then you tied my hands! I'm no Houdini."

"I propose to allow my son Harold a salary of thirty dollars a week as efficiency expert, since he has a great deal of brains but not much sense as yet. Every business man should have an efficiency expert at his elbow, for the sake of the mental exercise; the efficiency expert will give him the benefit of the views of a man who knows nothing about the business, and will show him various ways in which he can make money by being a darned fool.

"Think the matter over, gentlemen, letting it interfere as little as possible with whatever small attention you are giving the business now. And leave me to fight with this pair of pirates from up the block. Good day, gentlemen! Sit still, Cameron. Wait, Pete!"

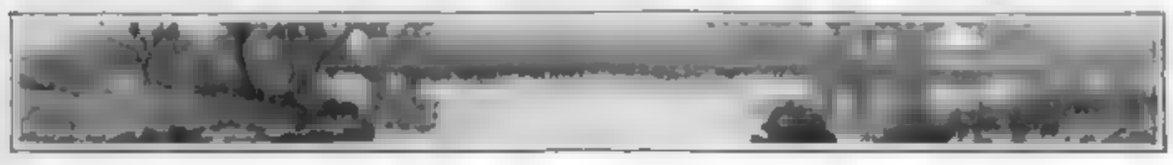
"Why, I had no idea of this!" exclaimed Mrs. Heilprin, starting back coyly. "To think that you have had such ideas! I admit it has some good sense in it, but at our age—I'm thirty-nine, Peter. Oh, I'm frank about it. I always say it's silly to hide one's age, and one never really can! Of course we could rent one of the rooms, and I would not have to wear my knuckles out on your door, but—the idea, Peter! What notions you take!"

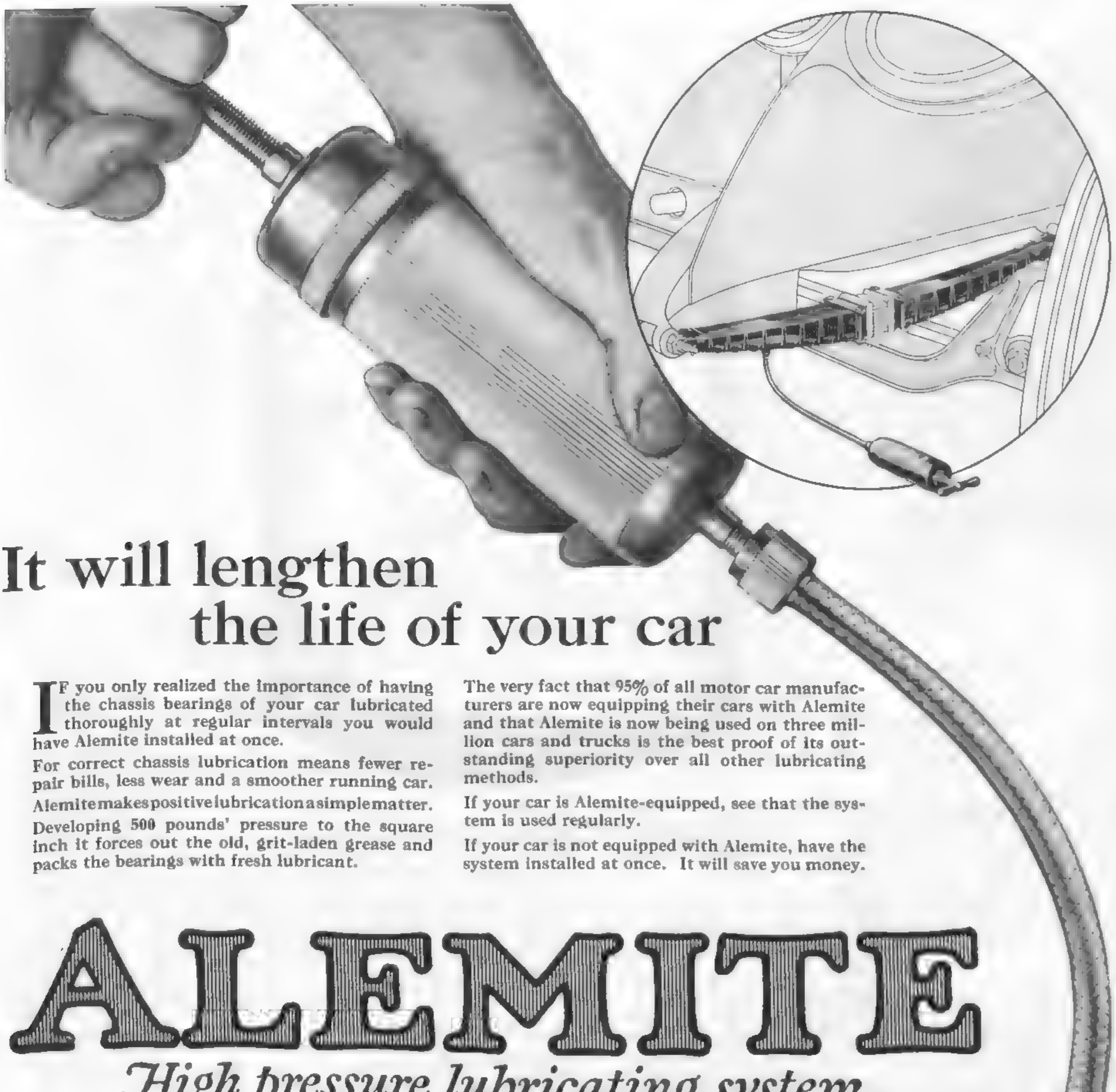
"Bother renting the rooms!" said Pete masterfully. "We'll rent the whole house out to somebody else and go live in a flat. We won't need the money. I'm going back with Hopper's, with a drawing account of seventy per week and a cut on the year's business.

"And I've located the niftiest little flat! Say, I had three applications for it this morning, but I held them off. Four rooms, up in the Nineties, overlooking the park. The bathroom is tiled to the ceiling, with sanitary coved base; there's an electric dumb-waiter, outside garbage safe, recessed radiators, built-in medicine chest, porcelain tubs and sink, electric lights in every closet that light when you open the door, cedar compartment, needle shower, ten base outlets, all-night elevator service, mirror doors, three-way switches ——"

"S-stop!" hissed Mrs. Heilprin. "Someone is coming up the steps. Stop, Peter, s-stop—or he'll see you! And what will he think?"

"What do you care, Martha?" cried Pete. "You're not going to live here any more!"





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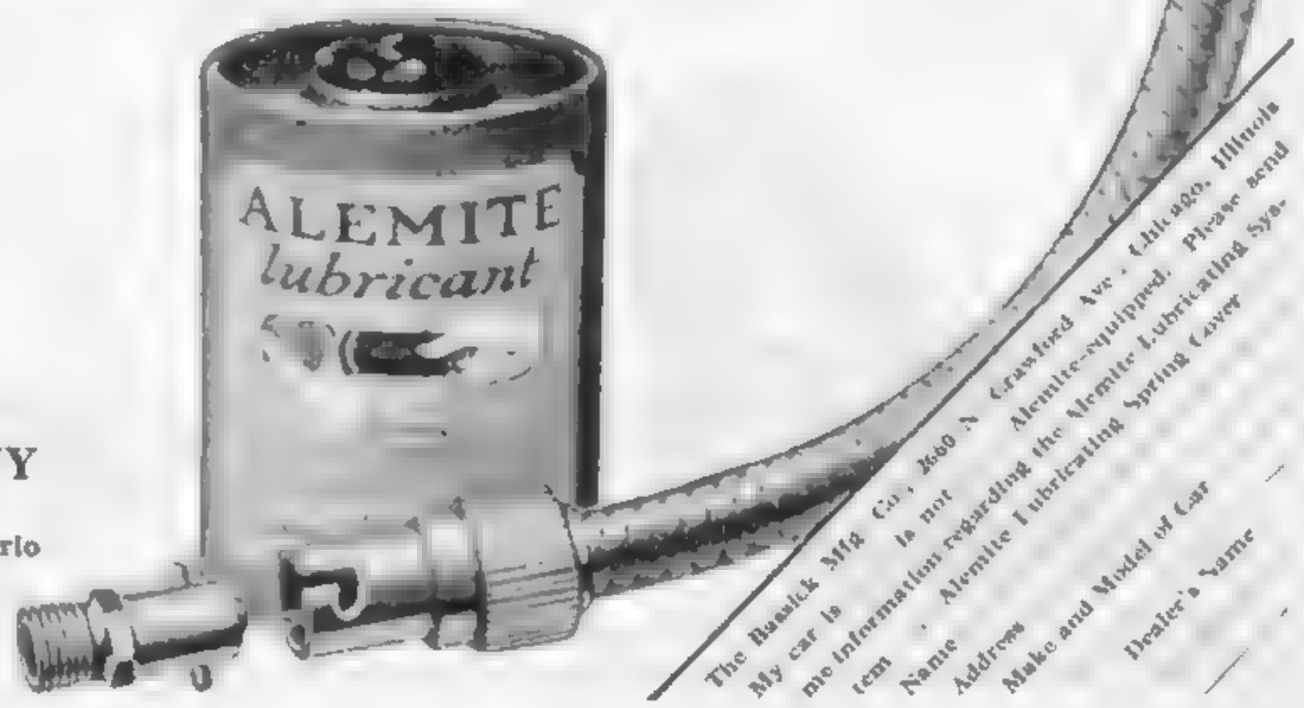

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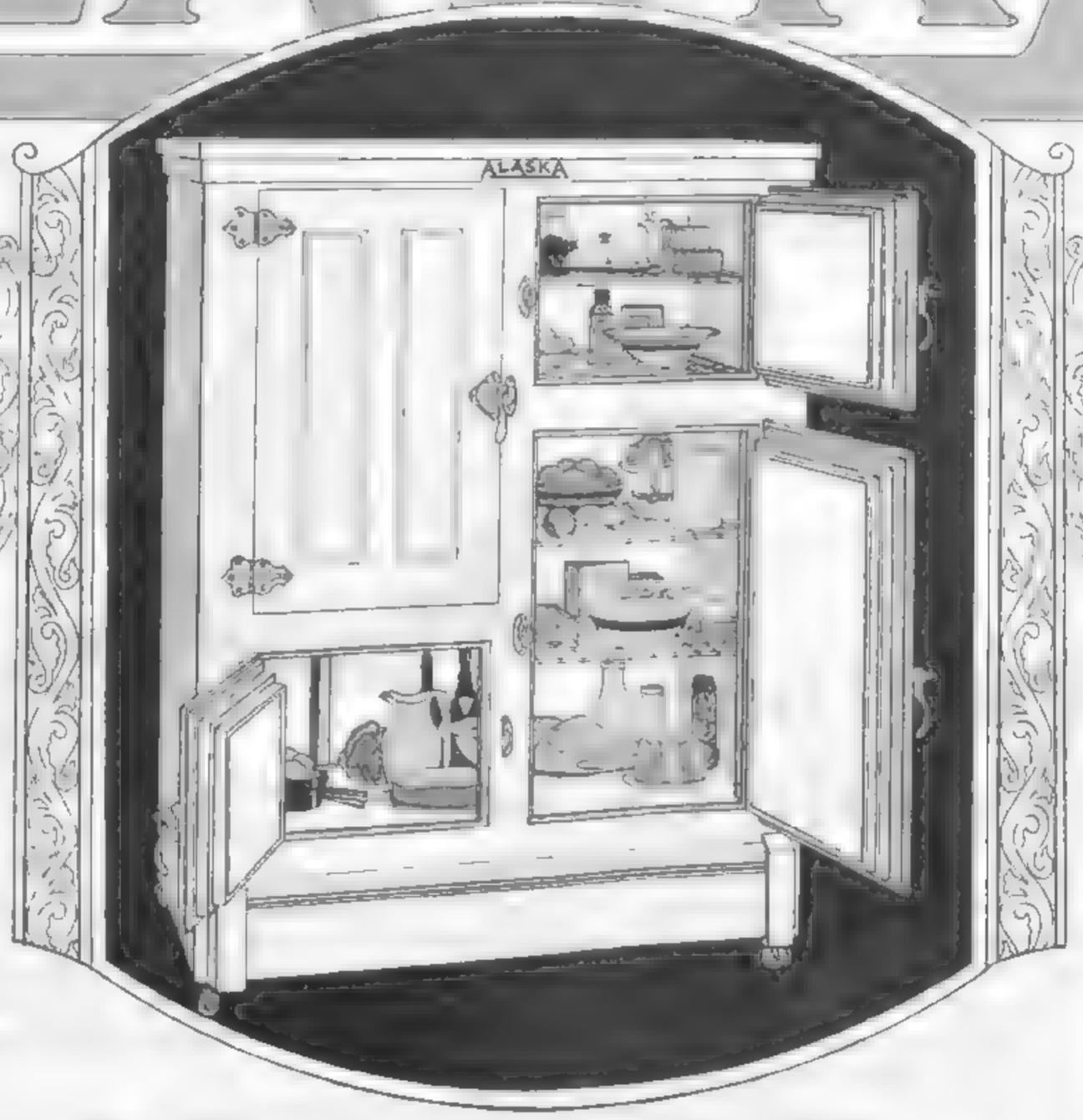

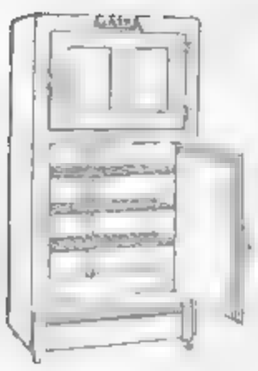

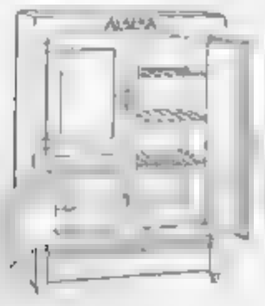

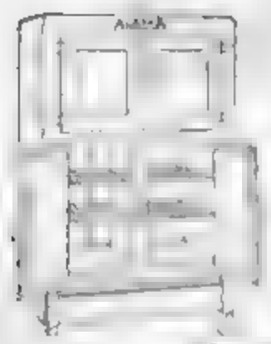

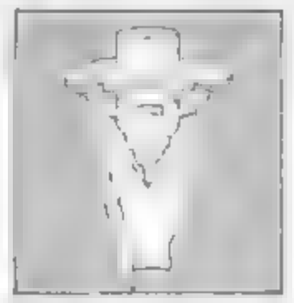

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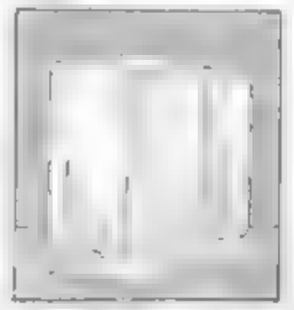

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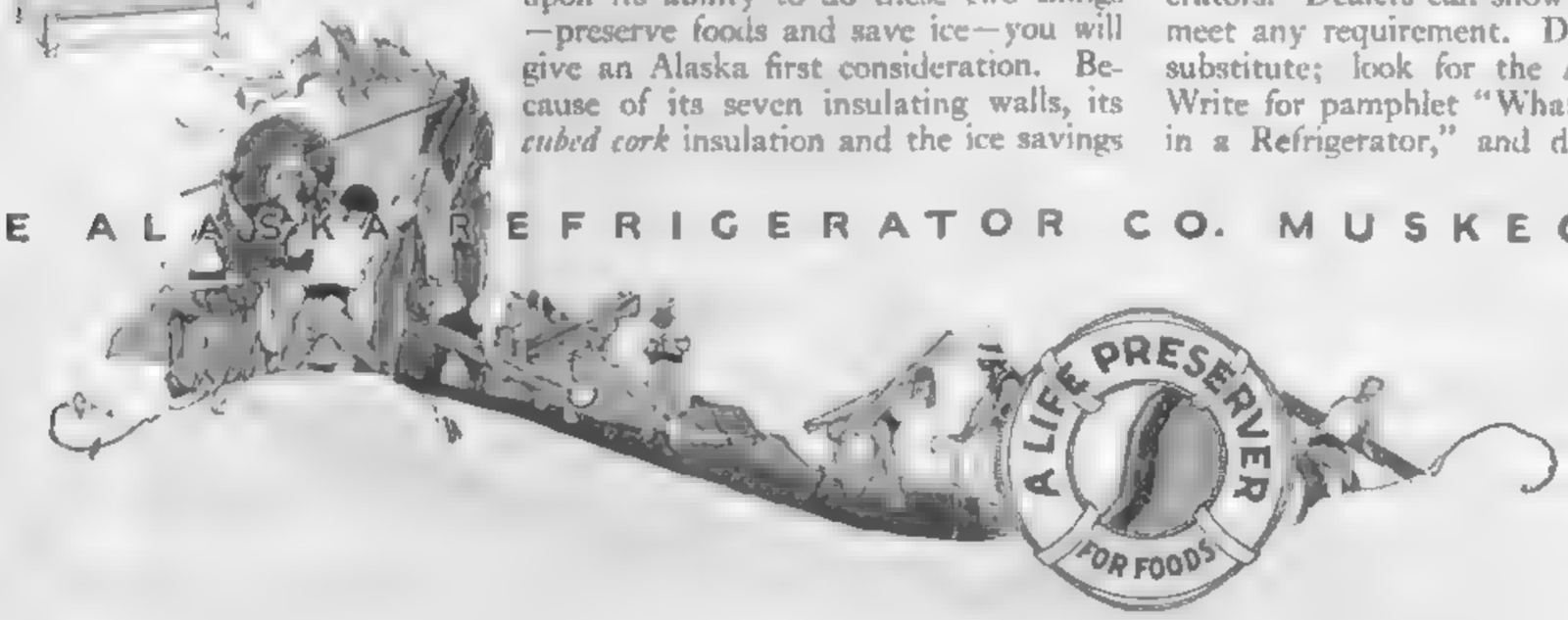
For upon the insulation which fills this space, largely depends the value of your refrigerator. The better able it is to keep out heat and keep in cold, the more perfectly it preserves food, and the less ice it uses to do so.

If you select a refrigerator primarily upon its ability to do these two things —preserve foods and save ice—you will give an Alaska first consideration. Because of its seven insulating walls, its *cubed cork* insulation and the ice savings which they effect, Alaska Refrigerators have won a place in a million and a half homes. Further protection is given foods by the Alaska's perfected circulation, with its constant current of cold air from which all excess moisture is removed.

Alaska Refrigerators have other important features, the development of forty-five years of refrigerator building: sanitary, seamless porcelain or white enamel linings; tight-fitting doors; durable shelves and ice rack; patented, cold-conserving drain trap. They are unusually well built, with enduring finish; yet cost *no more* than ordinary refrigerators. Dealers can show you styles to meet any requirement. Don't accept a substitute; look for the Alaska name. Write for pamphlet "What to Look for in a Refrigerator," and dealer's name.



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If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better-built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information.

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

(Continued from Page 34)

"My gosh!" cried Freddie, electrified. "Then was it you who got the thing last night?"

"Yes, it was. But ——"

For a moment Freddie had to wrestle with something that was almost a sordid envy. Then better feelings prevailed. He quivered with manly generosity. He gave Eve's hand a tender pat. It was too dark for her to see it, but he was registering renunciation.

"Little girl," he murmured, "there's no one I'd rather got that thousand quid than you. If I couldn't have it myself, I mean to say. Little girl ——"

"Oh, be quiet!" cried Eve. "I wasn't doing it for any thousand pounds. I didn't want Mr. Keeble to give me money."

"You didn't want him to give you money!" repeated Freddie wonderingly.

"I just wanted to help Phyllis. She's my friend."

"Pals, pardner, pals! Pals till hell freezes!" cried Freddie, deeply moved.

"What are you talking about?"

"Sorry. That was a subtitle from a thing called Prairie Nell, you know. Just happened to cross my mind. It was in the second reel where the two fellows are ——"

"Yes, yes; never mind."

"Thought I'd mention it."

"Tell me ——"

"It seemed to fit in."

"Do stop, Freddie!"

"Right-ho!"

"Tell me," resumed Eve, "is Mr. McTodd going to the ball?"

"Eh? Why, yes, I suppose so."

"Then, listen! You know that little cottage your father has let him have?"

"Little cottage?"

"Yes. In the wood past the Yew Alley."

"Little cottage? I never heard of any little cottage."

"Well, he's got one," said Eve. "And as soon as everybody has gone to the ball you and I are going to burgle it."

"What?"

"Burgle it!"

"Burgle it?"

"Yes, burgle it!"

Freddie gulped.

"Look here, old thing," he said plaintively, "this is a bit beyond me. It doesn't seem to me to make sense."

Eve forced herself to be patient. After all, she reflected, perhaps she had been approaching the matter a little rapidly. The desire to beat Freddie violently over the head passed, and she began to speak slowly and, as far as she could manage it, in words of one syllable.

"I can make it quite clear if you will listen and not say a word till I've done. This man who calls himself McTodd is not Mr. McTodd at all. He is a thief who got into the place by saying that he was McTodd. He stole the jewels from me last night and hid them in his cottage."

"But, I say!"

"Don't interrupt! I know he has them there, so when he has gone to the ball and the coast is clear you and I will go and search till we find them."

"But, I say!"

Eve crushed down her impatience once more.

"Well?"

"Do you really think this cove has got the necklace?"

"I know he has."

"Well, then, it's jolly well the best thing that could possibly have happened, because I got him here to pinch it for Uncle Joseph."

"What?"

"Absolutely! You see, I began to have a doubt or two as to whether I was quite equal to the contract, so I roped in this bird by way of a gang."

"You got him here? You mean you sent for him and arranged that he should pass himself off as Mr. McTodd?"

"Well, no, not exactly that. He was coming here as McTodd, anyway, as far as I can gather. But I'd talked it over with him, you know, before that and asked him to pinch the necklace."

"Then you know him quite well? He is a friend of yours?"

"I wouldn't say that exactly. He says he was at school with me."

"At Eton?"

"Yes. I'm dashed if I can remember him though. And he said he was a great pal of Phyllis and her husband."

"Did he tell you that?"

"Absolutely!"

"When?"

"In the train."

"I mean, was it before or after you had told him why you wanted the necklace stolen?"

"Eh? Let me think. After."

"You're sure?"

"Yes."

"Tell me exactly what happened," said Eve. "I can't understand it at all at present."

Freddie marshaled his thoughts.

"Well, let's see. Well, to start with, I told Uncle Joe I would pinch the necklace and slip it to him, and he said if I did he'd give me a thousand quid. As a matter of fact, he made it two thousand, and very decent of him, I thought it. Is that straight?"

"Yes."

"Then I sort of got cold feet. Began to wonder, don't you know, if I hadn't bitten off rather more than I could chew."

"Yes?"

"And then I saw this advertisement in the paper."

"Advertisement? What advertisement?"

"There was an advertisement in the paper, saying if anybody wanted anything done simply apply to this chap. So I wrote him a letter and went up and had a talk with him in the lobby of the Piccadilly Palace. Only, unfortunately, I'd promised the guv'nor I'd catch the 12:50 home, so I had to dash off in the middle. Must have thought me rather an ass, it's sometimes occurred to me since. I mean, practically all I said was, 'Will you pinch my aunt's necklace?' and then buzzed off to catch the train. Never thought I'd see the man again, but when I got into the five-o'clock train—I missed the 12:50—there he was as large as life, and the guv'nor suddenly trickled in from another compartment and introduced him to me as McTodd the poet.

"Now, he'd just told me he'd been at school with me, and I knew jolly well I hadn't known anybody called McTodd at Eton, so I said, 'What ho!' or words to that effect. He then said he wasn't really McTodd, only pretending to be McTodd."

"Didn't that strike you as strange?"

"Yes, rather rummy."

"Did you ask him why he was doing such an extraordinary thing?"

"Oh, yes. But he wouldn't tell me. And then he asked me why I wanted him to pinch Aunt Connie's necklace, and it suddenly occurred to me that everything was working rather smoothly—I mean, him being on his way to the castle like that. Right on the spot, don't you know. So I told him all about Phyllis, and it was then that he said that he had been a pal of hers and her husband's for years. So we fixed it up that he was to get the necklace and hand it over. I must say I was rather drawn to the chappie. He said he didn't want any money for swiping the thing."

Eve laughed bitterly.

"Why should he, when he was going to get twenty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds and keep them? Oh, Freddie, I should have thought that even you would have seen through him! You go to this perfect stranger and tell him that there is a valuable necklace waiting here to be stolen, you find him on his way to steal it, and you trust him implicitly just because he tells you he knows Phyllis—whom he had never heard of in his life till you mentioned her. Freddie, really!"

The Honorable Freddie scratched his beautifully shaven chin.

"Well, when you put it like that," he said, "I must own it does sound a bit off. But he seemed such a dashed matey sort of bird. Cheery and all that. I liked the feller."

"What nonsense!"

"Well, but you liked him too. I mean to say, you were about with him a goodish lot."

"I hate him!" said Eve angrily. "I wish I had never seen him. And if I let him get away with that necklace and cheat poor little Phyllis out of her money, I'll—I'll ——"

She raised a grimly determined chin to the stars. Freddie watched her admiringly.

"I say, you know, you are a wonderful girl," he said.

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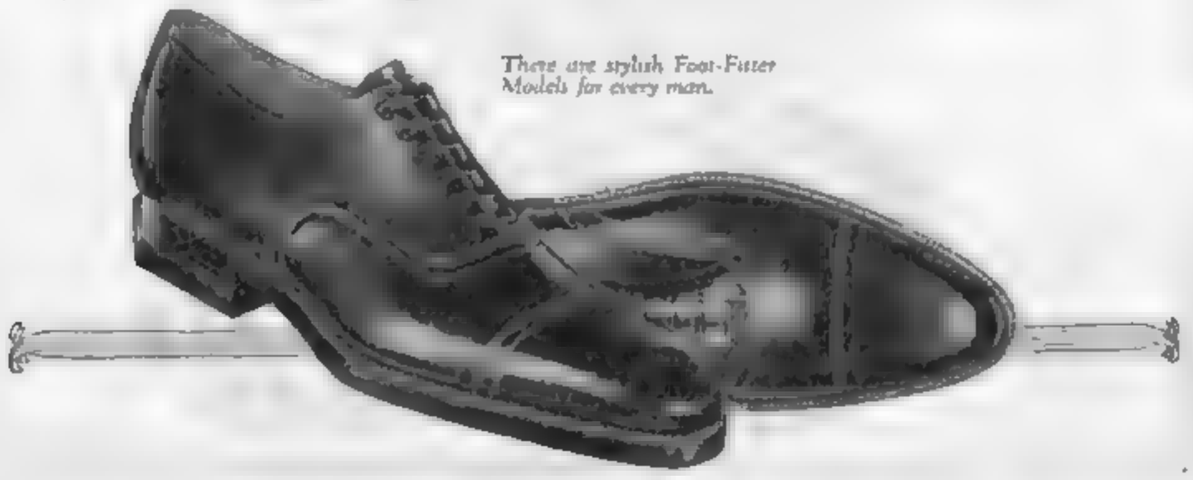

"He shan't get away with it if I have to pull the place down."

"When you chuck your head up like that you remind me a bit of What's-Her-Name, the motion-picture star, you know, girl who was in Wed to a Satyr. Only," added Freddie hurriedly, "she isn't half so pretty. I say, I was rather looking forward to that jolly old county ball, but now this has happened I don't mind missing it a bit. I mean, it seems to draw us closer together somehow, if you follow me. I say, honestly, all kidding aside, you think that love might some day awaken in ——"

"We shall want a lamp," said Eve.

"Eh?"

"A lamp. To see with when we are in the cottage. Can you get one?"

Freddie reluctantly perceived that the moment for sentiment had not arrived.

"A lamp? Oh, yes, of course. Rather."

"Better get two," said Eve. "And meet me here about half an hour after everybody has gone to the ball."

II

THE tiny sitting room of Psmith's haven of rest in the woods had never reached a high standard of decorativeness even in its best days; but as Eve paused from her labors and looked at it in the light of her lamp about an hour after her conversation with Freddie on the terrace it presented a picture of desolation that would have startled the plain-living gamekeeper to whom it had once been a home. Even Freddie, though normally an unobservant youth, seemed awed by the ruin he had helped to create.

"Golly!" he observed. "I say, we've rather mucked the place up a bit!"

It was no overstatement. Eve had come to the cottage to search, and she had searched thoroughly. The torn carpet lay in an untidy heap against the wall. The table was overturned. Boards had been wrenched from the floor, bricks from the chimney place. The horsehair sofa was in ribbons and the one small cushion in the room lay limply in a corner, its stuffing distributed north, south, east and west. There was soot everywhere—on the walls, on the floor, on the fireplace and on Freddie. A brace of dead bats, the further result of the latter's groping in a chimney which had not been swept for seven months, reposed in the fender. The sitting room had never been luxurious; it was now not even cozy.

Eve did not reply. She was struggling with what she was fair-minded enough to see was an entirely unjust fever of irritation, with her courteous and obliging assistant as its object. It was wrong, she knew, to feel like this. That she should be furious at her failure to find the jewels was excusable, but she had no possible right to be furious with Freddie. It was not his fault that soot had poured from the chimney in lieu of diamonds. If he had asked for a necklace and been given a dead bat, he was surely more to be pitied than censured. Yet Eve, eying his grimy face, would have given very much to have been able to scream loudly and throw something at him. The fact is the Honorable Freddie belonged to that unfortunate type of humanity which automatically gets blamed for everything in moments of stress.

"Well, the bally thing isn't here," said Freddie.

He spoke thickly, as a man will whose mouth is covered with soot.

"I know it isn't," said Eve. "But this isn't the only room in the house."

"Think he might have hidden the stuff upstairs?"

"Or downstairs."

Freddie shook his head, dislodging a portion of a third bat.

"Must be upstairs, if it's anywhere. Mean to say, there isn't any downstairs."

"There's the cellar," said Eve. "Take your lamp and go and have a look."

For the first time in the proceedings a spirit of disaffection seemed to manifest itself in the bosom of her assistant. Up till this moment Freddie had taken his orders placidly and executed them with promptness and civility. Even when the first shower of soot had driven him choking from the fireplace his manly spirit had not been crushed; he had merely uttered a startled "Oh, I say!" and returned gallantly to the attack. But now he obviously hesitated.

"Go on," said Eve impatiently.

"Yes, but, I say, you know ——"

"What's the matter?"

"I don't think the chap would be likely to hide a necklace in the cellar. I vote we give it a miss and try upstairs."

"Don't be silly, Freddie. He may have hidden it anywhere."

"Well, to be absolutely honest, I'd much rather not go into any bally cellar, if it's all the same to you."

"Why ever not?"

"Beetles. Always had a horror of beetles. Ever since I was a kid."

Eve bit her lip. She was feeling, as Miss Peavey had so often felt when associated in some delicate undertaking with Edward Cootes, that exasperating sense of man's inadequacy which comes to high-spirited girls at moments such as these. To achieve the end for which she had started out that night she would have waded waist high through a sea of beetles. But, divining with that sixth sense which tells women when the male has been pushed just so far and can be pushed no farther that Freddie, wax though he might be in her hands in any other circumstances, was on this one point adamant, she made no further effort to bend him to her will.

"All right," she said. "I'll go down into the cellar. You go and look upstairs."

"No, I say, sure you don't mind?"

Eve took up her lamp and left the craven.

For a girl of iron resolution and unswerving purpose, Eve's inspection of the cellar was decidedly cursory. A distinct feeling of relief came over her as she stood at the top of the steps and saw by the light of the lamp how small and bare it was. For, impervious as she might be to the intimidation of beetles, her armor still contained a chink. She was terribly afraid of rats. And even when the rays of the lamp disclosed no scuttling horrors, she still lingered for a moment before descending. You never knew, with rats. They pretended not to be there just to lure you on, and then came out and whizzed about your ankles. However, the memory of her scorn for Freddie's pusillanimity forced her on, and she went down.

The word "cellar" is an elastic one. It can be applied equally to the acres of bottle-fringed vaults which lie beneath a great pile like Blandings Castle and to a hole in the ground like the one in which she now found herself. This cellar was easily searched. She stamped on its stone flags with an ear strained to detect any note of hollowness, but none came. She moved the lamp so that it shone into every corner, but there was not even a crack in which a diamond necklace could have been concealed. Satisfied that the place contained nothing but a little coal dust and a smell of damp decay, Eve passed thankfully out.

The law of elimination was doing its remorseless work. It had ruled out the cellar, the kitchen and the living room—that is to say, the whole of the lower of the two floors which made up the cottage. There now remained only the rooms upstairs. There were probably not more than two, and Freddie must already have searched one of these. The quest seemed to be nearing its end. As Eve made for the narrow staircase that led to the second floor the lamp shook in her hand and cast weird shadows. Now that success was in sight, the strain was beginning to affect her nerves.

It was to nerves that in the first instant of hearing it she attributed what sounded like a soft cough in the sitting room, a few feet from where she stood. Then a chill feeling of dismay gripped her. It could only, she thought, be Freddie, returned from his search; and if Freddie had returned from his search already, what could it mean except that those upstairs rooms, on which she had counted so confidently, had proved as empty as the others? Freddie was not one of your restrained, unemotional men. If he had found the necklace he would have been downstairs in two bounds, shouting. His silence was ominous. She opened the door and went quickly in.

"Freddie ——" she began, and broke off with a gasp.

It was not Freddie who had coughed. It was Psmith. He was seated on the remains of the horsehair sofa, toying with an automatic pistol and gravely surveying through his monocle the ruins of a home.

III

"GOOD evening," said Psmith.

It was not for a philosopher like himself to display astonishment. He was, however, undeniably feeling it. When, a few minutes before, he had encountered Freddie in this same room, he had received a distinct shock; but a rough theory which would account for Freddie's presence in his

(Continued on Page 109)

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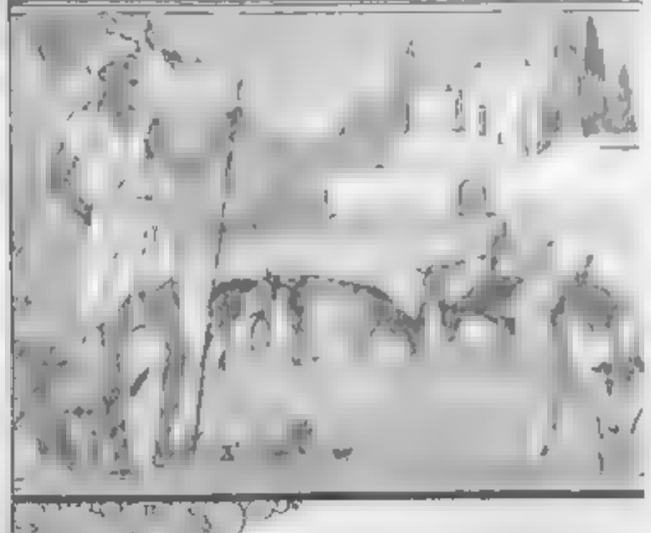

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The Material *of a* Thousand Uses

(Continued from Page 106)

home-from-home he had been able to work out. He groped in vain for one which would explain Eve.

Mere surprise, however, was never enough to prevent Psmith's talking. He began at once.

"It was nice of you," he said, rising courteously, "to look in. Won't you sit down? On the sofa, perhaps? Or would you prefer a brick?"

Eve was not yet equal to speech. She had been so firmly convinced that he was ten miles away at Shifley that his presence here in the sitting room of the cottage had something of the breathtaking quality of a miracle. The explanation, if she could have known it, was simple. Two excellent reasons had kept Psmith from gracing the county ball with his dignified support. In the first place, as Shifley was only four miles from the village where he had spent most of his life, he had regarded it as probable, if not certain, that he would have encountered there old friends to whom it would have been both tedious and embarrassing to explain why he had changed his name to McTodd. And secondly, though he had not actually anticipated a nocturnal raid on his little nook, he had thought it well to be on the premises that evening in case Mr. Edward Cootes should have been getting ideas into his head. As soon, therefore, as the castle had emptied itself and the wheels of the last car had passed away down the drive, he had pocketed Mr. Cootes' automatic and proceeded to the cottage.

Eve recovered her self-possession. She was not a girl given to collapse in moments of crisis. The first shock of amazement had passed; a humiliating feeling of extreme foolishness, which came directly after, had also passed; she was now grimly ready for battle.

"Where is Mr. Threepwood?" she asked.

"Upstairs. I have put him in storage for a while. Do not worry about Comrade Threepwood. He has lots to think about. He is under the impression that if he stirs out he will be instantly shot."

"Oh! Well, I want to put this lamp down. Will you please pick up that table?"

"By all means. But—I am a novice in these matters—ought I not first to say, 'Hands up!' or something?"

"Will you please pick up that table?"

"A friend of mine—one Cootes—you must meet him some time—generally remarks 'Hey!' in a sharp, arresting voice on these occasions. Personally I consider the expression too abrupt. Still, he has had great experience."

"Will you please pick up that table?"

"Most certainly. I take it, then, that you would prefer to dispense with the usual formalities. In that case I will park this automatic on the mantelpiece while we chat. I have taken a curious dislike to the thing. It makes me feel like Dangerous Dan McGrew."

Eve put down the lamp, and there was silence for a moment. Psmith looked about him thoughtfully. He picked up one of the dead bats and covered it with his handkerchief.

"Somebody's mother," he murmured reverently.

Eve sat down on the sofa.

"Mr. ——" She stopped. "I can't call you Mr. McTodd. Will you please tell me your name?"

"Ronald," said Psmith. "Ronald Eustace."

"I suppose you have a surname?" snapped Eve. "Or an alias?"

Psmith eyed her with a pained expression.

"I may be hypersensitive," he said, "but that last remark sounded to me like a dirty dig. You seem to imply that I am some sort of a criminal."

Eve laughed shortly.

"I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings. There's not much sense in pretending now, is there? What is your name?"

"Psmith. The P is silent."

"Well, Mr. Smith, I imagine you understand why I am here?"

"I took it for granted that you had come to fulfill your kindly promise of doing the place up a bit. Will you be wounded if I say frankly that I preferred it the way it was before? All this may be the last word in ultra-modern interior decoration, but I suppose I am old-fashioned. The whisper flies round Shropshire and adjoining counties, 'Psmith is hidebound. He is not attuned to up-to-date methods.' Honestly, don't you think you have rather unduly stressed the bizarre note? This soot—these dead bats ——"

"I have come to get that necklace."

"Ah! The necklace?"

"I'm going to get it too."

Psmith shook his head gently.

"There," he said, "if you will pardon me, I take issue with you. There is nobody to whom I would rather give that necklace than you; but there are special circumstances connected with it which render such an action impossible. I fancy, Miss Halliday, that you have been misled by our young friend upstairs. No, let me speak," he said, raising a hand. "You know what a treat it is to me. The way I envisage the matter is thus: I still cannot understand as completely as I could wish how you come to be mixed up in the affair, but it is plain that in some way or other Comrade Threepwood has enlisted your services; and I regret to be obliged to inform you that the motives animating him in this quest are not pure. To put it crisply, he is engaged in what Comrade Cootes, to whom I alluded just now, would call funny business."

"I ——"

"Pardon me," said Psmith. "If you will be patient for a few minutes more, I shall have finished and shall then be delighted to lend an attentive ear to any remarks you may wish to make. As it occurs to me—indeed, you hinted as much yourself just now—that my own position in this little matter has an appearance which to the uninitiated might seem tolerably rummy, I had better explain how I come to be guarding a diamond necklace which does not belong to me. I rely on your womanly discretion to let the thing go no further."

"Will you please ——"

"In one moment. The facts are as follows: Our mutual friend Mr. Keeble, Miss Halliday, has a stepdaughter who is married to one Comrade Jackson, who, if he had no other claim to fame, would go ringing down through history for this reason—that he and I were at school together and that he is my best friend. We two have sported on the green—oh, a lot of times. Well, owing to one thing and another, the Jackson family is rather badly up against it at the present ——"

Eve jumped up angrily.

"I don't believe a word of it!" she cried. "What is the use of trying to fool me like this? You had never heard of Phyllis before Freddie spoke about her in the train."

"Believe me ——"

"I won't! Freddie got you down here to help him steal that necklace and give it to Mr. Keeble so that he could help Phyllis, and now you've got it and are trying to keep it for yourself."

Psmith started slightly. His monocle fell from its place.

"Is everybody in this little plot? Are you also one of Comrade Keeble's corps of assistants?"

"Mr. Keeble asked me to try to get the necklace for him."

Psmith replaced his monocle thoughtfully.

"This," he said, "opens up a new line of thought. Can it be that I have been wronging Comrade Threepwood all this time? I must confess that when I found him here just now, standing like Marius among the ruins of Carthage—the allusion is a classical one, and the fruit of an expensive education—I jumped—I may say sprang—to the conclusion that he was endeavoring to double-cross both myself and the boss by getting hold of the necklace with a view to retaining it for his own benefit. It never occurred to me that he might be crediting me with the same sinful guile."

Eve ran to him and clutched his arm.

"Mr. Smith, is this really true? Are you really a friend of Phyllis?"

"She looks on me as a grandfather. Are you a friend of hers?"

"We were at school together."

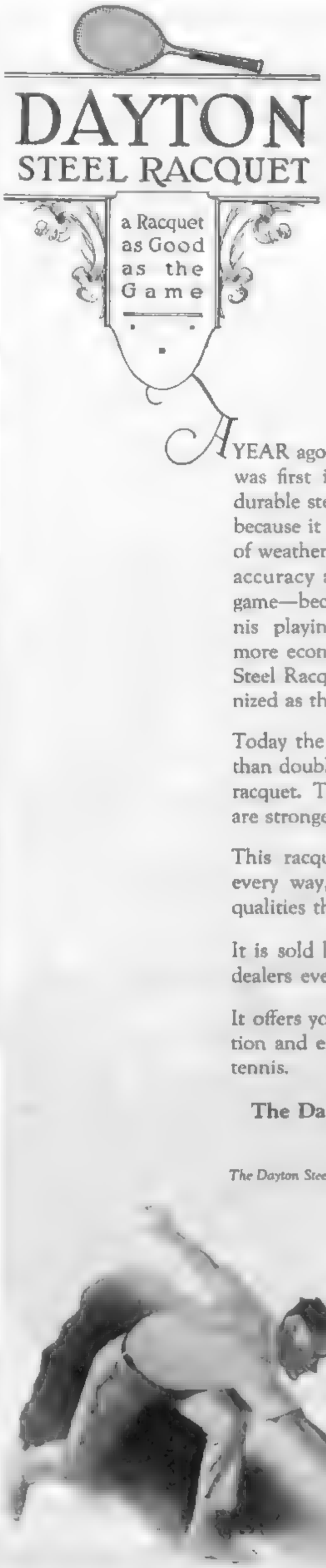
"This," said Psmith cordially, "is one of the most gratifying moments of my life. It makes us all seem like one great big family."

"But I never heard Phyllis speak about you."

"Strange!" said Psmith. "Strange! Surely she was not ashamed of her humble friend?"

"Her what?"

"I must explain," said Psmith, "that until recently I was rather among the submerged tenth. At least, I was earning a difficult livelihood by slinging fish about in Billingsgate Market. It is possible that



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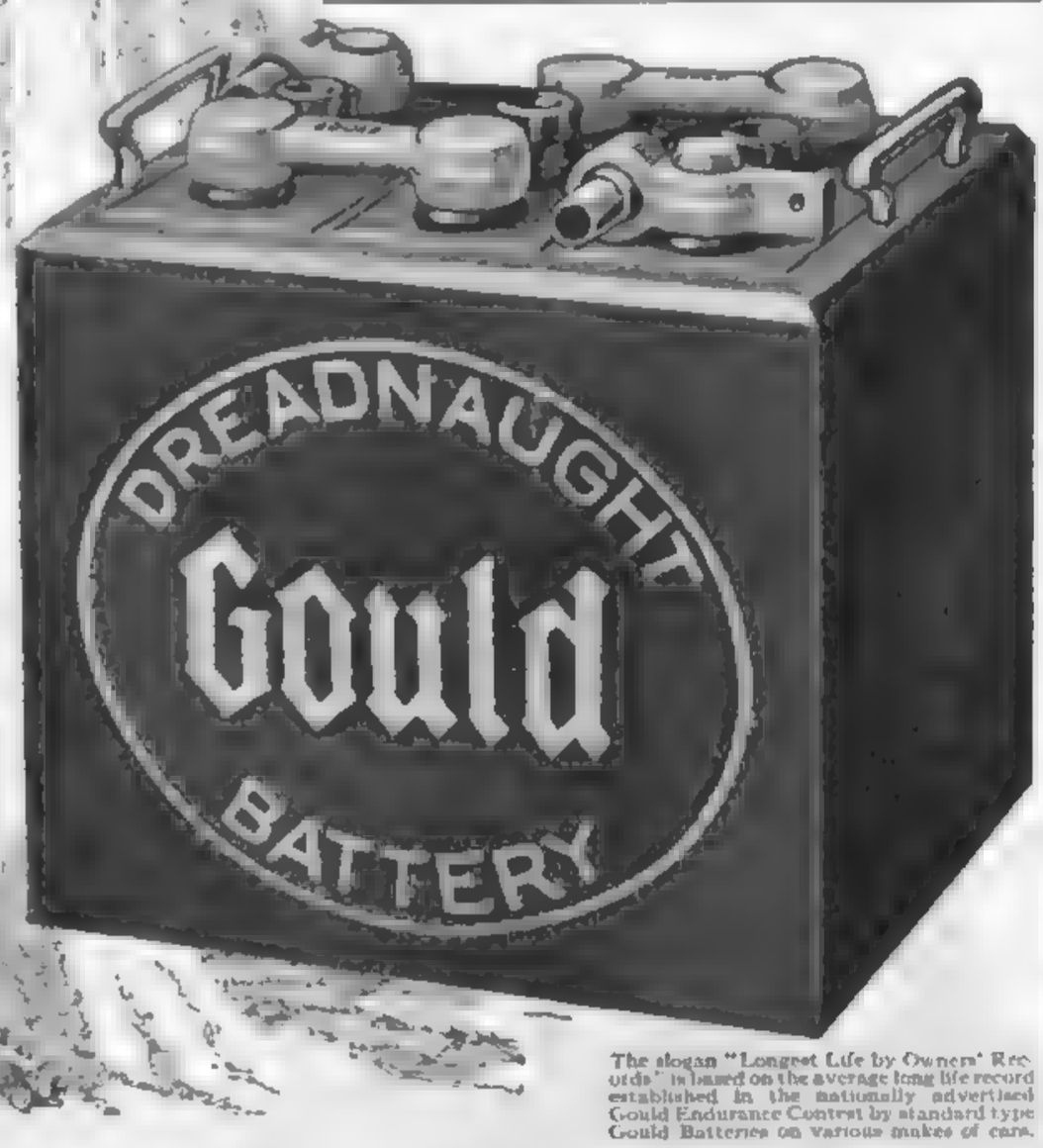

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some snobbish strain in Comrade Jackson's bride, which I confess I had not suspected, kept her from admitting that she was accustomed to hobnob with one in the fish business."

"Good gracious!" cried Eve.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Smith! Fish business! Why, it was you who called at Phyllis' house while I was there! Just before I came down here! I remember Phyllis saying how sorry she was that we had not met. She said you were just my sort of—I mean, she said she wanted me to meet you."

"This," said Psmith, "is becoming more and more gratifying every moment. It seems to me that you and I were made for each other. I am your best friend's best friend and we both have a taste for stealing other people's jewelry. I cannot see how you can very well resist the conclusion that we are twin souls."

"Don't be silly."

"We shall get into that series of Husbands and Wives Who Work Together."

"Where is the necklace?"

Psmith sighed.

"The business note. Always the business note. Can't we keep all that till later?"

"No, we can't!"

"Ah, well!"

Psmith crossed the room and took down from the wall the case of stuffed birds.

"The one place," said Eve, with mortification, "where we didn't think of looking!"

Psmith opened the case and removed the center bird, a depressed-looking fowl with glass eyes which stared with a haunting pathos. He felt in its interior and pulled out something that glittered and sparkled in the lamplight.

"Oh!"

Eve ran her fingers almost lovingly through the jewels as they lay before her on the little table.

"Aren't they beautiful?"

"Distinctly. I think I may say that of all the jewels I have ever stolen ——"

"Hey!"

Eve let the necklace fall with a cry. Psmith spun round. In the doorway stood Mr. Edward Cootes, pointing a pistol.

IV

"HANDS up!" said Mr. Cootes with the uncouth curtness of one who has not had the advantages of a refined home and a nice upbringing. He advanced warily, preceded by the revolver. It was a dainty, miniature weapon, such as might have been the property of some gentle lady. Mr. Cootes had, in fact, borrowed it from Miss Peavey, who at this juncture entered the room in a black-and-silver dinner dress surmounted by a rose Du Barry wrap, her spiritual face glowing softly in the subdued light.

"Attaboy, Ed!" observed Miss Peavey crisply.

She swooped on the table and gathered up the necklace. Mr. Cootes continued to direct an austere gaze at Eve and Psmith.

"No funny business," he advised.

"This," said Psmith to Eve, "is Comrade Cootes, of whom you have heard so much."

Eve was staring, bewildered, at the poetess, who, having annexed the jewels, had begun to look about her with idle curiosity.

"Miss Peavey!" cried Eve. Of all the events of that eventful night the appearance of Lady Constance's emotional friend in the rôle of criminal was the most disconcerting. "Miss Peavey!"

"Hello!" responded that lady agreeably.

"I—I ——"

"We are finding it," said Psmith, "a little difficult to adjust our minds to the present development. Speaking for myself, I knew, of course, that Comrade Cootes had—shall I say an acquisitive streak in him? But I had always supposed that you were a poetess."

"So I am a poetess," retorted Miss Peavey hotly. "Just you start in joshing my poems and see how quick I'll bean you with a brick. Well, Ed, no sense in sticking around here. Let's go."

"We'll have to tie these birds up," said Mr. Cootes farseeingly. "Otherwise we'll have them squealing before I can make a get-away."

"Ed," said Miss Peavey with scorn, "you've got a head like a dollar—one bone. How are they going to squeal? They can't say a thing without telling everyone they snitched the stuff first."

"That's right," admitted Mr. Cootes.

"Well, then, don't come butting in."

In the silence into which this rebuke plunged Mr. Cootes, Psmith spoke.

"If, before you go, you can spare us a moment of your valuable time," he said, "I should be glad of a few words. And may I say that I cordially agree with your condemnation of Comrade Cootes' recent suggestion. The man is an ass."

"Say," observed Mr. Cootes, coming to life again and eager to work off his discomfiture on one whom he had always disliked, "that'll be about all from you! If there wasn't ladies present I'd bust you one."

"Ed," said Miss Peavey with quiet authority, "shut your trap!"

Mr. Cootes subsided once more. Psmith gazed at him through his monocle, interested.

"Pardon me," he said, "but—if it is not a rude question—are you two married?"

"Eh?"

"You seemed to me to talk to him like a wife. Am I addressing Mrs. Cootes?"

"You will be if you stick around a while."

"A thousand congratulations to Comrade Cootes. Not quite so many to you, possibly, but fully that number of good wishes." He moved towards the poetess with extended hand. "I am thinking of getting married myself shortly."

"Keep those hands up," said Mr. Cootes sourly.

"Surely," said Psmith reproachfully, "these conventions need not be observed among friends? You will find the only weapon I have ever possessed over there on the mantelpiece. It is the one I borrowed from you some days back. I restore it gladly, for I would be the last to wish to introduce a jarring note into this scene of good will. All I wanted to say," he went on, addressing Miss Peavey again, "was that, if you can spare the time, I should like to have a short business chat before you leave us."

Miss Peavey shook her head.

"I'm sorry, Rollo," she replied amiably, "but you can cut that right out. Ed and I have got the stuff and we don't divvy up with anyone. I know it's bad form to do the dirty on folks in the same line of business, but you shouldn't have butted in. I was here first. Make your mind easy, Bill, you don't get a nickel out of us. Not but what I'd do it for you if I did it for anyone, because you're a good sort of scout and I've always liked you."

"You overwhelm me," said Psmith. "May I say that the liking is mutual? Though, before I was aware of this other, deeper side to your nature, I confess that there were times when —— However, that is not to the point. I would prefer, if you will allow me, to keep now entirely to business. Before I begin, I must say that you flatter me when you suggest that I am a fellow professional. Miss Halliday and I were merely amateurs in this enterprise. We were employed to get the necklace by Mr. Keeble."

A sharp barking sound broke in on his remarks. It was Mr. Cootes laughing satirically.

"The guy it belonged to! That's good!"

"Ed!" said Miss Peavey quietly.

Mr. Cootes went into the silence again.

"The necklace did not belong to Comrade Keeble; it belonged to his wife. Comrade K wanted to get possession of it because he and Lady Constance own a joint banking account and he was in need of a certain sum of money, which he desired to obtain without her knowledge."

"Well, the smooth old guy!" exclaimed Miss Peavey.

"Just one of those simple, affectionate tricks which husbands do play on wives," said Psmith. "I expect Comrade Cootes will be trying something of the sort on you towards the end of the honeymoon."

"Say!" cried that maligned gentleman explosively.

"Ed!" said Miss Peavey.

"Yes, but ——"

"Ed!"

"Oh, all right."

"His motives," continued Psmith, "were, however, far, far different from those which will lead Comrade Cootes to ——"

"Never you mind about Comrade Cootes," said Miss Peavey with quiet determination. "I'll look after him."

"I am sure you will, I am sure you will. Well, Mr. Keeble has a stepdaughter ——"

"I know her," said Miss Peavey, "and I know all about her. And let me tell you

(Continued on Page 113)

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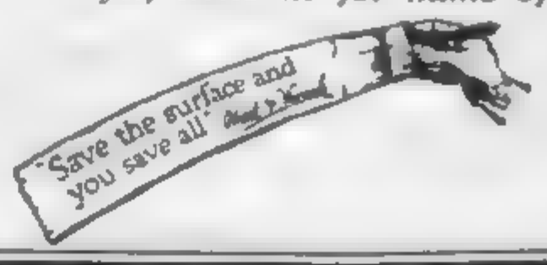

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(Continued from Page 110)

it's a darned shame the way those two stiffs have acted to that poor girl. Just because she goes and marries the bird she loves ——"

Miss Peavey choked. Her acquaintance with Lady Constance had begun just previous to the determination of the Phyllis-Jackson romance, but her warm heart had been deeply stirred by the raw deal which had been handed to True Love.

Eve sprang forward with a suddenness which nearly caused Mr. Cootes to pull the trigger.

"Oh, Miss Peavey, were you a friend of Phyllis' too?"

"One great big family," murmured Psmith. "Just one great big family."

"He wanted the money for her, Miss Peavey. Three thousand pounds of it, that is. She and her husband can buy a wonderful farm if they get it, and it will let them live in the country again and be happy. Oh, don't take away that necklace, Miss Peavey! Give it back to us, and ——"

"Hey!"

Crushed though he had been so frequently by his bride-to-be since the beginning of these exchanges, this frightful request revived Mr. Cootes like water on a fading flower.

"I don't think!" stammered Mr. Cootes, violently moved. He waved protesting arms. "I don't think!"

"You don't," observed Miss Peavey severely. "That's the trouble with you. You ought to try to remember sometimes that that thing balanced on your collar is a head, not a Hubbard squash. And be careful what you're doing with that gat! Waving it about like it was a bouquet or something." She turned to Eve. "This is beginning to listen good to me. If old Keeble wants that necklace so bad he'll be willing to buy it off Ed and me."

"Precisely," said Psmith, "what I was about to suggest. Your ready intelligence is inspiring. I am a child in these matters, but from the stories I have read I understand that there is a gentleman called a fence who deals in stolen goods."

"That's right."

"And he is in the habit of giving the toiler about a quarter of what the goods are worth."

"That's right too."

"Then if Comrade Keeble gives you sixteen thousand pounds for the necklace it seems to me that life will be more or less one grand sweet song for all concerned."

"Sixteen? Where do you get that sixteen stuff? I make it seventeen. You said the kid Phyllis only wanted three thousand."

"I omitted to mention that Comrade Threepwood, an exceptionally promising and deserving young man, was to have had a reward for pinching the thing. Yes, he, too, was in it! And though he did not actually achieve his object, he has been put to a good deal of trouble and inconvenience."

Mr. Cootes made one last despairing inrush into the conversation:

"Say, if you think we're going to cough up a thousand pounds just to please a young oil can with slicked-back hair and a face like ——"

"Ed!"

It is strange how important events hang so often upon mere accidents. The accident in this case was the fact that Mr. Cootes happened to speak first. The protest which he had made was one which had already formed itself in Miss Peavey's mind and the point seemed to her well taken. If Mr. Cootes had kept quiet, as a good man should in the presence of his betrothed, she would have expressed with generous strength the very view to which he had just given utterance. But Miss Peavey, as her general attitude has already hinted, had strong opinions on the rashness of letting the male get above himself. To indorse and show approval of her fiancé's outburst would, she felt, infallibly encourage in that gentleman the process of getting above himself. She meant to start her married life right; and the way to do that, she held, was to veto any resolution which her Eddie put forward. So, though in her heart she strongly disapproved of wasting good money in the way Psmith had suggested, she quelled Mr. Cootes with a look and spoke cordially.

"Gee!" she observed. "What's a thousand pounds among friends? I'm no hog. Let the poor simp have his thousand. For heaven's sake, Ed, isn't around eighty thousand dollars enough for you? Who d'you think you are—the Prince of Wales or something? . . . All right, Cuthbert, it's a bet. We've got a car waiting down the road and Ed's going to sneak off up to London tonight. He'll get in touch with old Keeble and fix the deal up. . . . Well, that seems to be about all. Guess we'll be going. Come along, Ed, pick up the Henries."

She turned to Psmith. "It's nice to think everything's ended happily."

"Extremely. You will let me know where to send the plated fish slice, won't you?"

"Eh?"

"I was hoping, if you do not think it a liberty on the part of one who has known you but a short time, to be allowed to send you a small wedding present in due season."

"And darned nice of you too. Thank him, Ed."

Mr. Cootes gulped, but he had the right stuff in him for one about to link his lot with this masterly woman.

"Thanks," he said huskily.

"Not at all," said Psmith.

"Did you say you were going to be married too?" asked Miss Peavey.

"I feel convinced of it. Perhaps on some future occasion you and Comrade Cootes will come and visit us in our little home. You will receive a hearty, unaffected welcome. You must not be offended if we count the spoons just before you say good-by. Good night, Miss Peavey. Good night, Comrade Cootes."

He slapped the latter violently on the back.

"Here, say!" cried Mr. Cootes with a last flicker of spirit.

"Ed!" said Miss Peavey.

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Cootes.

They passed together into the night.

■

EVE sat down on the battered sofa and rested her chin in her hands. She looked at Psmith, who was delicately piling with the toe of his shoe a funeral mound over the second of the dead bats.

"So that's that!" she said.

Psmith looked up.

"You have a very happy gift of phrase," he said. "That, as you sensibly say, is that. We must take Comrade Keeble aside on our return and inform him of the happy solution of his troubles."

"But can we trust them?"

"I am sure we can. A sounder business woman than the future Mrs. Cootes I have never met."

There was a silence.

"So you're going to be married?" said Eve.

Psmith polished his monocle thoughtfully.

"I think so," he said. "I think so. What do you think?"

Eve regarded him steadfastly. Then she gave a little laugh.

"Yes, I think so too. Shall I tell you something?"

"You could tell me nothing more wonderful than that."

"When I met Cynthia in Market Blandings she told me what the trouble was which made her husband leave her. They had some people to dinner, and there was chicken, and Cynthia gave all the giblets to the guests, and her husband bounded out of his seat with a wild cry and shouted 'You know I love those things better than anything in the world!' And he rushed out of the house, never to return. Cynthia told me that he has rushed out of the house, never to return, six times since they were married."

"In passing," said Psmith, "I don't like chicken giblets."

"Cynthia advised me, if I ever married, to marry someone eccentric. She said it was such fun. Well, I don't think I am ever likely to meet anyone more eccentric than you, am I?" She paused reflectively. "'Mrs. Psmith'—it doesn't sound much, does it?"

Psmith patted her hand encouragingly.

"We must look into the future," he said. "We must remember that I am only at the beginning of what I am convinced is to be a singularly illustrious career. 'Lady Psmith' is better; 'Baroness Psmith' better still; and — who knows? — the 'Duchess of Psmith' ——"

A dull, muffled sound, like distant thunder, began to make itself heard from upstairs.

"Good gracious!" cried Eve. "Freddie! I'd forgotten all about him!"

"The right spirit," said Psmith. "Quite the right spirit."

"We must go and let him out."

The Spirit of Easter-

As bells made soundless, so would Easter Sunday be without flowers. This is the day of all days when the home should be gladdened by the fragrance and color of flowers. Easter Sunday is April first. Send gifts of flowers to those dear to you.

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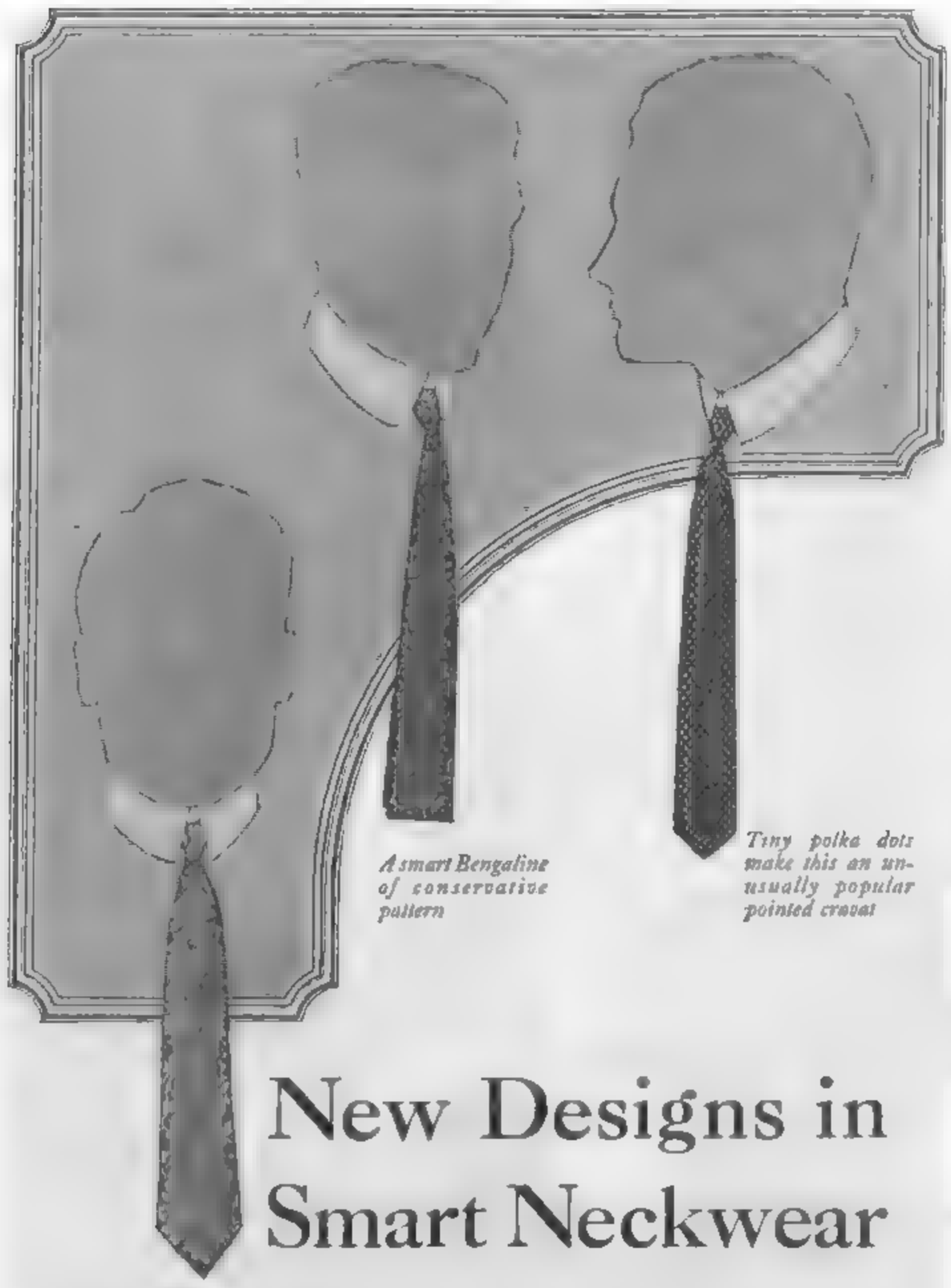

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"Must we? In a very few minutes his own unaided efforts will enable him to kick down that door."

"Oh, no, we must let him out!"

"Just as you say. And then he can come with us on the stroll I was about to propose that we should take through the woods. It is a lovely night, and it will be jolly to have Comrade Threepwood prattling at our side. I will go and let him out at once."

"No, don't bother," said Eve.

CHAPTER XIV

THE golden stillness of a perfect summer morning brooded over Blandings Castle and its adjacent pleasure grounds. From a sky of unbroken blue the sun poured down its heartening rays on all those roses, pinks, pansies, carnations, hollyhocks, columbines, larkspurs, London pride and Canterbury bells which made the gardens so rarely beautiful. Flanneled youths and maidens in white serge sported in the shade; gay cries arose from the tennis courts behind the shrubbery; and birds, bees and butterflies went about their business with a new energy and zip. In short, the casual observer, assuming that he was addicted to trite phrases, would have said that happiness reigned supreme.

But happiness, even on the finest morning, is seldom universal. The strolling youths and maidens were happy; the tennis players were happy; the birds, bees and butterflies were happy. Eve, walking in pleasant meditation on the terrace, was happy. Freddie Threepwood was happy as he lounged in the smoking room and gloated over the information, received from Psmith in the small hours, that his thousand pounds was safe. Mr. Keeble, writing to Phyllis to inform her that she might clinch the purchase of the Lincolnshire farm, was happy. Even Head Gardener Angus McAllister was as happy as a Scotsman can ever be. But Lord Emsworth, drooping out of the library window, felt only a nervous irritation more in keeping with the blizzards of winter than with the only fine July that England had known in the past ten years.

We have seen his lordship in a similar attitude and a like frame of mind on a previous occasion; but then his melancholy had been due to the loss of his glasses. This morning these were perched firmly on his nose and he saw all things clearly. What was causing his gloom now was the fact that some ten minutes earlier his sister Constance had trapped him in the library, full of jarring rebuke on the subject of the dismissal of Rupert Baxter, the world's most efficient secretary. It was to avoid her compelling eye that Lord Emsworth had turned to the window. And what he saw from that window thrust him even deeper into the abyss of gloom. The sun, the birds, the bees, the butterflies and the flowers called to him to come out and have the time of his life; but he just lacked the nerve to make a dash for it.

"I think you must be mad," said Lady Constance bitterly, resuming her remarks and starting at the point where she had begun before.

"Baxter's mad," retorted his lordship, also retreading old ground.

"You are too absurd!"

"He threw flowerpots at me."

"Do please stop talking about those flowerpots. Mr. Baxter has explained the whole thing to me, and surely even you can see that his behavior was perfectly excusable."

"I don't like the fellow," cried Lord Emsworth, once more retreating to his last line of trenches—the one line from which all Lady Constance's eloquence had been unable to dislodge him.

There was a silence, as there had been a short time before when the discussion had reached this same point.

"You will be helpless without him," said Lady Constance.

"Nothing of the kind," said his lordship.

"You know you will. Where will you ever get another secretary capable of looking after everything like Mr. Baxter? You know you are a perfect child, and unless you have someone whom you can trust to manage your affairs I cannot see what will happen."

Lord Emsworth made no reply. He merely gazed wanly from the window.

"Clarence!" moaned Lady Constance.

His lordship remained mute; but now there was a gleam of something approaching pleasure in his pale eyes, for at this moment a car rounded the corner of the house from the direction of the stables and stood purring at the door. There was a trunk on the car, and a suitcase, and almost simultaneously the Efficient Baxter entered the library, clothed and spatted for travel.

"I have come to say good-by, Lady Constance," said Baxter coldly and precisely, flashing at his late employer through his spectacles a look of stern reproach. "The car which is taking me to the station is at the door."

"Oh, Mr. Baxter!" Lady Constance, strong woman though she was, fluttered with distress. "Oh, Mr. Baxter!"

"Good-by." He gripped her hand in brief farewell and directed his spectacles for another tense instant upon the sagging figure at the window. "Good-by, Lord Emsworth."

"Eh? What? Oh! Ah, yes! Good-by, my dear fel—I mean good-by. I—er—hope you will have a pleasant journey."

"Thank you," said Baxter.

"But, Mr. Baxter," said Lady Constance.

"Lord Emsworth," said the ex-secretary icily, "I am no longer in your employment."

"But, Mr. Baxter," moaned Lady Constance, "surely—even now—misunderstanding—talk it all over quietly ——"

Lord Emsworth started violently.

"Here!" he protested.

"I fear it is too late," said Baxter, to his infinite relief, "to talk things over. My arrangements are already made and cannot be altered. Ever since I came here to work for Lord Emsworth, my former employer—an American millionaire named Jevons—has been making me flattering offers to return to him. Until now a mistaken sense of loyalty has kept me from accepting these offers, but this morning I telegraphed to Mr. Jevons to say that I was at liberty and could join him at once. It is too late now to cancel this promise."

"Quite, quite! Oh, certainly, quite! Mustn't dream of it, my dear fellow! No, no, no! Indeed, no!" said Lord Emsworth with an effervescent cordiality which struck both his hearers as in the most dubious taste.

Baxter merely stiffened haughtily; but Lady Constance was so poignantly affected by the words and the joyous tone in which they were uttered that she could endure her brother's loathly society no longer. Shaking Baxter's hand once more, and gazing stonily for a moment at the worm by the window, she left the room.

For some seconds after she had gone there was silence—a silence which Lord Emsworth found embarrassing. He turned to the window again and took in with one wistful glance the roses, the pinks, the pansies, the carnations, the hollyhocks, the columbines, the larkspurs, the London pride and the Canterbury bells. And then suddenly there came to him the realization that with Lady Constance gone there no longer existed any reason why he should stay cooped up in this stuffy library on the finest morning that had ever been sent to gladden the heart of man. He shivered ecstatically from the top of his bald head to the soles of his roomy shoes and, bounding gleefully from the window, started to amble across the room.

"Lord Emsworth!"

His lordship halted. His was a one-track mind capable of accommodating only one thought at a time—if that—and he had almost forgotten that Baxter was still there. He eyed his late secretary peevishly.

"Yes, yes? Is there anything ——"

"I should like to speak to you for a moment."

"I have a most important conference with McAllister ——"

"I will not detain you long. Lord Emsworth, I am no longer in your employment, but I think it my duty to say before I go ——"

"No, no, my dear fellow! I quite understand. Quite, quite, quite! Constance has been going over all that. I know what you are trying to say—that matter of the flowerpots. Please do not apologize. It is quite all right. I was startled at the time, I own, but no doubt you had excellent motives. Let us forget the whole affair."

Baxter ground an impatient heel into the carpet.

"I had no intention of referring to the matter to which you allude," he said frostily. "I merely wished ——"

"Yes, yes, of course." A vagrant breeze floated in at the window, languid with summer scents; and Lord Emsworth, sniffing,

(Continued on Page 117)

The crate on the left is one of several crates designed by a Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineer for a Detroit Automobile concern. It replaced the crate shown on the right.

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(Continued from Page 114)

shuffled restlessly. "Of course, of course, of course! Some other time, eh? Yes, yes, that will be capital. Capital, capital, cap——"

The Efficient Baxter uttered a sound that was partly a cry, partly a snort. Its quality was so arresting that Lord Emsworth paused, his fingers on the door handle, and peered back at him, startled.

"Very well," said Baxter shortly. "Pray do not let me keep you. If you are not interested in the fact that Blandings Castle is sheltering a criminal——"

It was not easy to divert Lord Emsworth when in quest of Angus McAllister, but this remark succeeded in doing so. He let go of the door handle and came back a step or two into the room.

"Sheltering a criminal?"

"Yes." Baxter glanced at his watch. "I must go now or I shall miss my train," he said curtly. "I was merely going to tell you that this fellow who calls himself Ralston McTodd is not Ralston McTodd at all."

"Not Ralston McTodd?" repeated his lordship blankly. "But——" He suddenly perceived a flaw in the argument. "But he said he was," he pointed out cleverly. "Yes, I remember distinctly. He said he was McTodd."

"He is an impostor; and I imagine that if you investigate you will find that it is he and his accomplices who stole Lady Constance's necklace."

"But, my dear fellow——"

Baxter walked briskly to the door.

"You need not take my word for it," he said. "What I say can easily be proved. Get this so-called McTodd to write his name on a piece of paper and then compare it with the signature to the letter which the real McTodd wrote when accepting Lady Constance's invitation to the castle. You will find it filed away in the drawer of that desk there."

Lord Emsworth adjusted his glasses and stared at the desk as if he expected it to do a conjuring trick.

"I will leave you to take what steps you please," said Baxter. "Now that I am no longer in your employment the thing does not concern me one way or another. But I thought you might be glad to hear the facts."

"Oh, I am!" responded his lordship, still peering vaguely. "Oh, I am! Oh, yes, yes, yes! Oh, yes, yes——"

"Good-by."

"But, Baxter——"

Lord Emsworth trotted out onto the landing, but Baxter had got off to a good start and was almost out of sight round the bend of the stairs.

"But, my dear fellow!" bleated his lordship plaintively over the banisters.

From below, out on the drive, came the sound of an automobile getting into gear and moving off, than which no sound is more final. The great door of the castle closed with a soft but significant bang—as doors close when handled by an untipped butler. Lord Emsworth returned to the library to wrestle with his problem unaided.

He was greatly disturbed. Apart from the fact that he disliked criminals and impostors as a class, it was a shock to him to learn that the particular criminal and impostor then in residence at Blandings was the man for whom, brief as had been the duration of their acquaintance, he had conceived a warm affection. He was fond of Psmith. Psmith soothed him. If he had had to choose any member of his immediate circle for the rôle of criminal and impostor he would have chosen Psmith last.

He went to the window again and looked out. There was the sunshine, there were the birds, there were the hollyhocks, carnations and Canterbury bells, all present and correct; but now they failed to cheer him. He was wondering dismally what on earth he was going to do. What did one do with criminals and impostors? Had 'em arrested, he supposed. But he shrank from the thought of arresting Psmith. It seemed so deuced unfriendly.

He was still meditating gloomily when a voice spoke behind him.

"Good morning. I am looking for Miss Halliday. You have not seen her by any chance? Ah, there she is down there on the terrace."

Lord Emsworth was aware of Psmith beside him at the window, waving cordially to Eve, who waved back.

"I thought possibly," continued Psmith, "that Miss Halliday would be in her little room yonder." He indicated the dummy bookshelves through which he had entered.

"But I am glad to see that the morning is so fine that she has given toil the miss-in-balk. It is the right spirit," said Psmith. "I like to see it."

Lord Emsworth peered at him nervously through his glasses. His embarrassment and his distaste for the task that lay before him increased as he scanned his companion in vain for those signs of villainy which all well-regulated criminals and impostors ought to exhibit to the eye of discernment.

"I am surprised to find you indoors," said Psmith, "on so glorious a morning. I should have supposed that you would have been down there among the shrubs, taking a good sniff at a hollyhock or something."

Lord Emsworth braced himself for the ordeal.

"Er—my dear fellow—that is to say——"

He paused. Psmith was regarding him almost lovingly through his monocle, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to warm up to the work of denouncing him.

"Yes?" said Psmith.

Lord Emsworth uttered curious buzzing noises.

"I have just parted from Baxter," he said at length, deciding to approach the subject in more roundabout fashion.

"Indeed!" said Psmith courteously.

"Yes; Baxter has gone."

"Forever?"

"Er—yes."

"Splendid!" said Psmith. "Splendid, splendid!"

Lord Emsworth removed his glasses, twiddled them on their cord and replaced them on his nose.

"He made—he—er—the fact is, he made—before he went Baxter made a most remarkable statement—a charge. Well, in short, he made a very strange statement about you."

Psmith nodded gravely.

"I had been expecting something of the kind," he said. "He said, no doubt, that I was not really Ralston McTodd?"

His lordship's mouth opened feebly.

"Er—yes," he said.

"I've been meaning to tell you about that," said Psmith amiably. "It is quite true. I am not Ralston McTodd."

"You—you admit it?"

"I am proud of it."

Lord Emsworth drew himself up. He endeavored to assume the attitude of stern censure which came so naturally to him in interviews with his son Frederick. But he met Psmith's eye and sagged again. Beneath the solemn friendliness of Psmith's gaze hauteur was impossible.

"Then what the deuce are you doing here under his name?" he asked, placing his finger in statesmanlike fashion on the very nub of the problem. "I mean to say," he went on, making his meaning clearer, "if you aren't McTodd, why did you come here saying you were McTodd?"

Psmith nodded slowly.

"The point is well taken," he said. "I was expecting you to ask that question. Primarily—I want no thanks—but primarily I did it to save you embarrassment."

"Save me embarrassment?"

"Precisely. When I came into the smoking room of our mutual club that afternoon when you had been entertaining Comrade McTodd at lunch, I found him on the point of passing out of your life forever. It seems that he had taken umbrage to some slight extent because you had buzzed off to chat with the florist across the way instead of remaining with him. And after we had exchanged a pleasant word or two he legged it, leaving you short one modern poet. On your return I stepped into the breach to save you from the inconvenience of having to return here without a McTodd of any description. No one, of course, could have been more alive than myself to the fact that I was merely a poor substitute, a sort of synthetic McTodd; but still I considered that I was better than nothing, so I came along."

His lordship digested this explanation in silence. Then he seized on a significant point.

"Are you a member of the Senior Conservative Club?"

"Most certainly."

"Why, then, dash it," cried his lordship, paying to that august stronghold of respectability as striking a tribute as it had ever received, "if you're a member of the Senior Conservative you can't be a criminal! Baxter's an ass!"

"Exactly!"

"Baxter would have it that you had stolen my sister's necklace."

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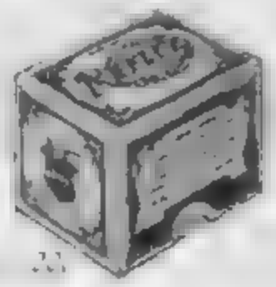
Reflex 35

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"I can assure you that I have not got Lady Constance's necklace."

"Of course not, of course not, my dear fellow! I'm only telling you what that idiot Baxter said. Thank goodness, I've got rid of the fellow." A cloud passed over his now sunny face. "Though, confound it, Connie was right about one thing."

He relapsed into a somewhat moody silence.

"Yes?" said Psmith.

"Eh?" said his lordship.

"You were saying that Lady Constance had been right about one thing."

"Oh, yes! She was saying that I should have a hard time finding another secretary as capable as Baxter."

Psmith permitted himself to bestow an encouraging pat on his host's shoulder.

"You have touched on a matter," he said, "which I had intended to broach to you at some convenient moment when you were at leisure. If you would care to accept my services they are at your disposal."

"Eh?"

"The fact is," said Psmith, "I am shortly about to be married, and it is more or less imperative that I connect with some job which will insure a moderate competence."

"You want to be my secretary?"

"You have unraveled my meaning exactly."

"But I've never had a married secretary."

"I think that you would find a steady married man an improvement on these wild, flowerpot-throwing bachelors. If it would help to influence your decision, I may say that my bride-to-be is Miss Halliday, probably the finest library cataloguist in the United Kingdom."

"Eh? Miss Halliday? That girl down there?"

"No other," said Psmith, waving fondly at Eve as she passed underneath the window

"But I like her," said Lord Emsworth, as if stating an insuperable objection.

"Excellent!"

"She's a nice girl."

"I quite agree with you."

"Do you think you could really look after things here like Baxter?"

"I am convinced of it."

"Then, my dear fellow—well, really I must say—I must say—well, I mean, why shouldn't you?"

"Precisely," said Psmith. "You have put in a nutshell the very thing I have been trying to express."

"But have you had any experience as a secretary?"

"I must admit that I have not. You see, until recently I was more or less one of the idle rich. I toiled not, neither did I—except once, after a bump supper at Cambridge—spin. My name, perhaps I ought to reveal to you, is Psmith—the P is silent—and until very recently I lived in affluence not far from the village of Much Middlefold in this county. My name is probably unfamiliar to you, but you may have heard of the house which was for many years the Psmith headquarters—Corfby Hall."

Lord Emsworth jerked his glasses off his nose.

"Corfby Hall! Are you the son of the Smith who used to own Corfby Hall? Why, bless my soul, I knew your father well!"

"Really?"

"Yes—that is to say, I never met him."

"No?"

"But I won the first prize for roses at the Shrewsbury Flower Show the year he won the prize for tulips."

"It seems to draw us very close together," said Psmith.

"Why, my dear boy," cried Lord Emsworth jubilantly, "if you are really looking for a position of some kind and would care to be my secretary, nothing could suit me better! Nothing, nothing, nothing! Why, bless my soul ——"

"I am extremely obliged," said Psmith, "and I shall endeavor to give satisfaction. And surely, if a mere Baxter could hold down the job it should be well within the scope of a Shropshire Psmith. I think so, I think so. And now, if you will excuse me, I think I will go down and tell the glad news to the little woman, if I may so describe her."

Psmith made his way down the broad staircase at an even better pace than that recently achieved by the departing Baxter, for he justly considered each moment of this excellent day wasted that was not spent in the company of Eve. He crooned blithely to himself as he passed through the hall, only pausing when, as he passed the door of the smoking room, the Hon. Freddie Threepwood suddenly emerged.

"Oh, I say!" said Freddie. "Just the fellow I wanted to see. I was going off to look for you."

As far as Freddie Threepwood was concerned, all that had passed between them in the cottage in the west wood last night was forgiven and forgotten.

"Say on, Comrade Threepwood," replied Psmith, "and, if I may offer the suggestion, make it snappy, for I would be elsewhere. I have man's work before me."

"Come over here." Freddie drew him into a far corner of the hall and lowered his voice to a whisper. "I say, it's all right, you know."

"Excellent!" said Psmith. "Splendid! This is great news. What is all right?"

"I've just seen Uncle Joe. He's going to cough up the money he promised me."

"I congratulate you."

"So now I shall be able to get into that bookie's business and make a pile. And, I say, you remember my telling you about Miss Halliday."

"What was that?"

"Why, that I loved her, I mean, and all that."

"Ah, yes!"

"Well, look here, between ourselves," said Freddie earnestly, "the whole trouble all along has been that she thought I hadn't any money to get married on. She didn't actually say so in so many words, but you know how it is with women; you can read between the lines, if you know what I mean. So now everything's going to be all right. I shall simply go to her and say, 'Well, what about it?' and—well, and so on, don't you know."

Psmith considered the point gravely.

"I see your reasoning, Comrade Threepwood," he said. "I can detect but one flaw in it."

"Flaw? What flaw?"

"The fact that Miss Halliday is going to marry me."

The Honorable Freddie's jaw dropped. His prominent eyes became more prawn-like.

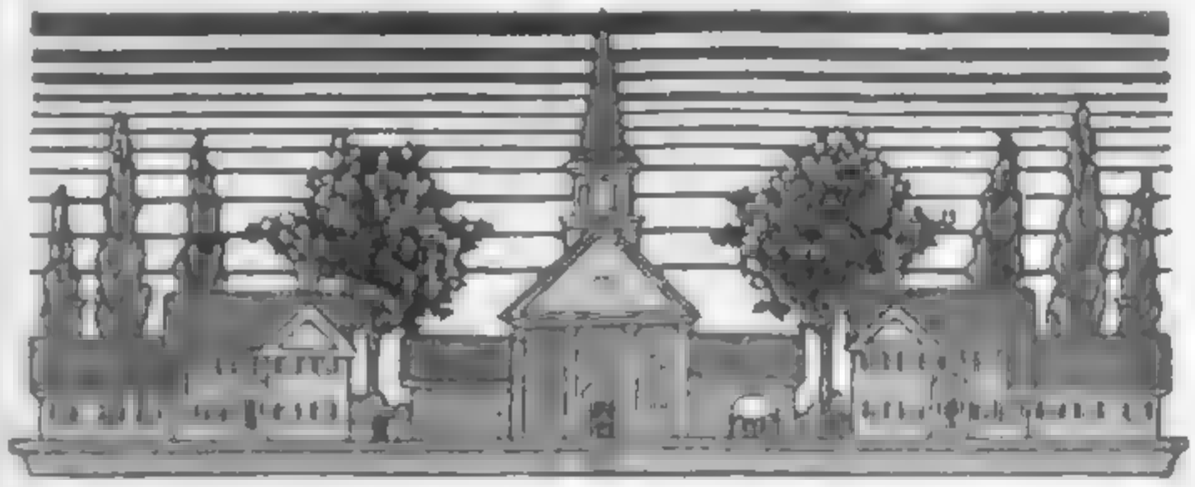
"What!"

Psmith patted his shoulder.

"Be a man, Comrade Threepwood, and bite the bullet. These things will happen to the best of us. Some day you will be thankful that this has occurred. Purged in the holocaust of a mighty love, you will wander out into the sunset, a finer, broader man. . . . And now I must reluctantly tear myself away. I have an important appointment." He patted his shoulder once more. "If you would care to be a page at the wedding, Comrade Threepwood, I can honestly say that there is no one whom I would rather have in that capacity."

And with a stately gesture of farewell Psmith passed out onto the terrace to join Eve.

(THE END)



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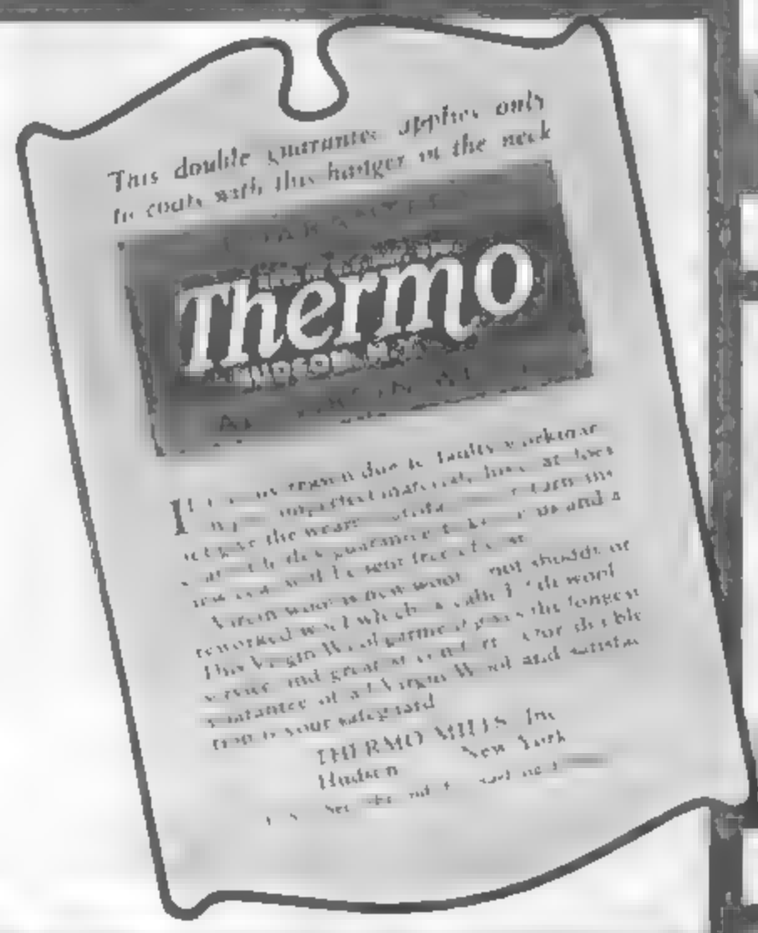

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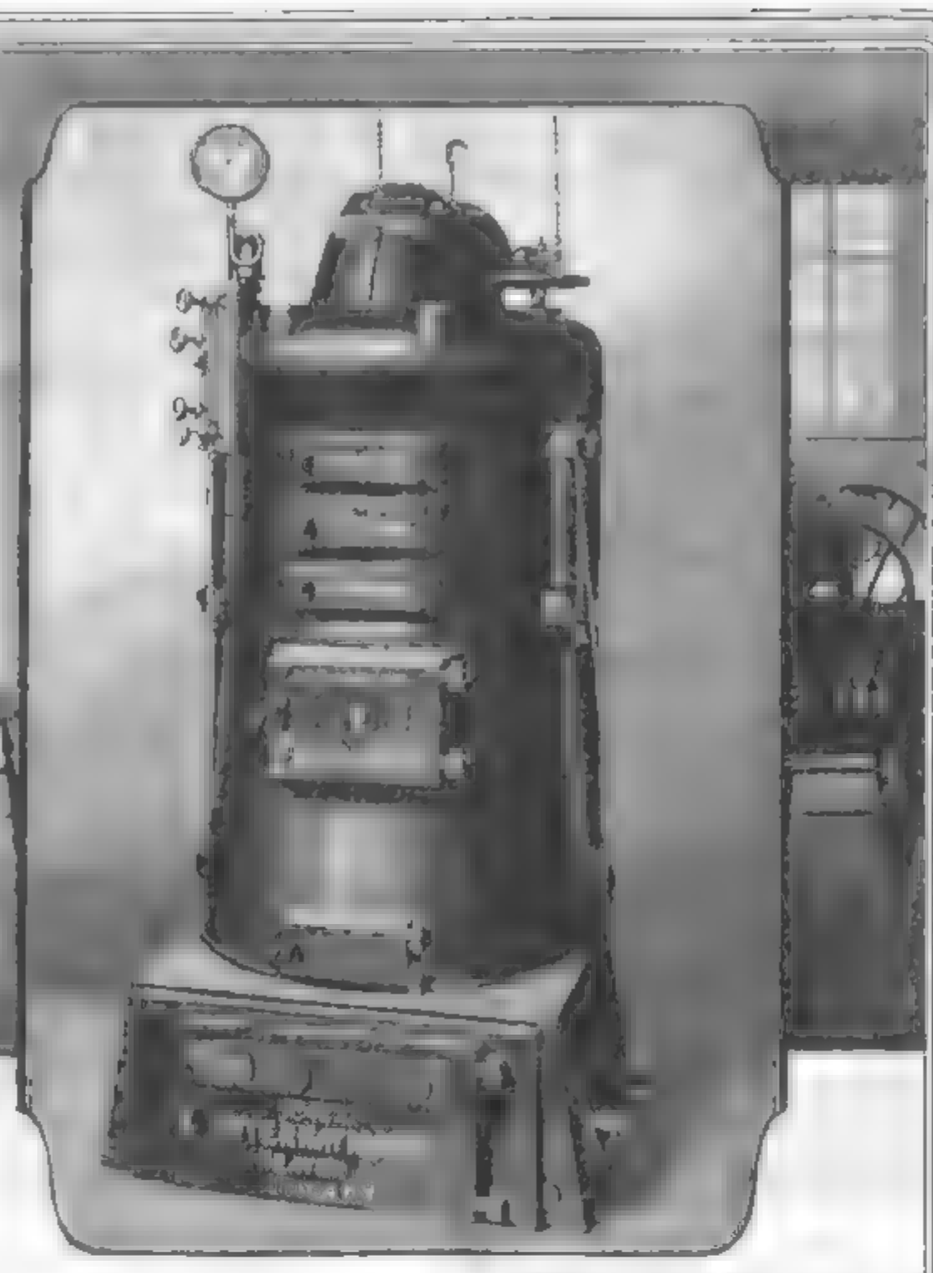

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

The story of the play is founded on the well-known Elsie Dinsmore stories. Agnes Winterbottom, a simple country maid, lives with her aged father, Aaron Winterbottom, on his New England farm. Squire Terwilliger, who holds a mortgage on the farm, has threatened to foreclose unless Agnes consents to marry him. At this point a young millionaire novelist, Frank Meriwether, arrives in the village in search of local color.

The climax of the play is reached in the thrilling mill scene in the third act, where Squire Terwilliger ties Agnes to the mill, directly in the path of the oncoming buzz saw.

In a note printed in the program the management requests the audience not to reveal the outcome of this dramatic and amazingly original situation. We shall respect the management's wishes.

Miss Ethel Barrymore as Agnes was superb. In fact she gave the most wonderful exhibition of acting that we have ever witnessed. Bernhardt in her younger days must have been something like this. Douglas Fairbanks as Aaron Winterbottom, David Warfield as Squire Terwilliger, and John Drew as Frank Meriwether—all acted brilliantly. We cannot recall ever having seen better acting.

We enthusiastically add The Magpie to our list of plays that no playgoer can afford to miss.

F. Deane Bowser in The Morning Ghost

OF ALL the silly, puerile trash that has been inflicted upon a long-suffering public, Winship Smythe's The Magpie is the worst. In 1874 we said, in reviewing for this paper Edwin Booth's production of Uncle Tom's Cabin, that we thought that American drama was going to the dogs. We still adhere to that view. The Magpie confirms our opinion.

We remember quite vividly seeing Fanny Davenport as Rosalind in 1869 at the old Star Theater on Bleecker Street. We haven't our scrapbook at hand, but it seems to us that Lawrence Barrett was Orlando. In any event, it was either Barrett or John McCullough. We do not see such acting today. The large and fashionable audience that attended the opening performance that night cheered so at the conclusion of the play that the last two acts had to be given over again. This was the only time that we can recall seeing an entire act repeated, although we remember a performance of Hamlet in 1835 at the old Republic Theater on Fulton Street, where the younger Kean was obliged to repeat the duel scene and kill Laertes and the King four times before the audience was satisfied.

The only creditable performance in The Magpie was by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who gave an excellent portrayal of Zuleika, the Swedish maid-of-all-work. It is a pity to see an artiste like Mrs. Fiske wasting her talents on such trash.

Lester H. Bogenschutz in The Evening Bugle

ONCE again Winship Smythe has cooked up a mess of dramatic *schmierkäse* for the so-called American public, and called it a play. The *booberei* sat upon their haunches last night and swallowed it eagerly, and then cried for more. Smythe's latest cerebral goulash is yclept The Magpie. It is stolen deliberately from Oscar Heimbrau's Die Verfluchte Braut von Frankfort [The Yellow Chrysanthemum] which we saw seven years ago at the Königgrätzerstrasse Theater, of Berlin.

Whenever we witness that moth-eaten, boob-tickling slobbergobble, the old oaken buzz saw, we suffer from acute stomachache, gastritis, hardening of the arteries and housemaid's knee. The authors and managers naïvely announce it as a new and startling device, but it has been familiar to readers of Anatole France, Nietzsche, Molnár, Capek, Bahr, Wiedekind, George Moore, Hauptmann, Turgenieff, Gorky and Benevente and Brieux. The poor, hornswoggled *schlemiels* who gawped last night when this flapdoodle was perpetrated did not realize, of course, that they were witnessing a dodge that Terence employed in his Heauton-timoroumenos several centuries ago. [*Vide* Shroder's Das Theater Des Roman, Vol. XVI, p. 795.]

Miss Barrymore is hopelessly miscast. It is as though Frank Tinney were asked to play Shylock, Eva Tanguay to play Hedda Gabler, or the Six Brown Brothers to play Hamlet. The Magpie will probably enjoy a long run. It certainly is bad enough to be successful.

F. Gay Martin in The Express-Tageblatt

ATTENDED Winship Smythe's The Magpie at the Fishbein. Clever lines. Strong plot. Ethel Barrymore effective in principal rôle. T. Percival Weisengratz gave large box party for his débutante daughter, Myrtle. Mrs. Weisengratz, wearing the famous Weisengratz pearls,

Laddie Boy—"Amusing Cuss, That Mr. Baldwin of Yours, John"
J. B.—"About as Amusing as Your Mr. Harvey, What?"

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Mrs. Newlywed—"John, You Haven't Kissed Me Since You Started Fishing!"

looked stunning in an embroidered sealskin evening dress.

Met Ferdy Moselbaum, the novelist, in the lobby between the acts. Said he had just bought a shooting lodge in South Carolina. Saw Billy Van Cohen with Peggy Lorraine, of the Midnight Revels. Rumor has it that wedding bells will peal for Billy and Peggy just as soon as she gets her decree of divorce.

Spoke to T. Meyer Erp, of The Erp Knee Pants. Told me that things were picking up.

—*Newman Levy.*

A Modern Flora

MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
May have been in an awful dilemma;
But an equally sad tale and equally true
Is of Flora McFaddy, of Park Avenue,
Who declared to her dearest friend, Emma,
"I do want to go to that Varden affair,
But really, and truly, I've nothing to wear!"

"Wear your blue duvetyn." "Oh, that's last winter's stuff!"
"Then your brown pussywillow." "It's not long enough."
"Your brocaded black chiffon?" "The sleeves are too short."
"Your tweed, trimmed with leather?" "Why that rig's a sport!"
"Your gray lace ——" "I'm certain that makes me look fat."
"Your mauve ——" "No, these earrings will not go with that."
"Your carnelian cloaky?" "It hasn't the touch."
"Your rose-colored ratine?" "The neck isn't Dutch."
"Your Persian ——" "That's one gown I cordially hate!"
"Your black matelasse?" "The hem line's too straight."
"Your russet velours, embroidered in gold?"
"That makes me look sallow and awfully old!"
"Your accordion skirt, with the Indian blouse?"
"I would but I've put on light stockings and shoes."
"Your pastel gray chiffon?" "I'm too pale today.
It's no use—I don't feel up to anything gray!"
"Your Nile Canton crêpe or your jade messaline?"
"No, I'm not in the humor for those shades of green."

"Your midnight-blue poplin?" "The day is too bright."
"Your taupe chiffon velvet?" "It doesn't hang right."
"Black crêpe?" "Too depressing." "Flame chiffon?" "Too mad."
"Your Scotch-bordered heather? "I can't abide plaid!"
"Your fur-banded red cloth?" "I'm not rouged for that."
"Your ermine-trimmed velvet?" "It's nothing but cat!"
"Your dove-colored charmeuse?" "And look like a prude!"
"Your jet-beaded henna?" "I'm not in the mood.
I've nothing that's right! Oh, I'm ready to cry!
And I feel as if I should just perfectly fly!
Whatever her troubles, I'm sure you must see
Miss Flora McFlimsey had nothing on me!"

Carolyn Wells.

Chanteys to Order

"SING me a song of the sea, my boy,"
The Old Man said to me,
And I sang the Song of the Hurricane
And of yelling winds set free,
The combers climbing over the bow,
Smiting the deck with thunder,
As we dizzily dive and shudder and heave
And roll the lee rail under;
Green water hammering at the ports,
The cro'nest lashed with spray,
And little frightened fish that squirm
Down the companionway.
"Avast! Hold hard! Pipe down, O bard!"
The Old Man said to me:
(The Old Man was the Old Man of
A tourist agency)
"You sing with the might of unleashed wind
This hurricane of yours,
But it wouldn't sell so very well
Recknagel's Restful Tours."

So I sang a song of dreaming seas
And gentle waves that nestle
Pittering, pattering 'gainst the sides
Of a vast and steady vessel,
And tourists watching over the rail
The opal waters shine;
And the Old Man bought that limpid song
For fifteen cents a line;
And I took my Song of the Hurricane
And sold it instantly
To the Old Man of a firm which made
A seasick remedy.

—Morris Bishop

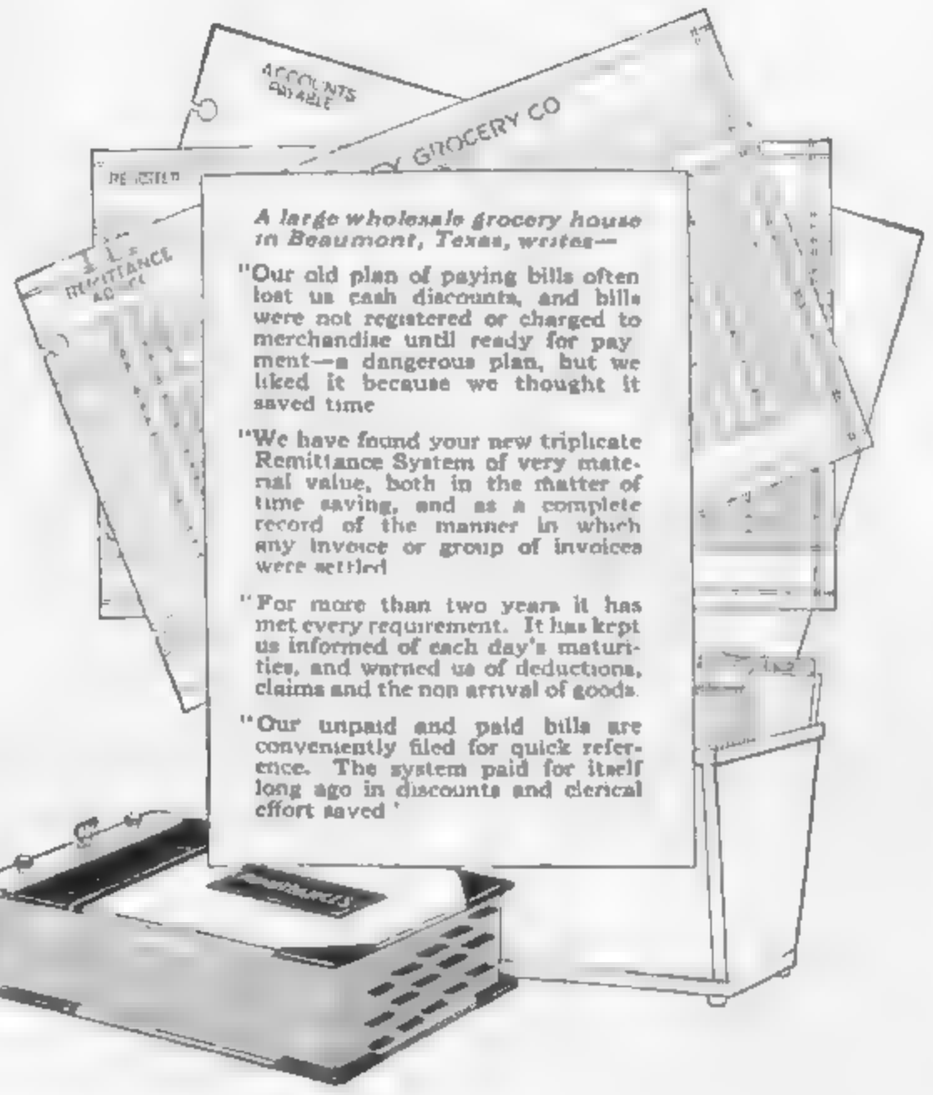
The profit on your bills

Auditor: "*. . . . so your firm's profit is* $25,000 *net, or just about the amount of your cash discounts on purchases.*"

President: "*You mean our business made no profit?*"

Auditor: "*None by itself. The firm would have made* MORE *profit had you taken advantage of all your discounts.*"

President: "*I suppose we do miss some discounts while invoices are being checked. How can we help that?*"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REMITTANCE ADVICE
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"Our old plan of paying bills often lost us cash discounts, and bills were not registered or charged to merchandise until ready for payment—a dangerous plan, but we liked it because we thought it saved time
"We have found your new triplicate Remittance System of very material value, both in the matter of time saving, and as a complete record of the manner in which any invoice or group of invoices were settled
"For more than two years it has met every requirement. It has kept us informed of each day's maturities, and warned us of deductions, claims and the non arrival of goods.
"Our unpaid and paid bills are conveniently filed for quick reference. The system paid for itself long ago in discounts and clerical effort saved"

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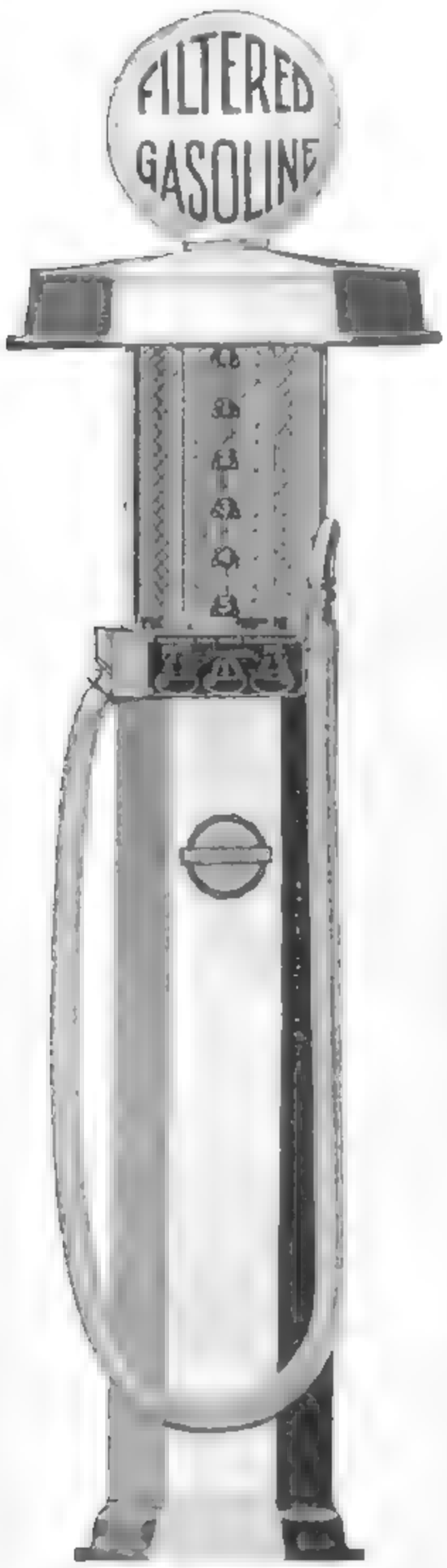

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A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 12

some definite object to work for. I must set some goal for myself."

He tossed off his coffee with a triumphant air; his eyes sparkled. I signaled for more coffee and looked at him interrogatorily.

"And the goal?" I questioned.

His voice was alive with excitement as he said, "To have a house in the country; to retire and live there and raise roses."

"You're pretty young to retire," I remarked.

"Oh, I won't be able to do that for years and years," Appleby said. "I'll not only have to earn enough for a house but enough to bring me in a modest income."

"Well, you have your definite object."

"I have," said Appleby. "And you've no idea how it's bucked me up. I've gained ten pounds since I thought of it. And my whole outlook has changed; I'm as happy as a cat in a fish store these days. You see, I'm going to build a perfect house. I take all the building magazines. Every Sunday I go walking in the country looking for sites. And as for my job ——"

"You like it now?"

"I do not. I'm still distinctly bored by dolls in gross lots, and Peruvians; but I take them seriously now. They're pawns in my game, you see. Now, every time I sell a gross of dolls I say to myself, 'Ah, 144 dolls means a commission to me of $4.77, or enough to pay for one electric outlet in my house.' Or, if I sell ten gross I say to myself, 'Good work, old boy! The commission will buy andirons, or bricks for the chimney, or so many gallons of paint.' I'm three times as good a business man as I was. Indeed, I should be at my office this minute, but I got thinking about revolving doors and could not be easy in my mind till I tried some. I don't think they'd be appropriate for a country house, do you?"

"Decidedly not."

He looked relieved.

"Good! Glad you agree. I'll cross them off."

He took out a fat memorandum book and crossed words off a list.

"When do you expect to make this dream a reality?" I asked.

A wistful look came to his face.

"If I do it by the time I'm fifty I'll be lucky," he said. "There isn't much money in dolls. It will take years. But"—and he brightened—"I have already set aside enough money to pay for one window with leaded glass, one foot scraper, three electric outlets and part of the coal bin. Have you any ideas about coal bins?"

Before I could give him the benefit of my thought on this subject he vanished from my sight. I perceived that he had dived under the table and was subjecting the floor to a microscopic scrutiny. Presently he looked up.

"Wanted to be sure whether the floor is painted or stained," he explained. "I think I'll have my floors painted." There was pride in his voice as he accented the word "my." He got to his feet.

"Well, I must rush along. Hope I can sell a few gross of dolls before the market closes. Glad I ran into you. By the way, if you hear of anybody who wants to buy dolls ——"

He did not finish his sentence, for his attention was caught by the door knob of the front door and he bent over to see how it worked.

Then he went out. I did not see Hosmer Appleby again for six years.

New York eats men. It ate Appleby. At least I did not encounter him. He may have ridden in the same cars or lived in the same block; but our paths did not cross until one afternoon at the art museum. It was, as I recall it, just six years after we drank coffee together and he told me about his aim in life. I was in one gallery of the museum looking at a new exhibition of etchings, when I heard a commotion in the next gallery. A bass voice was in somewhat violent controversy with a tenor voice.

"But you can't lie in that there bed," the bass voice protested loudly.

"Why can't I?"

"That there bed," declared the bass voice, "was slep' in by Napoleon. It's worth twenty thousand dollars. We can't have people layin' in it, now can we?"

"But I'm only trying it."

"It's against the rules of the museum," stated the bass voice.

I entered the gallery at this moment and saw a fat and agitated museum attendant, owner of the bass voice, expostulating with a small man in a brown suit, the tenor, who was reclining on an enormous gilt, canopied, four-poster bed of florid design.

"Oh, very well," said the man on the bed. "I don't think much of it as a bed, anyhow. I wouldn't have it in my house."

Saying this, he rose from the bed and I saw that he was Hosmer Appleby.

"Oh, you wouldn't, wouldn't you?" said the attendant, loyal to his charge. "Well, it was good enough for Napoleon, that there bed was."

"Steel beds are more sanitary," said Appleby. Then turning to me, "Don't you think so?"

He spoke as if I'd been with him all the time. He had the same absorbed expression, the same intent, intense look.

"How's the house?" I asked. "Are you enjoying living in it?"

"Living in it? Why, I haven't started to build it yet!" he told me as we strolled through the collection of Sheraton furniture, which he now and then stopped to poke

"No," he continued, "I haven't found a site. Haven't the money, anyhow. But I'm looking. I suppose I've looked at five hundred sites since I saw you, and have got forty earaches listening to real-estate agents. I'm in no great hurry. The perfect house on the perfect site—that's my plan."

He said it as if he were annunciating a religious principle.

"And the dolls?" I asked.

He made a wry face.

"Oh, I still sell the little beasts," he replied. "I'm assistant sales manager now, you know."

"Good work!"

"Beastly grind," he said. "I detest dolls. But they're going to build me a house in the country."

"A doll house?" I suggested.

He did not smile; his look said that his house was too sacred a matter for facetiousness.

"How are you, anyhow? Married, or anything like that?" I inquired.

"The living room is going to be thirty-five by twenty," he said.

I stopped to admire a Fuller landscape.

"Aren't those shadows lovely?" I said.

"My living room is going to be very bright," said Hosmer Appleby. "Splotches of brilliant color everywhere. Old Spanish." He said this in a confidential whisper, as if he were imparting a secret. "And, do you know," he concluded, "I've earned almost enough to furnish the living room."

I congratulated him. He shook a rather woeful head.

"It's fearfully slow work," he said. "Sometimes I think I'll never make it. Sometimes I fear that the house is a mirage that can never be reached. But I conquer these fits of despair; I put on full steam and sell dolls like a fiend incarnate." He made a face. "Little bores," he added. We had reached the front door of the museum.

"Well, good-by," Appleby said. "Glad I saw you. Let's have lunch sometime. Have to go back downtown and cable Peru. Just dropped in here to try that Napoleonic bed. Now I can cross canopied beds off my list." He did so.

Then I saw him make a hasty exit, and I saw his brown-suited back disappear in pursuit of a bus.

We never did have that lunch; he disappeared from my life and it was some years before I saw him again. It was at an auction. I heard an excited tenor voice bidding on a dragon-sprinkled Chinese rug.

Appleby shook hands with me vigorously, without taking his eyes off the auctioneer. He seemed in excellent health and spirits; he had color in his cheeks and a spark in his eyes. He bought the rug.

"This makes the seventh rug I've bought," he whispered to me breathlessly.

"How's the house?" I asked.

"Still in the blue-print stage," he said, a little sadly. "But I've earned nearly enough to pay for the first floor. And I've got my eye on a wonderful site in Connecticut. You should see the hanging lamp I picked up at a sale last week! Very French and cubistic." His eyes glowed.

"For your old Spanish room?" I asked with a smile.

"Oh, now it's going to be a modern French room," he said.

"Still selling dolls, Appleby?"

"Yes, worse luck. I mean I still get no thrill out of the work. But I'm to be made sales manager the first of the year. That means more money, and every dollar I make brings me nearer my house in the country, and freedom."

I left him bidding feverishly on a plum-colored Cabistan.

I had almost forgotten Hosmer Appleby and his house. A good many years had passed since our last meeting—seventeen years, I think; or maybe eighteen. Then one day last spring I received a note inviting me to the housewarming of Briar Farm, near Noroton, Connecticut; it was a very cordial little note, and it was signed "Hosmer Appleby." Then I knew that he had attained his goal at last.

I went out to Briar Farm to the housewarming. The site was, indeed, perfect; five acres or so of rolling land, with a view across Long Island Sound; and the house itself was a gem. Hosmer Appleby, white-haired now, but as bright-eyed and interested as ever, greeted me warmly. He skipped from guest to guest, rubbing his hands, bowing acknowledgments of the compliments they offered him on the perfection of his house. Now and then he pointed out some perfections that might have escaped our attention—that chair was from a sixteenth-century monastery near Seville; that fireplace was his own design; the beams in that ceiling he had discovered in an old manor house in Somersetshire; he invented that especially efficient shower bath; and didn't we think that Matisse in his library rather good?

He took me to the library window, showed me gleefully how the patent casement windows worked, and said: "You see that garden out there? It's to be a rose garden. There I'm going to spend the rest of my days; at night I'll read in this room. It's been a long pull, I can tell you; but here I am."

"You've deserted the dolls?" I asked.

He made the face of one who has just taken unpleasant medicine.

"Don't remind me of them," he said. "I hope I'll never see one of the little brutes again. When I think of the years I spent worrying and sweating over them—still they helped me attain my objective. I was president of the company, you know, when I resigned."

When I was leaving his house he said to me, "You must come up when the roses are blooming. They ought to be beauties; I've been studying books on rose growing for the last ten years."

Three months later I was driving near Briar Farm, and I stopped in to see Appleby and his house and the roses. I saw a figure in old clothes pottering about in the garden. It seemed to me as I watched him that his walk sagged. He would pick a rose bug from a leaf, look at it for a whole minute or more, put it into a can, and then pick off another rose bug. He saw me standing there and came slowly toward me. I thought he seemed pale. He shook hands with me limply.

"How well the roses are getting on!" I said.

"Do you think so?" he said without enthusiasm.

We went into his living room—he had done it in old-Spanish style, after all. I admired a venerable refectory table. Appleby shrugged his shoulders. There were long silences in the course of our conversation, during which Appleby would sit with head on chest, staring at a rug; and yet I felt somehow that he did not see the rug.

"What a stunning lamp!" I said.

"Oh, it'll do," said Appleby; his tone seemed dull.

"Don't you feel well, Appleby?" I asked.

"Not particularly," he said in that same blunted voice.

A week later I heard through a mutual friend that Hosmer Appleby had taken to his bed, and that his doctors were shaking their heads and looking grave. I had it in mind to go out to see him, but business called me suddenly to England for a flying trip. I was gone a month. I came back to New York on the newest and largest of liners, the Steamship Gigantic. We tied up

(Continued on Page 127)

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FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 124)

at a New York pier, and while waiting for the customs inspectors to delve into our baggage I decided to take a last stroll about the vast ship.

I had penetrated into its depths and had come to the place where one could peer down and see the mighty engines, great polished and black giants crouching in their cave. As I stood there I became aware that a man, at no small peril to his safety, was hanging out over the rail and studying the engines with fascinated eyes. He was shaking his head and muttering to himself as if he were in the midst of calculation or inner debate. He heard my step and swung around. It was Appleby. He bounded toward me and shook hands with me with a hearty violence. His face was full of color, and I have never seen brighter eyes

"Well, well, well!" he cried. "How are you?"

"Fine, thanks. And you?"

"Bully!" he said. "Bully!"

"But what are you doing here, Appleby?"

"I got a pass and came aboard just as soon as the boat docked," he explained. His manner was alert, almost jaunty, one would say. "You see, I know the president of the line. I use his boats to export some of my dolls."

"Your dolls?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly. I'm back in the doll business. And I'll bet you a good cigar we'll sell half a million dollars' worth of dolls this year."

His voice was brisk, his air determined.

"But your house in the country, Appleby."

"Oh, I sold that. Tell me, how did these new oil-burning engines work on the trip coming over? You see, I'm going to build myself a yacht. I'm working like a beaver to earn the money. It's going to be the finest yacht that was ever built—the newest oil-burning engine, mahogany decks, cabins for twenty or more, elevators ——"

AN AMERICAN AFFAIR AMID THE ALPS

(Continued from Page 36)

for which the soldiers died in France; that we want to see proofs of a genuine peace spirit; and that we demand a sort of coroner's certificate that the arch criminals, Imperialism and Secret Diplomacy, are really dead.

So long as the Lausanne sort of conference is in operation, it is sheer waste of words to talk about an existing and functioning League of Nations.

One powerful nation, such as America, loyal to the real League of Nations ideals, and courageously maintaining them in the face of a contrary spirit on the part of other great powers, and free to express and execute its own convictions, is manifestly of more service to humanity than an international organization that has the outward form of the new purposes, but is denied the real power thereof. This was apparent at Lausanne to anyone who was permitted to read the statements made before the congress by the American observers.

"Here is the real League of Nations spirit and work!" I involuntarily said to myself as I laid down this sheaf of papers.

They deal with the unquestioned principles of right, and on a high level of altruism. America has here asked nothing for herself; she merely has kept watch and ward over the common rights of all nations and of humanity. So it is fair to declare that, amid the endless bickering and recriminations, pulling and hauling, of the Lausanne Conference, America really meant more for the real objectives of the League than did the League itself.

Theory and Practice

Although only a few miles distant geographically, as the crow flies, the League of Nations organization at Geneva was not allowed seriously to function at Lausanne. True, there was talk of turning over to it various unsatisfactory odds and ends that the Conference desired to put off from immediate decision, such as the oversight of minority populations. I found friends at the Palace of Nations quite jubilant over this crumb that had been tossed Genevaward. They contended rather impatiently that I would be an inadequate correspondent unless I devoted an afternoon to going over, with the particular League official concerned, this question of minorities, and what the League could, would or should do in case the subject really were committed to it. That I had been working at Lausanne with the authorities who were settling the who and when and where of an exchange of peoples that practically leaves no minority populations—a plan proposed by Doctor Nansen, of the League of Nations—and that I was en route to the actual scene of the migration, to investigate at first-hand the flesh-and-blood human beings involved, seemed to signify nothing to these League officials. The theory is the thing, as they view it.

That incident rather sums up my impression of the League outfit. They are too content with machinery and method, and too indifferent to the real job in its essential bigness.

In a Geneva jewelry store, hard by the League palace, is a clever Swiss toy that appealed to me as a simile of the League organization. This is an elaborately chased and modeled silver casket, containing clockwork that, on the hour, causes a door to open and a beautiful bird to appear, which, with flapping of wings and cocking of head, sings a sweet song; to which a shepherd boy, wondrously wrought in silver, with moving fingers, plays an answering tune on a golden horn. As the bird replies in turn, a cat appears from beneath the rock and creeps slowly up on the bird—which escapes just in time. That clock was constructed for the London Exhibition of 1851; and for seventy years the same cat has been chasing the same bird, which has been singing the same song, and always without success. The lovely cabinet is a most interesting toy and a real timepiece; that is all. And I fear that the League is in danger of being merely an ingenious and clever device, wherein the cat never catches the bird. For in this case it is not a pretty songster, but a dangerous bird of prey, variously called militarism and imperialism and oppression, that the League is presumed to devour.

I failed to strike a single spark of condemnation of the conduct of the great powers since the Armistice as I traversed the halls of the home of the League. There may be a horror of war and of inhumanity too great for words. Certainly it was at no point expressed.

The business of the Ruhr was in full process; but it was apparently none of the League's business. Diplomacy was pursuing its old ways at Lausanne, but that concerned nobody. The Allies at Constantinople had wrecked the peace of the East, nullified the achievements of the war and caused the death of thousands and the homelessness of hundreds of thousands of innocent persons; but that apparently created no disturbance of the serene atmosphere of the Palace of Nations, and caused no stern voice to be raised crying, "This is the business of the League!"

So far as my personal hearing went, the European powers are all right: it is only America that is wrong. The really outrageous conditions on earth are to be found in Haiti, San Domingo and in the Philippines. The gentleman in charge of mandates could scarcely believe that it is possible for anybody, League official, journalist or humanitarian investigator, to be permitted freely to go into Haiti and examine conditions there. His idea seemed to be that America stands guard with machine guns to keep prying eyes away from this Black Hole where she works her iniquities in the Caribbean!

America the Scapegoat

As is generally known, this sort of baiting of America is nowadays the favorite sport of Europe. Evidently it is popular at the League palace. The idea prevails that there is one arch sinner in international affairs and that is the United States. The indictments, which may be heard at diplomatic dinner tables and in casual wayfaring associations, are various and curious. They range all the way from America's declination to cancel debts, her refusal to join the League and her failure to unite in an Anglo-French-American alliance, clear down to our maintenance of a stable dollar, our restriction of immigration, our unwillingness to make further loans, our dissemination of idealism that has bred discontent among subject peoples, and our failure to carry through at Paris those very same war aims!

The entire lack of a sense of humor in some Europeans was illustrated the other day by an official who declared, in private conversation, that the present world mess is all due to Wilson's failure to live up to his principles at Paris. If he had not succumbed to compromising influences, and if he had insisted rigidly on at least twelve of his Fourteen Points—for, of course, the one about the freedom of the seas would never do, you know—he would have had the backing of the people of all Europe, and the politicians would have been obliged to go his way. In the light of common knowledge of the forces that had most to do with modifying the application of the American war aims at Paris, this is rather delicious.

Censoriousness toward America, and silence toward the great powers' policies that have well-nigh shipwrecked civilization since the war, seemed outstanding characteristics of the League attitude, as I found it in the too-brief visit I paid to the offices.

There is an implied compliment in the contention that if America had gone into the League at the time of organization, or if she should enter it now, she would be able to alter the character of the conduct of the unregenerate powers and constrain them to operate according to League ideals. This argument sounds most plausible to those who know least about the ways of European governments. If America could not get a square deal for the world at Paris, when the President was on hand in person, supported by a mandate from all the world to fight for the new League ideals, to which the powers were already formally pledged, how may she hope to carry out the war aims in the present Geneva organization through appointed delegates?

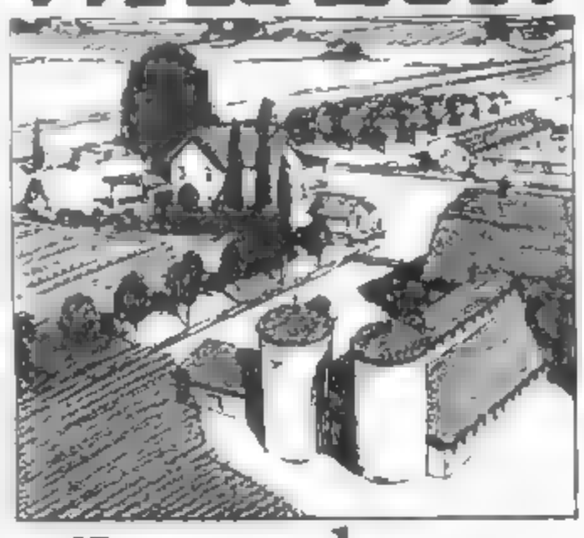
Vital Matters Untouched

On the other hand, it is perfectly clear that the League is doing a deal of real work. The opium commission and the commission upon public health had been sitting shortly before my arrival. Nothing can now prevent the League from becoming a clearing house for international information and service. What the International Red Cross has been in its own field, the League is becoming in many fields. It is sowing the earth with facts that promote mutual interest and common service. In a hundred ways it is meeting a manifest need in the machinery of civilization. There is scarcely anything of secondary importance that it cannot do for the benefit of mankind.

But the primary tasks of curbing militarism, of safeguarding human rights everywhere, of withstanding imperialism, of supplanting secret diplomacy and of ending war, the League is not yet able to perform. The simple reason for this is that the great powers do not take the League seriously into consideration in their major purposes, much less subject themselves to its restraints. They do not allow the League to touch the really vital matters. One American here at Lausanne, who is in a position to know, told me that on five separate occasions since the Conference opened, each time with a different national or international group, he proposed that certain definite points be arbitrated by the League; and he was almost laughed at for his guilelessness. When an issue affecting the very existence of civilization arises, such as the Near Eastern question, the Ruhr business, the Russian muddle, the matter of armaments, and so on, the powers curtly bid the League to go back to Geneva and keep silent upon questions that are the business of real statesmen. And these real statesmen, to repeat the one inclusive indictment of European diplomacy, show not a scintilla of the League of Nations spirit.

Geneva and Lausanne are a world apart. Until they draw nearer, it probably will be better for America to keep on her own side of the Atlantic, flying loyally her own old flag of righteousness and altruism—the flag beneath which so many of her sons died in a Europe that will never be right until its politicians unite with its peoples in massing their standards with the blood-baptized banners that led to victory in the war for peace and a new world order.

WATER!



Everywhere under pressure *with this private pumping station*

No longer need the comforts and conveniences of running water *under pressure* be confined to the city home. With a Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant, you can have *plenty* of water *under pressure* anywhere that electric current is available. Pumps water from cistern, shallow well, stream, spring or lake.

It's Automatic

FAIRBANKS-MORSE HOME WATER PLANT

Operates from any electric light plant socket or home lighting plant circuit. Noiseless; automatic. No switch to turn. Costs only a few pennies a week to run this plant. Large production and great manufacturing facilities of Fairbanks, Morse & Co. make the remarkably low prices possible.

If you do not know our local dealer, write to us for his name and our literature.

The enormous demand for these water plants makes this a most desirable line for live dealers. Write to us for complete details.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Manufacturers Chicago
The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd., Montreal

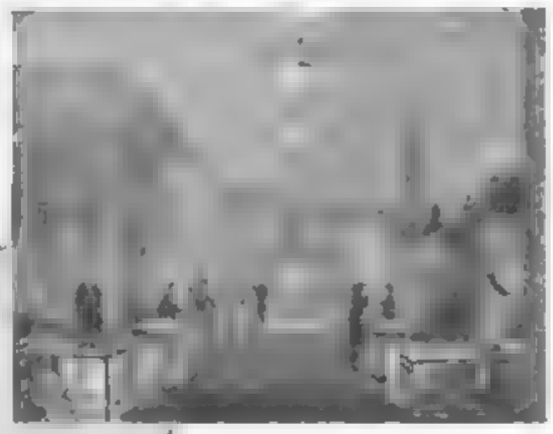
With 35-Gallon Galvanized Tank and 60 cycle motor. Pump Capacity 200 Gallons Per Hour—

With 70-Gallon Galvanized Tank and 60 cycle motor. Pump Capacity
400 Gallons Per Hour, $210
f. o. b. factory

Watch the Customers Gather Where the Air Is Fresh and Inviting

Merchants in Every Line Are Increasing Sales by Keeping the Store Atmosphere Clean and Refreshing

A wholesome, healthful, inviting atmosphere will bring the customers to your store



As they do in great cities with elevated and subway shoppers—and sales are influenced accordingly

Have you noticed how the greater part of the patronage seems to flow naturally to certain stores—in each line of business?

The goods offered for sale by two stores may be practically identical—with no variations in prices—yet one store quite frequently will receive the lion's share of the patronage.

Usually it is the store atmosphere that makes the difference.

In one store the customer may be fairly stifled by oppressive atmosphere, odors and unwholesome, unpleasant air conditions. The stagnant atmosphere in out-of-the-way corners may be particularly depressing.

Customers Linger Where the Atmosphere Is Inviting; the Clerks Eager to Please

People who are especially sensitive to odors and stagnant air (and nearly every store has a characteristic odor) are loath to make their purchases where they become depressed by an unclean, impure atmosphere.

They pass by to the store where the air is clean and inviting—where good ventilation is evident as soon as you enter the front door. The customers not only feel better where the atmosphere is refreshing and clear but the sales people who wait on them are naturally more alert and courteous. They have the energy and eagerness to please, the personal interest that builds trade.

In such a business place the airy, buoyant atmosphere puts customers in a pleasant "buying mood" and when this is combined with unusually good attention from the sales force—higher volume naturally results.

Expel "Close", Stuffy, Stagnant Air; Bring In The Out-door Atmosphere

Today it is so easy and inexpensive for every merchant to have clean, wholesome atmosphere throughout the year that the "close," stuffy store is coming to be regarded as old fashioned as the business place without a telephone or cash register.

The stagnant air which smothers sales can be quickly expelled with an American Blower Ventilating Fan. The fresh, outdoor air can be just as quickly brought into the store, assuring the delightfully refreshing, healthful, wholesome atmosphere that increases patronage.

The American Blower Ventilating Fan makes good ventilation without drafts a certainty. And it pays for itself time and again every year by not only improving the store atmosphere but by increasing the efficiency of employees.

The American Blower Company builds Fans and Units for the ventilation of every type of business place—including stores, offices, factories, laundries, restaurants—as well as house kitchens. The Fan for ventilating house kitchens is easily installed by the man of the house in 20 minutes—*without alterations, carpenter or electrical work.*

Ask Your Dealer For Information On All-year Ventilation

Let us send you the names of the electrical dealers in your city who sell American Blower products. Without obligation they will gladly give you authoritative data on correct ventilation and show you how economically you can make an installation which will increase your sales and profits.

AMERICAN BLOWER COMPANY, DETROIT

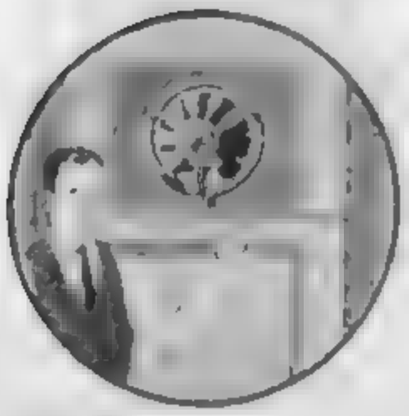
Branch Offices in All Principal Cities *Canadian Sirocco Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.*

(159)

American Blower

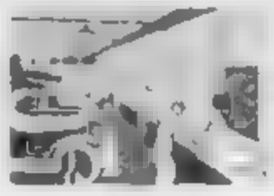
"Sirocco"

VENTILATING FANS



An "appetizing" atmosphere is just as necessary in the restaurant as appetizing food

Employees are alert—mistakes are infrequent in the office that is properly



Manufacturers of

Apparatus for Heating and Ventilating Air Purifying and Cooling Mechanical Draft, Conveying Materials by Air and Drying.

OUR SENTIMENTAL PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 9

cliques of not the slightest consequence, whom the mass of sane American citizens looked upon as un-American. America herself never cared what a man's origin was, or his race, or his faith. And as for the immigrant's children, they would be Americans from the start, and their opportunities would be unrestricted and limitless. Other returned emigrants had, no doubt, told them that there were no classes in the United States. Well, there were, of a sort. But the heartening thing was that they were based not on accidental things like birth and family, but on personal worth. The lines were not rigid. Any man might break through them. The leadership and the distinction of America consisted in the main of men who had risen from the humblest beginnings. The lower a man's origin, the stonier his path, the brighter shone his achievement in American eyes. I had myself—but no, the soft pedal on that. Vaslui should know all about America, but my personal history I was determined to keep firmly to myself. Let the Couzas indulge in that luxury.

Along about August, nearly a year after my arrival in Europe, my affairs began to get straightened out, and it looked as if I might soon manage to pull away. I was almost glad now that my plans had miscarried the previous November. The delicious adventure was still ahead of me. Besides, the winter was no time to visit Rumania.

In the country the vineyards would be stripped and deserted, the stubble fields gray and lifeless, the peasant hibernating in his drab homespun and his chilled underground hovels. There would be no cheerful movement on the roads; no caravans of oxcarts laden with grain and fatted poultry and wine, creaking their unhurried way to market; no files of buxom peasant lasses with flowers in their hair and bright embroidered smocks on their vigorous bodies, tripping gayly to town with baskets of eggs or sacks of beans poised adroitly on their heads. The whole scene would be overcast and gloomy. And Vaslui itself—no hubbub in the market place; no warmth or color in the busy streets; no music in the little park. Shivering, underclad, underfed children hurrying to school in the biting morning air; pinched, worried faces of men and women; windows shuttered and forbidding—the poverty and discomfort of European small-town life in all its stark indignity.

A Message for Vaslui

It was not like this I wanted to see the beloved old place. In my memory it lived a spot of tender green, radiant in sunlight. Ancient elms meeting in arches above the cool lanes, the breeze casting restless shadows of lace over stone-paved courtyards and diminutive cottages. Spacious squares with long vistas in all directions, and glimpses of spires in the distance. Youngsters noisily splashing in pools on the edge of town. Here and there a weather-beaten mossy bridge spanning the Vasluiets creek, an ancient house built no one knew when, a monument set up to some forgotten hero. The inns a labyrinth of carts and char-à-bancs, a riot of color, seething with beasts and men. A Roman idyl. Yes, there was no month like August for seeing Rumania at its best.

Once I was really on the Paris-Bukharest express, I felt myself sobering up. I began taking stock of my own desires. What was it that was driving me, a plain, hard-headed, self-contained citizen, so irresistibly to that distant Balkan village, as if I were a romantic girl? For one thing, it dawned on me that that plan of mine of enlightening Vaslui about America was just a silly fancy. It was not at all what I was really after. I had not the slightest ambition to play the American prophet in my home town. Oh, bother, I did not crave to be another Couza, not even a reformed and beneficent one! I had no wish whatever to be made a fuss over by Vaslui. The people of the place would, after all these years, mean nothing to me anyway. If my father and mother had been spared it might have been otherwise. As it was, there would hardly be a soul there whom I knew. One or two possibly; but they belonged more to the scenery than to the population. And wouldn't it shock Vaslui to hear who they were? Besides, they too had been dead, more than likely, goodness knows how many years!

In the name of horse sense, what was taking me in such a thumping rush to Vaslui? I am supposed to have an analytical mind, but I could not analyze my own motives in a simple undertaking like this. Anyhow, one thing was plain: I was not going to Vaslui on any lecture tour. I loathed being receptioned and lionized even in the small towns of America. To go hunting for it in my boyhood village—why, it would spoil everything that made the place dear to me! Besides, I was not exactly fitted out for a sensation. Such little prizes as I had won in that other world yonder were not spectacular enough. They did not lend themselves to public display. The chairman of the welcoming committee would have nothing to take hold of. How would he introduce me? I might whisper to him that I was once invited to lunch by an ex-President of the United States. But who would believe it? There was nothing about my exterior to back up such pretensions.

Sojourning Incognito

My clothes? The most modest Vasluiander going on a journey had on as good. I did not even wear a frock coat the way the royal Couza did. The letters of introduction I had were in a foreign tongue. Even my press clippings, some of which carried my photograph, would not be convincing. They might merely be reports of some scandal I had got into, perhaps even of some crime I had committed. Did you ever try to prove to a policeman that you are an honest man? There is nothing harder in the world than to pass yourself off for what you are. Why, that whole fairy-tale career of mine, the whole amazing transformation America had put me through, would show up white against this native background! Even my schooling would mean nothing. Had I at least become a dentist or something! What good was an education anyway if it did not make a doctor of you, or the like? Even in the foreign colony back there in New York I remembered how the faces of my friends fell when, after my return from college, they learned that I had not become a doctor after all.

No, I would slip into Vaslui and out again quietly, unnoticed. It ought not to be difficult. No one knew of my coming, and no one would recognize me after all these years.

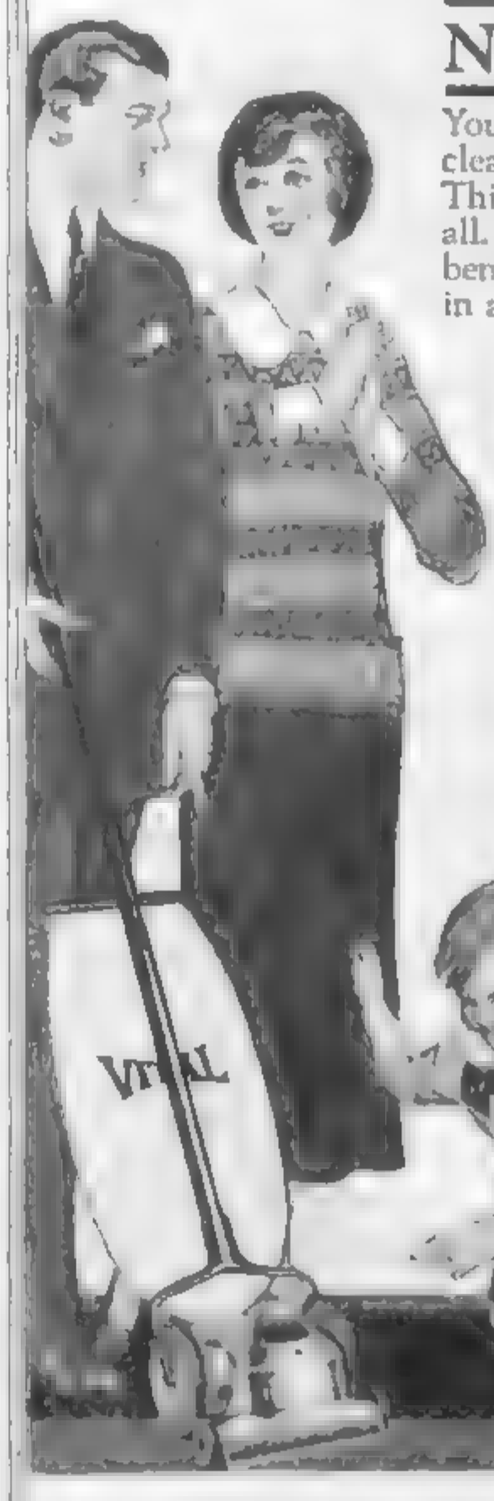
There were luckily no newspaper men in Vaslui to come prying into people's affairs. At the hotel I could register as an Austrian salesman or a Russian refugee. And then I would take a week or two wandering around, treading again the precious stones of it, saturating myself with its atmosphere, living over my boyhood once more. To do it right, I knew I should have a couple of months; but it could not be this time. Perhaps I might come again later. But I would not open my mouth to a soul.

Vaslui was not just a town where men and women lived and bargained, got married and bore children and died. It was pure scenery. It was a stage, where my childhood was, with some changes and omissions, to be reenacted; and the actors in the performance would not, unfortunately, be the same as twenty years ago. What good would it do for me to stand up in my stall and talk to them? It would only interfere with the play and the illusion. Those players of nearly a generation ago would be out of it. The majority of them had gone to America along with me. The few who were left would have outgrown their parts quite as much as myself. They, too, would be sitting in the audience now, and no juggling of my imagination could put them back where I had left them, and where I now wanted them again just to provide me with an emotional holiday. The old boys would be successful grain merchants or peasant innkeepers, or else bustling, middle-aged middlemen and matchmakers.

The girls' case would be worse yet. They would all be married, with clusters of children hanging at their skirts. Some might be rich, and then they would be repulsively fat and self-satisfied; while the poor would be repulsively scrawny and disillusioned; and both alike would be frumpy and ill

The Original non-"HON

Why the VITAL is the Best That Money Can Buy



NO ELECTRICITY!

You expect one thing of *any* good vacuum cleaner—thorough and dustless cleaning. This you get in the VITAL—but that is not all. The automatic VITAL offers five *extra* benefits that set this modern cleaner apart in a class by itself. For the VITAL:

1—Creates its own powerful suction
2—Costs nothing to operate
3—Is much more convenient
4—Can be used anywhere—instantly
5—Is "Honor-Built"—to last a lifetime

First cost is the last cost with the Vital and first cost is surprisingly low.

Seven years' refinement has given VITAL its present perfection. This "Honor-Built" quality, and the extra benefits of non-electric cleaning, have proved to thousands that VITAL is *the best that money can buy.*

Special Dollar Certificate *and* Descriptive Booklet FREE SEND THE COUPON BELOW

Distributors—Our nation-wide organization offers you a valuable sales territory. Every home is a prospect. Write us.

Salesmen
Low price and "extra benefits" make VITAL best for both user and salesman. Ask us for details.

Dealers
Write for our valuable special franchise. It's different and profitable.

VITAL men wear this button

Branches in all principal cities

THE VITAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

The VITAL AUTOMATIC VACUUM CLEANER

★ Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

THE VITAL MFG. CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

Send me your booklet—*"What Makes It Run?"*—and a special advertising certificate worth a dollar to me on the purchase price of a VITAL. All without obligation on my part.

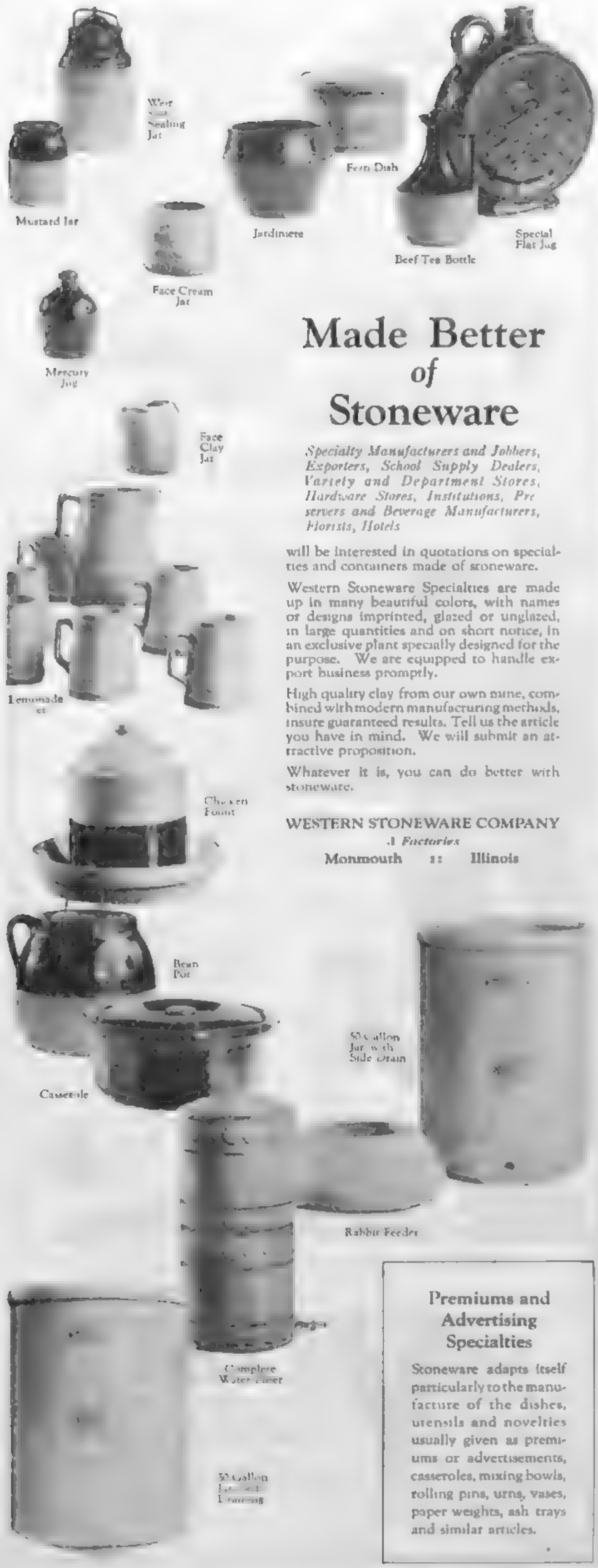
Name _____

Address _____

THE BIGGEST MEN

will find this worthy of their attention—men of executive ability, who are ready for a business of their own.

While the average distributor finds one VITAL territorial sales unit highly profitable, this message is aimed at those men who have organizing ability and financial responsibility to handle 4, 8 or 12 VITAL sales units. We have the product and sales plan. We assist you and cooperate. *Correspondence invited. Conferences arranged*



Made Better of Stoneware

Specialty Manufacturers and Jobbers, Exporters, School Supply Dealers, Variety and Department Stores, Hardware Stores, Institutions, Preservers and Beverage Manufacturers, Florists, Hotels

will be interested in quotations on specialties and containers made of stoneware.

Western Stoneware Specialties are made up in many beautiful colors, with names or designs imprinted, glazed or unglazed, in large quantities and on short notice, in an exclusive plant specially designed for the purpose. We are equipped to handle export business promptly.

High quality clay from our own mine, combined with modern manufacturing methods, insure guaranteed results. Tell us the article you have in mind. We will submit an attractive proposition.

Whatever it is, you can do better with stoneware.

WESTERN STONEWARE COMPANY

Factories

Monmouth Illinois

Premiums and Advertising Specialties

Stoneware adapts itself particularly to the manufacture of the dishes, utensils and novelties usually given as premiums or advertisements, casseroles, mixing bowls, rolling pins, urns, vases, paper weights, ash trays and similar articles.

groomed, their whilom spring and freshness gone to make room for hardened faces and grating voices. Precious little romance there. Better not go poking your foolish head in there, if you prized your memories.

The thought of my Vaslui changed, came near chilling my enthusiasm. When the train was getting into Budapest I was suddenly seized with a queer kind of terror, and all the time that it stayed there I kept debating with myself whether I ought not to beat a retreat while there was yet time. But I held onto myself. How would I explain my weakening to Jeanne's mocking inquiries?

And then before I knew it I found myself at home. It was odd. We had not gone more than an hour or two out of the Hungarian capital. There had been no frontier police, no passport and luggage examination. By the map we were still on Magyar soil. According to the time-table Bukharest was a good twenty-four hours off. However it might be, as I stood there with my heart thumping and my face pressed against the window, the world I had so long dreamed about was whisking past me. There it all was—the little low whitewashed, thatch-roofed houses, with their tiny checkerboard windows painted red, and the green border—known as a belt—at the base; the well-remembered outdoor masonry ovens; the wells with their curious derricklike levers suspended from a forked tree, at one end a weight and at the other the chain and the hook for the pail; the peasants at work in the fields, barefooted or in raw pigskin moccasins, and their embroidered smocks belted over the white homespun breeches—it was the land of my fathers, the scene of my childhood; it was home. It did not matter a straw what the political map makers said about it, what dialect the railroad inspector swore in, what flag waved over the way stations, this was the culture I had been reared in and yearned for.

The sight of these loved landmarks reassured me and made me feel ashamed of my recent cowardice. To have run away from the threshold of paradise, how mad I must have been! Now, all at once, too, my doubts vanished about what magnet it was that drew me to Vaslui. Why, it was just this sky and this earth, these toy houses, these people and things pictured in my boyish memory! Small wonder I had failed to guess it before. It was no matter for analysis. To see was to know. I might as well have tried to chart a child's love for his mother.

The Craving of Twenty Years

And then another craving seized me, a real hunger this time. It had been gnawing me all these twenty years, until I had nearly thought it appeased by starvation. I was traveling five thousand miles to get a real meal, a meal of the kind that I had been brought up on and which was not to be had beyond the confines of my native place. And lest you should think me a worldling and a glutton, let me tell you: I know of nothing more undilutedly spiritual than to sit down at table in the village where you were born and taste again the morsels mother cooked for you when you were a boy. It is not carnal food at all, any more than the bread and wine of the sacrament are food. It is pure piety.

Toward the end of the third day I arrived in Bukharest. It was a lucky thing that I had not visioned the capital as the land of my heart's desire, or I might have come down with a hard bump. The fact is I had no sentiment whatever about it. It stirred no memories. I had never seen it in the old days. It meant little more to me than many another European city I had passed through. It was only the last halt before my destination. Yet even so, it was a little disappointing. This shabby, sprawling, overgrown country town with a royal palace in the middle of it—was this the gilded Camelot of my boyish fancy, the splendid imperial city I had never managed to get to? One drive through it, on the very afternoon of my arrival, behind a pair of prancing Caucasian steeds and a gorgeous velvet-gowned Russian eunuch, was all I wanted of it. My Baedeker, so voluble about every stone on the Loire, was strangely reticent about its beauties. I had vaguely imagined a volume devoted to it, like London, Paris and Berlin—Bukharest and its environs, with eleven maps, thirty-eight plans and three panoramas—as well as numerous little stars to single out the sights that must not be missed. Instead, that gentleman had flung it a paltry dozen pages in the guide to Turkey!

But I must admit, though it hurts me, that even they were superfluous. In any other city, if you wish to do the sights in a limited time, you must hire a guide in addition to buying one, and walk scores of blocks, and climb thousands of steps, and listen to a batch of lectures on kings and wars and architects and criminals. Bukharest is the only city I have visited that can be seen comfortably. All you need to do is to sit down in front of a café on the Calea Victoriei—Capsa's for choice—and while you enjoy your Turkish coffee or *pelin* the sights of the capital will come to you to be viewed at your ease.

Bukharest is not so much a city as a promenade. The fixtures in it are not worth looking at, and I rather think were not meant to be. If you are interested in mere buildings and monuments and that sort of thing, you can go to Rome. The flavor of Bukharest is individual, its civilization is dynamic. Bukharest is not a cluster of noble ruins like Athens or a line of proud giants towering into the sky like New York. It is a procession, a perennial carnival. Its history is not a memory, but an inspiration. Its art is not plastic, but cosmetic. That is where it surpasses Paris and leads the world. Paris, too, has its perfume shops and scented ladies. In the Rumanian capital every other store is a bazaar of beauty requisites, and every army officer—monocled, powdered, odoriferous, lip-sticked and corseted—is so rare a sight as no amount of Baedeker stars could hope to do justice to. For contrast, there are barefooted peasants in national costume peddling fruits and nuts among the little tables, and the endless wilderness of slums off both sides of the Calea Victoriei.

Hardships of Travel

I made up my mind before arriving that I would leave that same night for Vaslui. But when I did that my picture of things Rumanian was still that haloed ideal I had brought with me from America. I had not taken the realities into account. On the train from Paris my fellow travelers had warned me on no account to go about in Rumania on day coaches. The trains were so crowded that unless one started from a terminus and waited for hours in line it was impossible to get seats. It was not uncommon for passengers to stand up through a whole night's journey. The corridors, the steps, the couplings and the very tops of the cars were literally crawling with passengers. In summer the heat and the bad air were intolerable. It was by no means unusual for a woman or child to die of asphyxiation, particularly in the third-class carriages, and the amount of money you were willing to pay was no guarantee that you could get a second or first class seat. An English engineer, employed at the Rumanian oil wells, told me that he had gone a few months before from Bukharest to Jassy, and that when his train arrived two dead soldiers were removed from the roof of one of the cars. They had been decapitated while passing under a low bridge. So I was advised to travel on nothing but the international sleepers.

It seemed like a horribly splurging way of going to Vaslui, the emigrant who had walked to the first port to take ship for America, now returning in a sleeper like a giddy boyar. Supposing someone recognized me as I got out! It would get abroad and I would attract a lot of unwelcome notoriety. Then again, was there really a sleeper to Vaslui? I tried to picture the thing. It was about as easy as to imagine the Woolworth Building there. But everybody assured me that the Bukharest-Jassy express, which stopped in Vaslui every morning and evening, carried a sleeping car. It must have been doing it all along, while I was a schoolboy in Vaslui. And I had never even heard that such a thing existed. I did not see the inside of a Pullman until after I had been in America for ten years.

Sure enough, just a step from the Royal Palace Square, there they were, the offices of the International Sleeping Car Company of Brussels, and I went in and boldly asked for a ticket to Vaslui, and the clerk—who was a Rumanian, not a Belgian—was not the least bit startled by the demand. He looked as if he had been selling them every day of his life. But selling one to me was another story. He informed me without

(Continued on Page 133)

On Time!

Punctuality is a major virtue—in business and social affairs. But the best intentions in the world won't enable you to be on time without a dependable watch.

A watch that requires constant regulating is not dependable, no matter how much you pay for it or how well its name is known.

The Tavannes Watch (pronounced Ta-van) *is* dependable. Tens of thousands of American men and women are daily proving this to be true. This famous timepiece is true to its trademark, the sundial, and its motto, "Right with the Sun."

The Tavannes is one of the few great watches of the world. It is not only wonderfully accurate but on the rare occasions when repairs are needed, these are easily and quickly made. All the parts are interchangeable.

The thin model Tavannes is of simplified construction which provides as much room for the vital parts as a thick watch. It is absolutely accurate and not subject to the ailments that affect most thin watches.

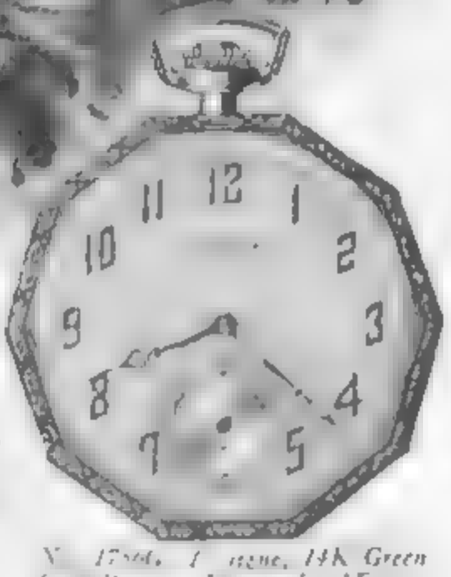
All Tavannes Watches are beautiful in design and you may choose from a wide range of styles, starting as low as $25.

If your jeweler does not carry the Tavannes, send us his name and address. Booklet giving illustrations, prices and descriptions will be mailed upon request.

ADOLPHE SCHWOB, Inc.

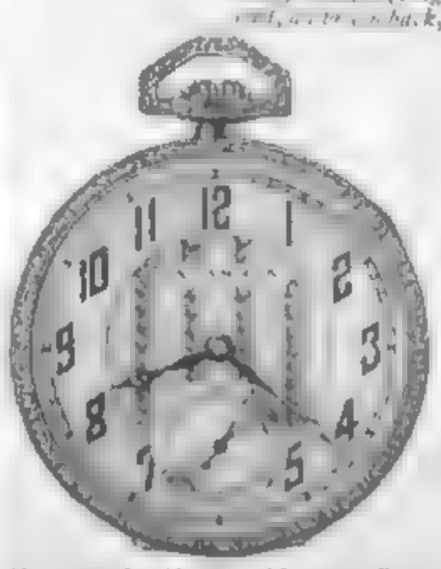
45 Maiden Lane, New York, U. S. A

Chicago (Established 1874) San Francisco



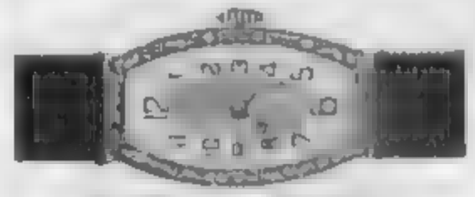
Other beautiful Tavannes models, $25 to $1000.

No. 17566. 12 size, 17 ligne, 14K Green Gold Filled, Decoration, Engraved and Enamel, all brush back, 21 Jewels, $155.



No. 1209G 12 size, 25 year, Green Gold Filled, Round, Engraved, all brush back, 15 Jewels, $35.
Also in White Gold at the same price.

No. 837G 8½ ligne, 25 year, Green Gold Filled, Cushion, Engraved, 15 Jewels $35
No. 838H 8½ ligne, 25 year, White Gold Filled, Cushion, Engraved, 15 Jewels, $45.
Also in solid Gold at $[illegible] and $[illegible]



No. 654 ligne 18K White Gold, Tonneau, Engraved, 15 Jewels, $65

TAVANNES

(TA-VAN)

WATCHES — *right with the Sun*

Quotation from Sun-Dial in a Public Square.

Bird's Rugs

Established 1795 — BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS — Satisfaction Guaranteed

Remarkable Rugs *at* Remarkable Prices

Remarkable Rugs, because they are so durable, sanitary and waterproof, so easily cleaned and so attractive.

Remarkable prices, because Bird's Neponset Rugs range in cost from $7.75 to $17.25 for the larger sizes. They are made in all standard sizes and in delightful color tones suitable for dining room, sitting room, nursery, bathroom, hall—in fact, for any room in the house.

We want every housewife in the United States to know that Bird's Neponset Rugs are the best value in the world when it comes to long-lasting qualities. This statement is backed up by the experiences of thousands of women to whom Bird's Rugs are giving one hundred per cent good service.

Before you furnish or refurnish another room, see Bird's Neponset Rugs, Floor Coverings and Rug Borders at the department store or furniture store where you do your shopping.

If your dealer doesn't carry Bird's Neponset Rugs mail coupon

BIRD & SON, inc.

Pioneers in felt-base floor coverings

East Walpole, Massachusetts

New York: 200 Fifth Ave. Chicago: 1429 Lytton Bldg.
Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ontario

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

Bird's Paroid Roofing (Smooth Surface and Slate Surfaced)

Bird's Art-Craft Roofing

Bird's Shingle Design Roofing

Bird's Asphalt Shingles

Bird's NEPONSET Black Building Paper

Bird's NEPONSET Wallboard, Cream White Finish

Bird's Asphalt Felt

Bird's Built-up Roof

Bird's NEPONSET Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons

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(Continued from Page 130)

raising his head that the entire car was sold out for that night; also for the next night, and for the one after that. Would I step in tomorrow morning? There might be cancellations. Still, there was quite a waiting list. I did step in the next morning, and every other morning for a week running. No use. It looked to me as if there must be a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. But I could not locate him. Was everybody in Bukharest going to Jassy by sleeper? No; but the ministries had a permanent reservation on half the car. The government was doing most of the traveling.

Oh! Small wonder official business moved so slowly in this beloved land of my birth. The state was eternally on the go. But what about the other half car? Couldn't he hold something for me for next week? He was very sorry; he had nothing in prospect. Then I lost my temper.

"Look here," I said, "how about reserving me a berth for All Saints' Day, or for Easter, or for the year 1931?"

He shook his head stolidly and very, very regretfully. His orders were to make no reservations more than three days ahead. And just as he said that something popped in my head—just a word—"Baksheesh!" Why, of course, Baedeker knew. This was once upon a time politically and still remained morally a province of Turkey, the land of the bribe.

I almost shouted it in the clerk's face. What I said was, "Oh, hang your orders! I know the rules." And I laid a hundred-lei note on the counter. "Now, just a minute," he said to me. Then over his shoulder to the young woman in the inner office, in the speech of the land, "The American has tumbled at last." I had been cautious enough not to betray my knowledge of Rumanian. "The Department of Fine Arts," he announced, "has just canceled two places. You can go tonight if you wish."

While I waited I took time to see a little more of Bukharest. On nearer acquaintance this strange capital proved not to be quite so foreign as it had at first appeared. The reason why it had seemed so was that my romancing memory had lovingly treasured up a few golden grains and let the chaff blow away. Also, absence and homesickness had watered and tended the little seeds until they grew to the size of pumpkins and covered the ground. But now things began to happen, and I must acknowledge that they were not unfamiliar. Oh, this was my own, my native land, all right! I found those pumpkins shrinking back into tiny grains, almost microscopic. Pretty soon they threatened to vanish altogether. I held on with all my might. I still had Vaslui to see. These sordid realities of the effete capital must not interfere with my dreams. Angels of mercy, if Vaslui should turn out but another Bukharest! But it could not, it should not be.

Light-Fingered Compatriots

On the very first day my camera disappeared from the hotel room. I had lugged it all the way from New York to take pictures of certain cherished spots in Vaslui, and of my parents' graves. The following day I missed a new pair of shoes. I complained to the manager. He was most polite and frightfully sorry. But, he asked me, how could I expect him to make good when he did not even know that I had actually brought those articles with me? Oh, the gentleman must not be offended. No offense intended. But anyone might be mistaken. Besides, after traveling in so many countries I ought to have learned that property must not be left lying around to tempt poor domestics, but kept under lock and key.

No, I had not learned it. I remembered that in Buffalo once I missed a suit of clothes in a hotel. The management asked no questions beyond inquiring about the value of the goods, offered to compensate me at once; and ordered an investigation, afterwards, which revealed that the suit had been taken erroneously by the valet to have it pressed. Out in Missouri no one locked the front door at night. At the university I had repeatedly left books and fountain pens on tables in the library overnight, only to find them at the clerk's desk the next morning. I really ought to charge up that camera and those shoes to America. It was she who had got me into these careless habits.

Once on a side street I witnessed a characteristic incident. A dried-up little man with a beard was trying to back his cart up against the curb. His horse took fright at something and drove the rear wheels up on the sidewalk. I cannot say whether any damage was done to the pavement. A policeman on the square not far off, seeing what had happened, came rushing along, a fierce light in his eye. The poor little teamster was in for it clearly. He would get a summons and be fined his whole day's earnings. What happened was nothing of the kind. The officer, without a word, pounced on him and proceeded to cudgel him, first with his hands, then with his fists and finally with his bayonet. By way of a finish, he drew himself up, caught his breath and used language. A little crowd gathered, but no one interfered or said a word. I don't think they quite approved. But they were too well trained, these citizens. It just did not occur to them that it was any of their business. I do not for a moment mean to suggest that our American guardians of the peace are without exception paragons of justice and mercy. Nevertheless, I have no difficulty imagining what the rewards of this kind of performance, say, out in Nebraska, would have been.

Homesick Provinces

For the week-end a former minister of state with whom I had got acquainted invited me to go up to his villa at Sinaia. Sinaia is the king's summer residence, up in the Carpathians. I learned on this trip that I was not the only Rumanian who had got sobered up a little by coming home. There were millions of them, the populations of entire provinces, who had gone through the same experience without even having America in the backs of their heads for comparison. In my boyhood, I recall, we were taught a patriotic ditty about the sweet land of Bukowina, which the tyrant Hapsburgs held in bondage, preventing its Rumanian folk from uniting with their brethren of the kingdom. I think that tune was sung in Bukowina, too, and I know that the Hapsburgs had a wild time of it keeping their subjects in bondage. Now that sweet land was united to the kingdom of Rumania, along with several other sweet lands—Transylvania, the Banat and Bessarabia. They did not seem to be so happy as that ditty led them to think they would be.

Recently the entire delegation from those homesick provinces to the Rumanian Parliament refused to take their seats in Bukharest; and they were not minority Hungarian members, either; they were Rumanians. Just what happened I do not care to go into here. But I could guess at one reason that has a connection with my story. On that Sunday my host and I drove over the old frontier into the city of Brashov, and I got a ray of light. Brashov used to be called Hermannstadt, and until 1918 it was held under the bondage of the Hapsburgs. To go from Bukharest to Brashov was like going from Chinatown into Gramercy Park. You felt about seven centuries rolling off your back. You suddenly emerged from darkest Turkey into the civilization of modern Christendom.

My host also enlightened me, without, I think, meaning to. He related how when he entered the cabinet his landlord came to him and suggested that he buy the house he was living in. The new minister replied that he hadn't the money.

"Oh, but you are in the government now," said the landlord; "you'll be very wealthy in no time."

"The idea," commented my friend, "seemed to be that that was what men sought high office for. Observation and experience rather confirm it, I am sorry to say. I could not convince my landlord that my service to the nation reduced rather than increased my financial resources."

But if my friend made no fortune out of his ministerial office, and I have no cause to doubt his word, he is a very rare exception. His landlord's insinuations were characteristic, and they rested on the facts. It ill becomes Americans, I know, to cast stones at graft. But though in the United States the small politician in the municipalities frequently grows fat off the public treasury, we have yet to hear of scandals in the White House or in the cabinet. In Rumania bribery and corruption begin with the patrolman on the street corner and go right on up into the national palace. I am not making sweeping charges. I am simply stating what everyone in my native country accepts as a commonplace.

During my long attendance on the sleeping car man I knocked about the streets, wondering what escape there might be from this dreary town. Sipping coffee and *pelin* and watching the painted ladies and the musical-comedy officers in procession ceased to be amusing after a while. Then I remembered that I had a relative in the place. He was a Vasluiander, too, though I had never laid eyes on him. In fact, in my boyhood he was the glory of the family. As the son of mercantile parents, who had contrived to become a doctor, he was held up by all the fathers of my clan as a noble example to us youngsters. I am sure it was his achievement that inspired my father with the dream that I, too, would some day rise to that dizzy height. It would be rather interesting, I thought, to meet this glittering ideal of my youth after all this time.

Finding him was not easy. Doctors in Bukharest, it developed, did not invariably permit themselves the luxury of a telephone. I should like to know how they are reached in an emergency. But after hunting for a city directory—and learning that there was no such thing—and searching for the medical association—which likewise had no phone—and communicating with the public-health office—where I was told gruffly that addresses were not divulged there—I did in the end locate my cousin through the American Red Cross. Thereupon I sent word to him, minutely describing my ancestry and my relation to him, and promptly got an answer with an invitation to dinner.

This last was very exciting, and ought, I felt, to repay me for all my trouble. I began picturing the feast, with my mouth watering—the fragrant *pot-au-feu*, the sweet-sour tomato stew, the vine-leaf croquettes, the crisp cheese *strudel*, all the dainties of my Old World past. I was also a bit flustered at the prospect of so suddenly bursting into exclusive Rumanian society. I was, after all, a plain American with a homespun Middle Western education, wholly unversed in the higher etiquette. Would I do? At least, I must get into my smoking, as the Europeans call a Tuxedo.

Stay-at-Home Relatives

My fiacre halted before a low one-story, rather unimposing brick dwelling in an alleylike yard, on the gate a shingle with the doctor's name and something about diseases of the skin and blood. I was welcomed by a graying, disillusioned, rather pathetic-looking provincial physician. He was in business dress. I was introduced to his two daughters, his two sons, a number of further cousins of both sexes I had never heard of. Not a trace of low gowns or evening black anywhere. The doctor, it seemed, was a widower. As the meal progressed I answered some perfunctory inquiries about my doings in the other world, and got some information about my host and my new-found family. This was Ella—little three-year golden-locked Ella when I quit home, now the mother of a young person of exactly that age. And here was Stella, who was, I thought, Betty. No; Betty, that lovely creature who gave me so many restless moments twenty years ago, was dead, and Stella was her daughter. Of the doctor's sons, one was a physician rapidly taking over his father's practice. The younger boy had studied engineering in Berlin, was recognized all round as an exceptionally able and well-trained young fellow; but after several years' experience he was still a mere draftsman in the government's bridge bureau. He was not getting on at all. His family, you see, were not an engineering family. They were doctors. So he was an outsider. In time he would probably arrive—in time to retire. His sons, if he should have any, and if they also became engineers, might have it easier, just as his brother who had had the prudence to follow in the parental footsteps found it comparatively smooth sailing. The usual European state of affairs, made familiar to me already in Paris. And as I listened to their account of themselves, the question kept going through my head: Where would I have landed in my profession under such a system—I, the son of a poor tradesman in a distant village? Would I ever in a thousand years have got to college even?

The girls were agreeable, gracious, cultivated young ladies, far from lacking in good looks, well read, at home in three or four languages, musical, possessed of all the virtues and accomplishments of the young women of their class and country.

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They were sought after socially. They had many friends. But, as I learned later, it was concern over their future that accounted for their father's gray hair and disillusioned look. Imagine it! In the Western Hemisphere girls like them would have frolicked through college, played at business or some profession for a couple of years, had an active, sunny girlhood of it all, and been grabbed up in matrimony long before anyone had ever had time to start worrying about them. Eastern Europe was another world.

The doctor was not, by the looks of it, well-to-do. He had had his struggles, had married into an eminent but not wealthy family, had been forced by the standards of his professional and social *milieu* to live up to the limit of his income, and had therefore not managed to save up the indispensable fortune for his daughters' dowries. In consequence these lovely, attractive girls were in danger of not marrying, or at least not marrying desirably. There could be no more dreadful calamity in this East European world. An unmarried girl here was destined to become a dependent. Their social traditions frowned on work; they were trained for no profession. They were just decorative Victorian young ladies. It was not that the Bukharest young men were mercenary or incapable of love. But their brides' dowry was their launching into a career, their start in life. Personal preference was all very well, but as the French put it, you cannot make your way in this world on love and clear water.

I was received cordially enough, but without that curiosity and stir and wonder that I had expected and dreaded. I was obviously not a performing bear to them; they had seen Americans before. Perhaps it would have been agreeable to be asked a little more about that other world, to have been conscious of some appreciation of the miracle America had wrought in me. But then, none of these people had ever seen me before my emigration and therefore they could not gauge the vast distances I had traveled. Thank heaven for it! The doctor, in fact, did say something about another American—a brother-in-law he had in New York, who had paid him a visit just before the war. I must know him. Schmidt was his name. Had a large prosperous café over there.

Standardized Cookery

What was disappointing was that dinner. In view of my anticipations, it was nothing short of a tragedy. It was a first-rate meal, you understand—the usual French cookery, the usual courses, the usual barefooted peasant girl serving it. But I could have got the like of that in any good hotel in town—for that matter, in any good hotel between Bukharest and San Francisco. Come to think of it, I could have come a lot nearer getting what I hungered for in any one of a dozen Rumanian restaurants on the East Side of New York. Still I was glad I had come. I had had a pleasant social evening, and that was better than seeing the barren, crushing ugliness of the town.

I was for a space forgetting I was in Bukharest. I was back in civilization. But before the party was quite over I was brought up with a start and forcibly reminded that I was not in Christendom, after all, but in the medieval Balkans. When the coffee was served in the drawing-room the married ladies reverted to their customary topics of conversation—duds, personalities, cosmetics and servants, each in her turn recounting with much gusto and righteousness just how often and how vigorously she flogged her domestics. In New York servants are coddled and bribed to make them work, in Paris they are threatened with discharge, and in Bukharest they are whipped!

The next evening I really, truly started on my glorious adventure. Sharing my sleeper compartment with me was a gentleman whose pleasant duty it became to bring me a stretch nearer in the process of filling in the gap between my idealized memories of home and the ungilded reality. He was a lawyer of Jassy, on his way home. Just what impressed him with my importance I could not at first guess. Maybe, I thought, he had seen the porter lug in my bag with its many-colored labels from hotels in American cities and European capitals. But he kept up an uninterrupted evolution of bowing and scraping and mumbling polite nothings and stepping out of my way with clicking heels every time I passed him.

In the morning I arose early and stood in the corridor, watching for old landmarks. The train was now traversing familiar ground. Presently my roommate joined me. We began to talk. My Rumanian speech being a little halting, I paid him the compliment of addressing him in French. But his French proved lamer than my Rumanian. So to spare him embarrassment I switched to my native tongue. He observed pleasantly that for a foreigner I spoke Rumanian remarkably well.

"But I am not a foreigner," I informed him eagerly. "I am a naturalized American. I was born in the town we just passed, in Berlad."

As soon as he heard that his polite courtesy dropped from him like a mask. He commenced treating me familiarly, even contemptuously. Why, hang it, I was merely one of ours! I recognized that Balkan trait quickly, and saw that I had been led by sentiment into a false step; but it was too late to retreat. It was rather hard on me. In America, where they go to the other extreme, I had sometimes found it expedient to keep my origin to myself. To have to do it in my native country all over again seemed a little too much. None the less, I took my little lesson to heart. My decision to go to Vaslui incognito was a good one on more than one count.

"Vaslui! Vaslui at Last!"

Soon the conductor announced that the next station would be Vaslui—just like that, calmly. Good heavens, were there people in the world to whom that precious spot was no more than a stop on the road? We arrived in a heavy mist. As my droshky went clattering up that long road I peered around in search of familiar objects, and in spite of all my efforts to keep my self-possession, I kept repeating in a whisper, "Vaslui! Vaslui at last!" Between times I acknowledged that I ought to be kicked for a sentimental idiot, and then went on mumbling some more. Arrived at the Hotel Central, I flung my bag into my room, careless of pickers and stealers, grabbed my new camera and sallied forth. I knew my way about—I was sure—blindfolded. Straight on ahead just a step was the hack stand; to the right, up a side street, the soda-water plant and a cluster of houses, one of which had been our first home in Vaslui after we migrated from Berlad thirty years ago. And going left, one arrived at the little circular park where the military band played evenings, and on the edges of which, with their backs against the ornamental iron grille sat the peasant women on market days, with their produce and their picturesque handiwork. Surrounding the park in a wide circle was the well-remembered Ring, Vaslui's Place Vendôme, with its fine shops and balconied residences. Finally, on beyond the hack stand stretched the wide Jassy road, which was the real Vaslui for me.

For the moment, however, nothing but a thick fog, with faint rays of light trying to break through. I glanced up. All ye glories, electric street lights! And that beplastered gate next door, a cinema—two cinemas—in Vaslui! That was worth closer inspection. Yes, our Charlie, our Douglas, the whole galaxy. But the hotel—why, it was no less a place than the awesome Café Central, that resort of elegance and exclusiveness. The last time I was here I dared not walk near it, always took the other side of the street for fear some fashionable lady or some officer sipping beer at the tables on the sidewalk might look at me. What had brought it down in the world—made this unspeakably shabby, evil-smelling hole of it? Maybe all of Vaslui had sunk like that. Without knowing what I was doing, I began to walk hurriedly. I must find out quickly.

Oh, merciful heavens, it was worse, a thousand times worse than I had feared! That circular park—unbelievable—it was square; the ornamental iron grille—it was wood. You could not really, honestly call it a park at all. It was a mere inclosure with a band stand in the center. I almost hoped now the mist would not lift. What a fool I had been not to turn back at Budapest! If it were at least possible to think it had changed, run down! But there was nothing to support such a theory. The war had not come this far; there had been no revolution. Besides, nothing of that kind could make a circular park turn square. No, it

(Continued on Page 136)

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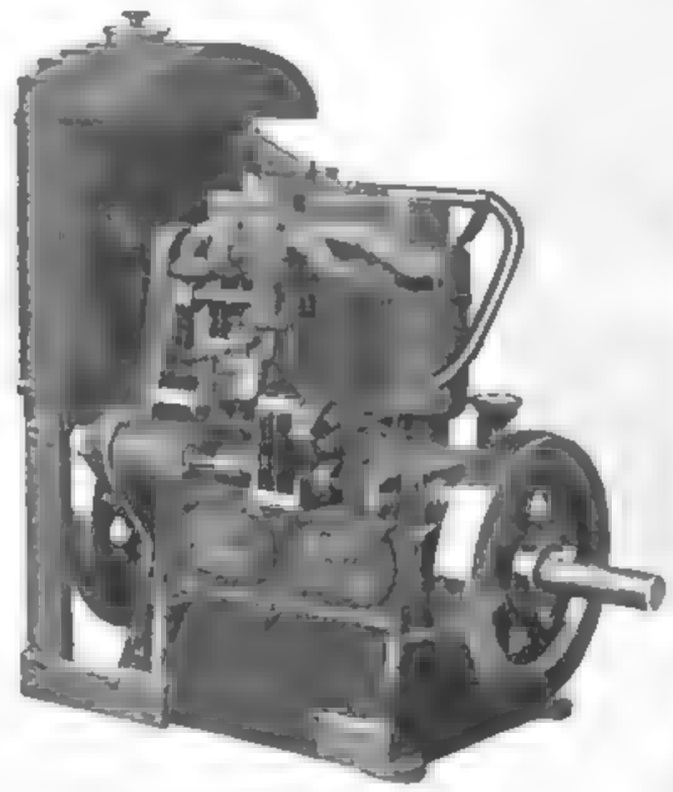

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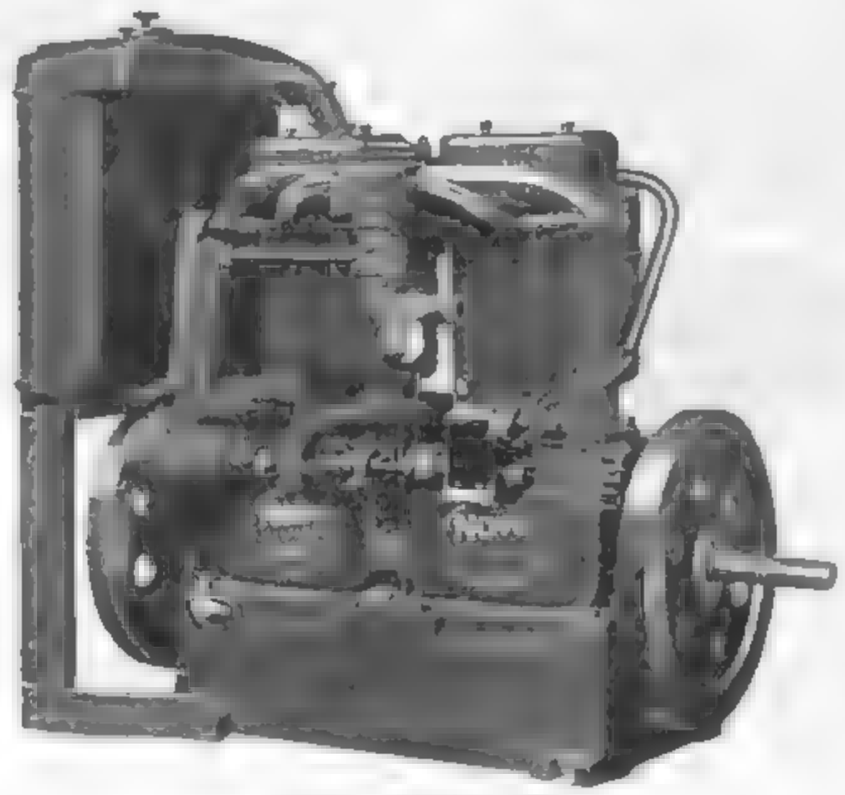

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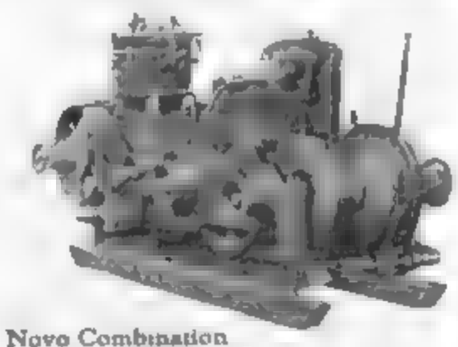

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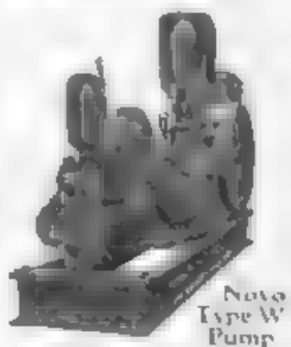

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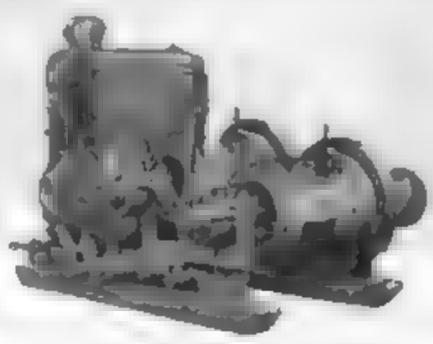

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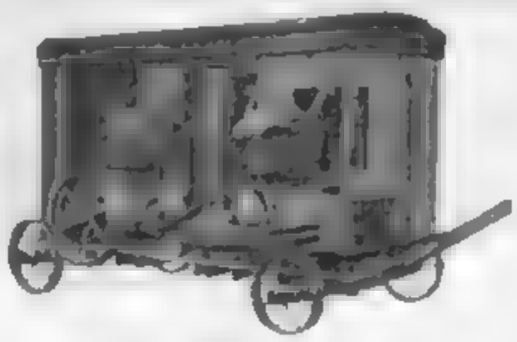

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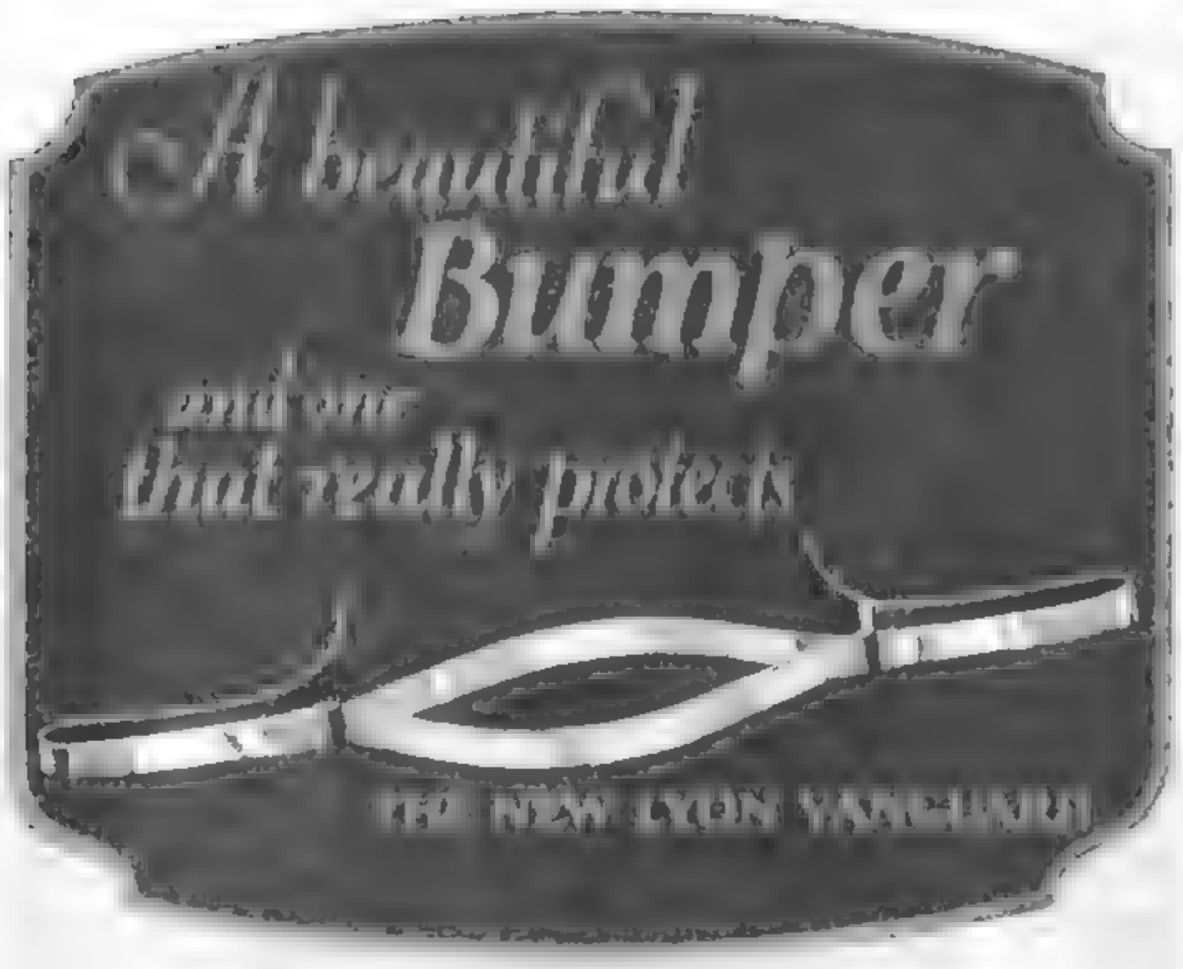

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Just room enough for one more car against the curb. Driver starts backing in. Smash! Bang! What would have been the damage without Lyon Bumper protection?

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

(Continued from Page 134)

had not changed. There was no use telling myself stories about it. It had always been like that. Only I had gone and dreamed a place and dubbed it Vaslui.

To think that I had compared Blois with this—that gem of the French Renaissance and this rubbish heap. What, by the way, was Vaslui doing when Blois was making itself beautiful four hundred years ago? I looked around at the stores and the residences over them. Ramshackle hovels built of mud. A civilization of mud. Nowhere a house that looked as though it had stood for fifty years, or would go on standing that long in the future. Why was such a town ever built, and when, and by whom? American towns are not always beautiful by any means, but they have a kind of machine-made neatness about them and an air of hospitality. French and Italian towns are not always comfortable or clean; but they have color and beauty. This place lacked everything; had neither solidity nor dignity; neither beauty nor comfort. I must have been a monstrously clever fellow to live down such a start.

Oh, well, I must go through with it. I struck into the Jassy road, headed for my own section of town. Arching elms, weather-tinted walls, distant prospects—they simply did not exist. And that thoroughfare used to seem so endless when mother sent me on errands. Now it was shrunk to a mere jump. I looked for houses, names, some familiar object. It was all alien, remote, repulsive. And I thought I would find my way around as if I had never been away! Where were all those fine mansions—in one of them lived the prosecuting attorney of the county—which, as a boy of poor parents, I used to look up to with such awe and envy? Nowhere anything but dilapidation and decay and stark ugliness. At a crossing I turned right, ran down a steep grade, to have a look at the river. Now, the Vasluieta, anyway, I had not invented or magnified. We used to swim in it, fifty—a hundred strong at a time. How did we ever do it? There was not enough water in it now for a duck. It was a mere gutter with a yellow, dirty, viscous liquid creeping through it. Well, of course, the summer was a very dry one. But those banks—a healthy boy could jump across them. Some evil pygmy seemed deliberately to have stunted and defaced the whole picture just to sicken me.

Boyhood Friends

Presently I found myself in the open country. That last house there on the left, standing high up on a bank in a vast yard, was my last home in Vaslui. It was from there I had bade good-by to my childhood and my country. It was there my father and mother had died shortly after. Directly opposite—— Hello, there was one name I knew! That inn and wine shop was still in the Bachman family. And a face, also—two faces. There was Mrs. Bachman, the mother of my old pal Janko. I would have known her anywhere. And Fanny, Janko's sister. Older, both of them, but not materially changed. I felt a lump rising in my throat and an eager urge to rush up to them. But I remembered my resolve and passed on.

It was Saturday and there was no market. The highway was deserted. But in the distance a spire in yellow stucco gleamed in the sunshine. It was in the tiny hamlet of Mora Greci. That at any rate was lovely, almost as I had visioned it—that and the rolling hills and the checkerboard cornfields stretching to the horizon.

I pointed my camera at them, and decided that I must walk on out into the country. That was where the health and beauty and future of Rumania lay. But I felt irresistibly drawn to that inn and wine shop and the Bachmans. Before I knew it I found myself turned back, walking toward them. Oh, well, I would go in for a moment, just to look at them and talk a little. There could be no harm in that. I would not betray myself. They would never suspect who I was. Besides, that was rather romantic, a kind of Joseph-and-his-brethren scene. And was it not for this that I had made all this long and weary journey?

I found a strange young man at the bar. The women had gone into the house. He did not know me, seemed not to take the slightest interest in me. I ordered a quarter of wine. Execrable stuff, especially in the early morning. And I had ached to come here at this season, because of the new wine! I asked him who was living now in that house across the street. He told me and went on washing glasses. Was his name Bachman? I inquired cautiously. No, he was married to one of the girls. Which one? I pursued. I caught him looking me over from the corner of his eye. Heigh-ho, I was slipping! Then he asked me a question: Did I know the town, his wife's family? Well, yes, I said, I did years ago; I used to go to school here, before his time.

At this point Mrs. Bachman wandered in. At close range, she looked a lot older. That was about the way mother would have looked if she had lived. What a different home-coming it would have been if I had found her here instead of Mrs. Bachman!

It may have been this reflection, but suddenly I heard myself saying, "Madama, won't you come and sit here?"

"Who? Me?" she asked suspiciously.

But she did take the chair on the other side of my little table. A mad wish came over me to take her hand. Then the bottom went completely out of my resolution.

"Do you have any idea who I am?" I asked her, all in a tremble.

She looked up at me with a troubled face. The young man precipitately disappeared into the adjoining room. Through the wall I heard excited voices, his and a woman's, the latter shouting "No, no!" Then he and Fanny burst in, and Fanny flew up to me with outstretched arms.

"Marcu!" she cried. "It's Marcu, the son of Bella! Oh, he took my heart out, that silly, saying it was Janko!"

The Defection of Janko

Then I did hold Mrs. Bachman's hand. She eagerly took possession of me, shooed off the whole tribe of them, who had come scurrying in from all directions at the name Janko, and began to pelt me with questions about her son. How did he look now? Was he rid of those beastly attacks of fever? What sort of a wife had he married? His children—they were the most remarkable girls in Brooklyn, weren't they?

"Twenty years!" she kept saying over and over again. "Twenty years, God bless you, he has been away, and you are the first living thing to bring me news of him! Twenty years!"

I felt my heart contracting. Poor, aging woman. She was being kept alive by but one hope—the hope that that boy of hers who had gone off on a lark so long ago would come back. But would she ever see him again? My own mother had worn her soul out yonder in that house across the road, and no one had ever come to bring her even a word from her adventuring son. How cruel life was, and how much crueler still were children!

Mrs. Bachman shifted ground. She spoke in a low, confidential kind of tone now

"What sort of lives do you live out there? What, tell me, do you do with all the money you make?" She smiled and tried to look severe. "I do believe you get selfish and irresponsible and indifferent. Look at Janko now. When the youngest girl here was to be married we wrote him. Dowries nowadays strain a family frightfully. We had to give eighteen thousand so the young man could start this place, and it was about all we could manage between us. Fanny and the younger boys there all contributed. But Janko just played possum, did not do his share at all. Do you think that is right?"

It suddenly dawned on me that I was in no position to answer all these tremulous questions. Why, I had not seen Janko myself these fourteen years! It seemed incredible even to me. How could I ever explain such a thing to his people here in Vaslui? Two boys brought up together, schoolfellows, inseparable; and here we were in the same city in America, separated by a five-cent ride or a five-cent telephone call, and we had not met or talked in fourteen years. There had never been an unpleasant word between us. It was nothing but the curious way America has with immigrants; our paths had diverged, that was all. We had drifted apart, Janko going into trade and I to college. Each of us had carved out his own little niche out there in that transplanted life of ours; each had married, was rearing a family, and our spheres no more touched than if we were on separate planets. It would have been very different if we had not emigrated. Therefore, Vaslui would never understand. The only course was to lie.

I said: "Maybe Janko could not afford it. We are not all magnates over there, you know. Life in Brooklyn is a little different from life in Vaslui. We earn perhaps what sounds like fortunes to you here, but it takes such a lot to live. Sometimes it's a struggle to make ends meet. As you say, Janko has five girls. So I should not be too hard on him."

"What?" Fanny broke in. "Janko not afford it? That is rich! Really, Marcu, you talk like a child. May all our friends and well-wishers have it no worse than he! Maybe you don't know it? Then I'll tell you. Janko is rich. He has a bigger store in Brooklyn than Sharaga's on the Ring. Do you know, he has a telephone right in his own shop?

"You don't have to try to defend him. We are proud of him, all right. We'll tell you that privately. But he is selfish, and when you see him in America, just say to him that we have not forgiven him for the way he has washed his hands of the girls and the family."

Thereupon she began rummaging in a painted chest in the corner of the room, brought out a parcel of letters with American stamps, and produced Janko's business card. She handed it to me with a gesture of clinching the argument. Bless my soul, it was worse than I had guessed! It read:

JACK BACHMAN
DEALER IN
NEW MISFIT AND SECONDHAND CLOTHING
FULL DRESS AND TUXEDO SUITS
FOR HIRE

Followed an address on Pitkin Avenue, in the heart of the foreign quarter of Brownsville, and a telephone number.

The Best Foot Forward

I tried to appear impressed. Fanny looked at me triumphantly. But on Mrs. Bachman's face I thought I saw something that had not been there before—the first glimmering of doubt about her son's prosperity. My maybes and perhapses had set her questioning. I told myself privately that I was a clumsy fool.

Fanny next wished to know my occupation. I told her I was a writer.

"A writer?" she echoed. "What do you write?"

She was clearly not overwhelmed. I tried to guess why, and it dawned on me that my people and I no longer spoke the same language. The word "writer" called up in Fanny's mind a picture of the professional epistolary, the sort of person you see in the market place with a camp stool and a parcel of correspondence paper, offering his learned services to peasants in legal difficulties or in love.

"I thought," she mused, "that in America everybody could write his own letters."

"I don't write letters," I explained. "I am an author. I write books, articles in periodicals."

She looked more and more puzzled.

"You mean you give to the papers. You hear, mother? Marcu gives to the papers in America."

And that was as far as we got. It was not quite satisfactory. There are few occupations more disreputable in Vaslui's estimation than pandering to the scandalous press.

But I was thinking of something else. That affair of Janko's prosperity set me cogitating. So that was how matters stood. My fellow immigrants over there were putting their best foot forward with a vengeance. Couza's school of optimists, far from being extinct, was, by the looks of things, flourishing more luxuriantly than ever. Of course, Janko had not lied directly. He did have a bigger store than Sharaga's, I dare say; and he did have a telephone. He was merely conveying false impressions. Suppose he had said that he was an old-clo' man with a shop, and had added that telephones in Brooklyn were about as rare a distinction as milch cows were in Vaslui, would not his people have got a clearer picture of the true state of things? There, again was that brother-in-law of my cousin, the doctor. He said he had a café, and that was by the letter a fact. But what that meant to his relatives in Bukharest was something very different. The doctor, you see, when he asked me whether I knew his brother-in-law, mentioned the street where he had his café, and what that little detail told me was that the café was an East Side saloon.

That same afternoon I looked up a distant relative of mine—now that I had broken my resolution about seeing Vaslui incognito I felt I might as well go the whole hog—and ran into the most flagrant case of all. Peter showed me a letter he had recently got from his brother Take, in New York. Now Take I knew perfectly well. He was as comprehensive a failure as American immigration could show—an alien in the language of the country, in its traditions and its paths to success. He had run the gamut of all the squalid trades known to the foreigner. He had been a janitor and a peddler, an electrician in the Subway and a factory hand. For a time he held a notary's license, which he lost—narrowly escaping prison into the bargain—for illegally practicing law. The family continually lived from hand to mouth. The wife had to work as a seamstress to make ends meet. The children had disappointed all their parents'—especially the mother's—hopes for them, the girls, who luckily were pretty, going into the choruses of traveling musical shows, the boy becoming a sailor. Even now they were barely keeping their heads above water. By pawning Mary's jewels, which had been got from the installment man, they had managed to secure a little house in one of the remote sections of Brooklyn and Take was doing well enough in a general-repairs business. The elder girl had lately become acquainted with a medical student at the stage entrance who turned out to be a decent chap with serious intentions. Well, here was Take writing to his rather sober-minded brother in Vaslui—who, by the way, is rich enough to buy out several Takes—on printed stationery carrying the legend, General Contracting; Estimates Cheerfully Furnished, after this tune: "It is getting harder and harder for me to write to you, I am out of practice in Rumanian. We speak nothing but English in my house." And then: "My daughter Lena is to be married this fall, to a doctor!" There was not a statement in that letter that was not a fact. Yet the truth was not in it. I glanced discreetly up at Peter as I handed it back to him. He seemed to take it coolly.

"I see," he commented dryly, "that we are becoming a noble family in New York."

I grinned, but inwardly I swore too. Dog-gone those fellows! They should be silenced!

I don't know but what I might have set the wheels in motion—called a meeting, or issued a statement, or something—if I had not before the day was over had it brought home to me in no uncertain manner that I was working myself up over a menace that did not exist outside of my own imagination.

A Modest Reception

By the time I got back to my hotel all Vaslui knew that Marcu, son of Eli, was in town. Vaslui did not need a newspaper, it had Fanny. But somehow no crowds, no band, no waving flags were in evidence. The dear old place was keeping its self-possession with infinite dignity. Three or four boyhood pals, seeing me at a little table in front, did wander over; and I noticed that though they were grown men now, they shied at my elegant stopping place exactly as we all did twenty years ago. Lupu, looking the very picture of village prosperity, kissed me and asked what I proposed to go in for. Was it to be grain, or an inn, or maybe some new line I had learned in America? He had made up his mind I was back for good. Red-headed Victor did not talk much. He seemed fascinated by my shell-rimmed goggles. Finally he ventured it: Was it weak eyes, or just a fashion? Michael had always been noted for his piety, and he thought I showed good stuff to come all that distance to pay homage to the dead. And Ilie, who had been in New York eighteen years before, inquired whether I still lived in that big tenement on Avenue B and still worked in the shirt factory; or maybe, he suggested flatteringly—maybe I was the foreman now.

There was an undertone in all these friendly inquiries that puzzled me a little. It sounded like condescension.

"Poor fellow," they seemed to say, "it has not been a bed of roses for you, has it? Well, well, you are among friends now. It's all right. We'll take you to our bosom and help you to forget." They were terribly touched, the old dears.

I may seem ungrateful, but I did not quite appreciate Vaslui's sympathy. It got under my skin. Confound it, I was not asking anybody to sing hymns to me; but

"SAY, YOU'VE CERTAINLY MADE A STABILATOR FAN OF ME-

"Tell you the honest truth, I thought you were raving a little when you told me what Stabilators had done for that old 'wagon' of yours. But I have to take it all back. - I just got home. Didn't expect to notice any difference just coming from down-town. Meant to get out in the country in the morning to give 'em a real test. - - But Tenth Street itself, where they put 'em on, isn't too smooth, and I thought soon's I started out I could feel a difference. Shucks! I said—nothing but imagination. You see, I'm hard-boiled because I've had three kinds of shock absorbers. - - So I came around the back way. You know Green Street? - - Well—I don't blame you—it isn't fit for *any* car. But I took it anyhow just to learn the worst. - - However, what I started out to say was that she rode as easy as out the Boulevard, but I'm trying not to get as 'Stabilator nutty' as you are."

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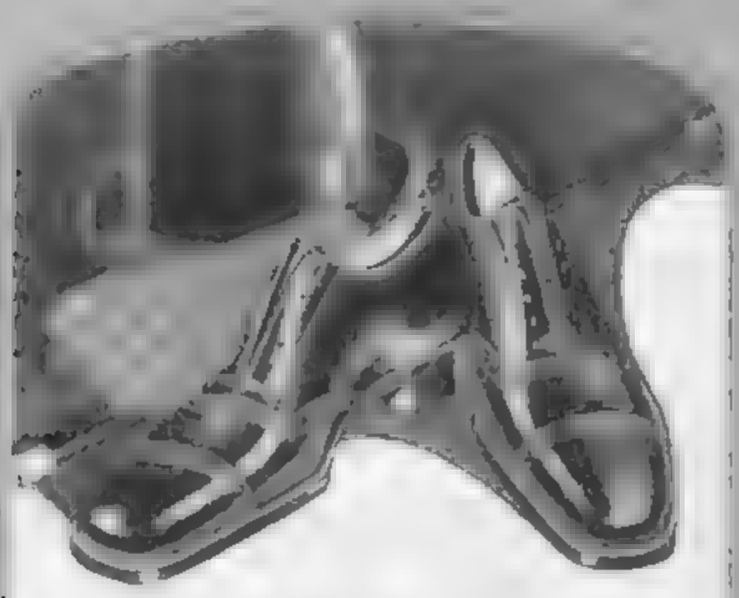

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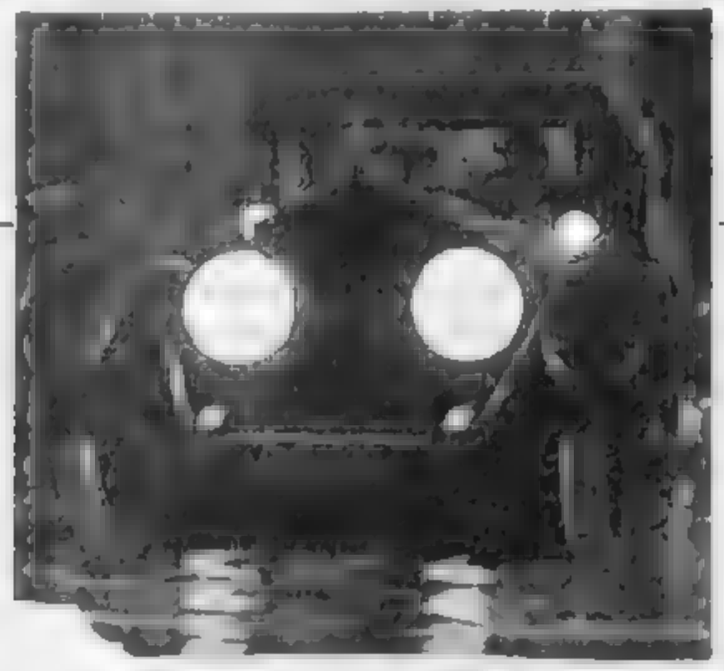

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had these fellows no eyes to see the miracle America had wrought in me? Did they think my transformation was just an affair of goggles?

In some strange illogical way this encounter with the people I had so long yearned to be with set my heart beating for America more powerfully than it had ever done in all those twenty years. I felt my Americanism mounting at a dizzying rate. Not my loyalty to abstract symbols. That had been in the right place all along. But a communion of the soul. What in the world was I doing here anyway? I belonged somewhere else. I was an American. I had always been one.

Those alien men were still sitting with me, drinking coffee at my table, calling me by my first name, recalling odds and ends of their boyhood, in which in some fantastic way I was supposed to have played a part. Lupu was saying:

"What ever became of Matthew out there? He went away about your time. Foolish fellows, you two. What did you go for anyhow? I never could get the hang of it. Some folks—well, I can understand. Chaps who got into scrapes, idlers, incompetents, sons of nobodies who had nothing to look forward to over here. But you and Matt? Goily, a funny bunch of people you must have there. A country made up of all the good-for-nothings of the world."

So the propaganda of Couza had gone by the board. Vaslui had grown up, steadied itself and learned to see America soberly. So much to the good, at least. But the new ignorance was blacker and thicker than the old. I felt a stirring call to stand up for my adopted country, to preach Americanism to Vaslui as I knew it, to bring some light into this benighted nook of the earth. I looked at my audience. They seemed so thoroughly complacent in their own puddle, so exquisitely happy in their ignorance. Oh, fiddlesticks, why disturb them? Whom would it benefit? They would merely think I was defending myself. It would be idiotic to apologize for America to Vaslui.

That reference to Matthew Russu reminded me. He was the elder brother of Nick. Where was Nicholas Russu, that boy genius, the hero of my school days?

I turned to Victor. He used to be a fellow worshiper with me.

"That scatterbrain?" Victor made a face. "What do you want with him?"

He was desperately amused at something. He started guffawing.

"Pshaw, Mark! Old sakes is all right, and all that. But you are not going to make the people in town talk about you as if you had anything in common with scum."

Scatterbrain! Scum! That only whetted my interest and my curiosity. To think of Nick still in this hole was bad enough; but that Vaslui scorned him was incredible and outrageous. What did it all mean? Why, that boy was a wonder twenty years ago! He could not have been more than eleven when he translated all Horace's poems into such excellent Rumanian that a Bukharest publisher offered to bring them out. Later he worked out an international language, which one of our teachers sent to Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto, and which brought a reply from that personage, saying that the boy had made a very great contribution to the subject. In his first year in high school he made a vehicle in his grandfather's blacksmith shop which ran without visible means. It must have been operated by steam. It was, of course, a toy, and somewhat clumsy. But the mechanics teacher said Nick had a wonderful future before him, and the state inspector declared the boy to be a Leonardo da Vinci, because he manifested such a variety of talents.

Nick's Story of Hard Luck

I hunted him up that same evening. He was living in a wretched little hovel, far back in one of those alleys which I had dreamed were Italian courtyards. Only by his eyes would I ever in the world have recognized him. A neglected, haggard little man with a beard in a motley outfit of duds, no piece of which matched any other. He greeted me mistrustfully, but brightened up when I identified myself. There was a wife, a pathetically thin little body with unmistakable traces of vanished beauty, and quite a family of children. Some were asleep, others were doing lessons by an oil lamp, two were playing that thrice-royal game of ettel-bettel in a corner. There was just one room.

We talked a bit. Nick was interested in America, strangely enough. But I was aching to hear his history, to get some light on how that wonder boy had become this wistful misfit. It was not easy to get him to talk about himself. He was clearly trying to avoid the subject. Then I asked him to come walking with me, and noticed for the first time that he was crippled. A legacy of the war, doubtless.

"What is there to tell, dear fellow?" he said several times. "It is not anything unusual. Life has not proved so pink as it looked when we were kids. That's all."

"What are you doing?"

"Keeping afloat. What else is there to do?"

Only by hints and snatches did I piece out something like a picture of his career. He was now teaching French to a few private pupils—young ladies of Vaslui's aristocracy. He was also recording secretary to some association or committee or other. Now and then he got a little copying to do from a legal firm in Jassy. He had never got to the university. He barely managed to pull through the local high school, and that was only owing to the interest of his teachers, one of whom took him into his own home. He went to work in a shop. He had not only himself but a little sister to take care of.

But his commercial career was soon interrupted. Not being a student, he had to go into the army for three years. He had a peasant sergeant over him who did not appreciate Horace or Esperanto or invention, and he made life pretty miserable for Nick. Then he fell in love and married and got children, and the dream of becoming an engineer receded farther and farther. Then he lost a child.

Twenty-Four Hours Enough

"Poor lamb, she could have lived. It was an ordinary case of appendicitis. But Ungar was away. There was no other surgeon in town. No money to bring Taussig from Jassy. A young fellow tried his hand at it. Not his fault entirely. There was no ether in the hospital. What do you want, dear boy? Vaslui?"

He thought of going to America. There were four children now. It was an undertaking. He got a cousin to promise him help. And then came the war. He was shot through the hip at Marasheschi. Ungar says it's tuberculosis. Nonsense! Oh, yes, he still played with his old toys. He tried to fly a year ago. Had some notion about perpendicular ascents. Vaslui laughed. He was composing a little too. But there was only one piano in town, and he did not like bothering Bally to try his things out on it.

"What is there to tell, dear fellow?"

There was this to tell: If this was what Vaslui made of its men of genius what would it have made of an average, plodding mortal like me?

This was the climax. Now that I was brought face to face with it, I saw that throughout all those twenty years in America this doubt had been shadowing me. Deep down in my soul, so deep that I was scarcely aware of it, these questions were constantly tormenting me: Was it worth while? Could you not have got all that America has given you—of education, of self-development, of opportunity and of happiness—without quitting your home, your loved ones and your country?

Now I was answered. Poor Nicholas Russu was the answer.

I waited over till the next day only to get the photographs of my parents' graves. A week before I was deploring my ill luck that I could not remain in Vaslui for a couple of months. Twenty-four hours proved quite enough—more than enough.

A month ago I landed in New York. Before leaving the pier I stopped at the bootblack parlor to have my shoes polished. They were in need of it. They had not got the treatment in Europe that they had been used to any more than their owner.

I said to the Italian who ministered to me, "Tony, been here long?"

"Fifty-teen yearsa, boss."

"Why don't you go home for a while? Aren't you homesick for Italy?"

"No sir," said Tony with conviction. "No Italy for me. No good there. America fine enough for me."

"You are wise, Tony," said I, "and you've got a better memory than I have."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Ravage.

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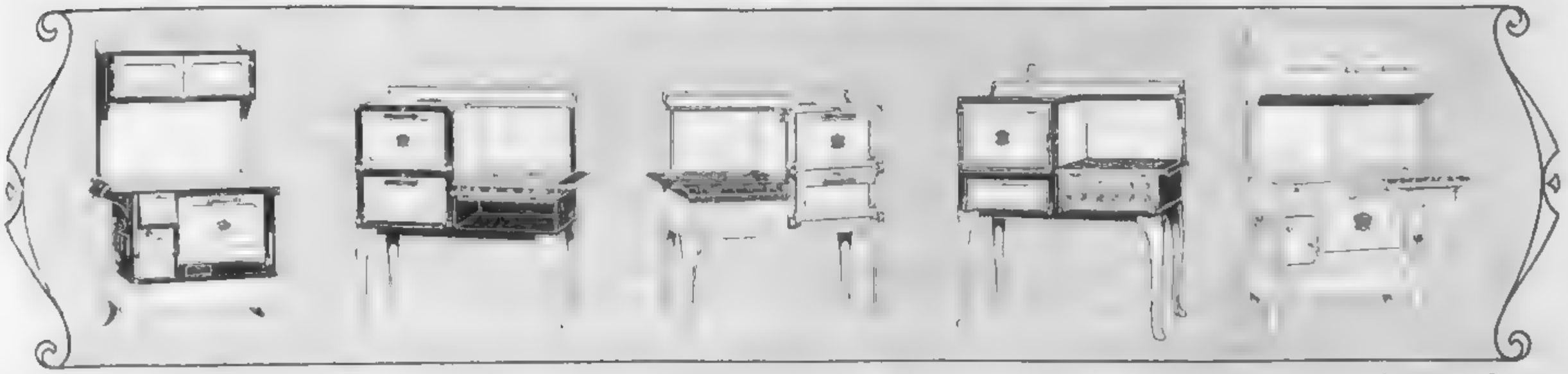

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TRIUMPH

(Continued from Page 5)

"I don't think it would be wonderful," said Anna steadily.

"Why not, little girl?"

"I think it would be just like hundreds and thousands of other marriages."

"And how are they?"

"Not fine enough."

"I would give you all I could. All I had would be yours. I should be yours. I should just be at your feet, little girl."

"I suppose," she said, "that my father said those things to my mother."

"You bet he did!"

"Ah, yes! Every man says them, and means them. Every woman believes them. And afterwards—they don't work out."

"Marry me and see."

"No, no!"

"You're afraid. But listen, little girl. You're a woman. A woman must just let herself go. Let yourself go, Anna. Try it! Lean on me! Let me kiss you!"

"No!"

"Is a kiss so much?"

"Kissing is the beginning of the end," said Anna wisely.

"But what an end!" said Silver with shining eyes.

"And you promised ——"

"I know I did, and—and I'll keep my word. But give me a few minutes more to say my say. I'm ambitious, Anna."

"So am I."

"I'm going to get on."

"I, too," said Anna seriously.

"You little girl, you can't! You won't! You only think it. Women—not one per cent have the scope of a man. Couldn't you lean on me, help me, enjoy my success, share with me ——"

"I don't love you."

"I'd teach you."

"Every man thinks he can do that."

"What other man has been saying it to you?" said Silver. The veins swelled on his temples and neck.

She shook her head.

"You have me watching you all the time, remember," said Silver.

She sighed.

"Is it money you want?" he asked more tenderly. "Is it that sister of yours—that rich sister—who thinks she's going to put you in the way of a big marriage? Eh, Anna? Is that it?"

She shook her head again.

"Then, what?"

"Oh, how do I know? All I know is, I'm going up to the very top of the world, and I'm going to look around at all the kingdom thereof—and choose mine! And it may not be money; it may not be—oh, how do I know what it will be?"

"The top of the world? I'll take you up there. Leave it to me."

"I have never met or seen a man who could take me up there."

He paused.

"The stew's hot enough," she said, and carried the steaming pan to the table.

"All the same," said Silver, half to himself, his shining eyes on her as she moved about, "I can't believe you couldn't, anyhow, be bought like other women, little Anna. Oh, the blasted rich! My Lord, how I hate 'em! You women, you want rich husbands; you think of your furs and your jewels. I don't blame you, you poor, soft things. It's been so from the beginning of the world. I wonder if the learning will be hard for you when the world's righted; when capital takes its place and no more; when labor takes its place and no less; when one woman won't have more diamonds than the next; and this man can't pay a bigger price than that one."

"You were addressing the fraternity again the other night?"

"I was. We had a fine evening. Grand! I wish you had been there. But women will never make good socialists. No; they come to the hand that feeds them."

"This is my party. You shan't be bitter."

"I'm not bitter, little Anna. But when I think of myself manager of that darned place and all the work and sweat I put into it, how it eats my time and my energy, and then think of that blighted young fool owning the whole box of tricks, spending the profits, yachting, traveling, hunting, what not—best wines, best cars, best o' everything—just because he was born right and dropped into it —— How I hate him!"

"Him? King Garnet?"

"H'm! They christened him pretty well. King Garnet, eh? Twenty-six, and been a millionaire five years now! Yes, he's due back home any time now, and you'll see him sailing through the works one day, snatching five minutes sometime between lunch here and dinner there; between a motor race and squash rackets—and you'll see what women are then. You'll see all those girls of yours'll have waved their hair and put on their best blouses. You'll hear 'em twitter when King Garnet's coming. You wait, my girl! You've never seen his lordship yet. He's been away on his yacht the last year, ever since you've been there as forewoman. But just you wait!"

"All right," said Anna, with her curly smile. "I'll wait, and I don't care how long."

"No man should have money he hasn't earned, Anna."

"No man's altruist enough to give it away and earn it back again."

"Come to one of our evenings at the fraternity and you'll think differently."

"Come to the table and have some of my supper," said Anna.

He got up. "If I had Garnet's money it would make a difference, Anna?"

"None, to me," she answered, turning from his burning gaze.

He closed his hand tightly over her arm.

"Oh, it would, you woman! It would! But I don't want his money, see? I don't want it, even though ——" He dropped his voice. "I haven't been so far off having it all of it—the Garnet money. Then where'd King be now, eh? Not where I am, take my word for that. No; a lad of his talents would be sweeping out my office." He sneered, "I'd like to have him do it! To sweep out my office!" His eyes laughed.

"You'll poison the food," said Anna.

"Let me kiss you, Anna. Make me better."

"No! Oh, no!"

"Very well. I will wait."

He sat down with hunched shoulders and brows drawn together; but he threw off the mood. Anna was gay; she made him gay too. It was more charming even than their little dinners in the Italian restaurants of Soho. She produced as the crowning surprise of the feast their favorite Chianti. The rough red wine was, as always, nectar to their unmellowed palates; it brought color to Anna's cheek, gentleness to Silver's tongue. He ceased to revile life, to think his burning thoughts and hate his dark hatreds; he just loved the woman. And to have her thus alone in a little homely room, with singing fire, with food that she had prepared for him, in a gown that she obviously wore to please, was paradise. Fed and warmed, his always irritable vanity soothed and flattered, his gratification was complete. He kissed her hand; he was amenable, obedient; he respected her; he worshiped her. His lover's hour was spiritual and all the happier for it.

The meal was over, the flask empty, the coffee made. They had washed up. The room was straightened, the fire replenished. He sat in the oak chair on the hearth and Anna opened her piano.

"My most darling treasure," she said, caressing the lid with delicate finger tips as she lifted it. She sat down.

"My own. My beauty. I bought it myself. It's taken two years. There's only one installment left now."

"Let me pay that," said Silver with somber ecstasy.

She looked at him, smiled faintly, not replying. Her mere look was repudiation enough. Her hands wandered softly on the keys, seeking.

Silver had never heard Anna sing before. She had hummed little snatches from this song and that now and again, perhaps, as he walked home with her along the Embankment; he had thought her voice the most attractive voice in the world. No intimation of the velvet power and beauty of it had he yet received. But now, as he sat there beside the fire, stirred, gratified, dreaming, she began to sing. And with the first lifting of her voice subconsciously his arm went up. He reached the gas bracket by the mantel, turned the light out. His senses called, if not for darkness, for twilight. Now only the fire shone in the room.

Night of stars and night of love
Fall gently o'er the waters.
Heaven around, below, above,
No more we'll heed the shore ——

So Anna sang; and so, dreaming and gratified, Silver listened. He fixed his eyes on her sitting at the shining piano in the firelight. To him, all here was passionate and at the same time tranquil. He stretched his feet, leaned back in the chair. He felt that security which men of strong, overbearing temper feel in pursuit of a woman. Demand for long enough, press hard enough, watch for her weakening, tempt her cunningly enough—he must get her. It seemed to him but just, equitable, reasonable, the only possible thing, that if such a man as he wanted such a woman as she so passionately, he must receive the gift of her. So he sat there, dreaming, possessive, hot triumphs swelling his heart, making his blood surge. Her beautiful voice made him proud. What a lover, what a mate, what a wife—this silver-throated, white-skinned girl, radiant and young, with thick, smooth hair, glossy as a bird's breast! She was going to be one of the many acquisitions which Bertie Silver meant to gather to himself; one of the many, but the biggest of all. His thoughts soared and flew; he was up in the windy spaces of his ambitions; and her voice sent him flying, soaring. While she sang, nothing seemed too difficult, too remote or too great for accomplishment. When she stopped, the exaltation passed, leaving only the mood of love. He got up and crossed the room to her.

"I didn't know," he said, finding words with difficulty—"didn't know that you sang like that. Thank you. I think I'm in heaven tonight."

She laughed; he edged beside her on the wide piano seat.

"Anna Land, you know I'm a hectoring, obstinate, overbearing sort of fellow."

He was a little proud of himself as he said it. Wasn't it well known that, secretly, women adored such men?

"And I want what I want when I want it; and when I go out to get a thing I get it if I break it pulling it home."

"Do you?" she said thoughtfully.

His heart beat thickly. His fingers burned on hers.

"Yes, that's me; and I'm going to get you, Anna."

She glanced sideways at his face, so near to hers. She was thinking of him: "Are you all empty sound and foolish violence, temper and brag? Or are you, perhaps, the man I'm supposing I'll find some day?"

She sighed.

He pressed on quickly: "But Anna, when I get you I'll be so good to you! You shall be happy. You shall be in ecstasy. When we are married you'll tell me so."

"We shall never be married."

"You've known for a long time that I loved you—for four months—all the time you've been at Garnet's. And we haven't quarreled much, have we? You've liked being with me, those times that we dined together, when I've seen you home?"

"Yes, but I've told you honestly ——"

"A woman is never quite honest, my dear. She can't be. You can't mean they meant nothing to you, our evenings at Paolo's, and everything."

"They meant a good companion to me—talk ——"

"But companionship, talk—those are nothing between a man and a woman. There must always be more—or less."

She sighed again.

"There was food."

"Food?"

"You don't think of it, but I do. I think of it always. My voice has got to be fed, so I've got to be fed. I can't afford Paolo's dinners. I've had to pay for this piano the last two years."

"Come! You don't tell me—you, a girl as alive, as vital as you are—that you came out with me for companionship, talk—and food! Food."

"You won't believe it if I do tell you so."

"Anyway, Anna, my poor little Anna, I could always give you those things if we were married. Come to me for them, then."

She got up.

"No!"

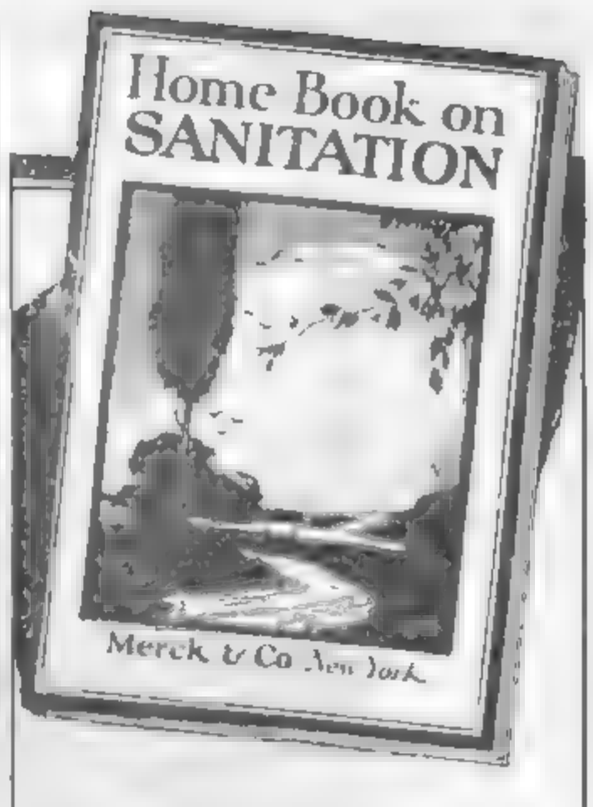
They faced each other in the firelight across the piano stool. Silver's voice changed. A rasp came into it.

"You thwart me without thinking what you are doing."

"What am I doing?" Anna asked.

Silver hesitated.

"Some men ——" he began.



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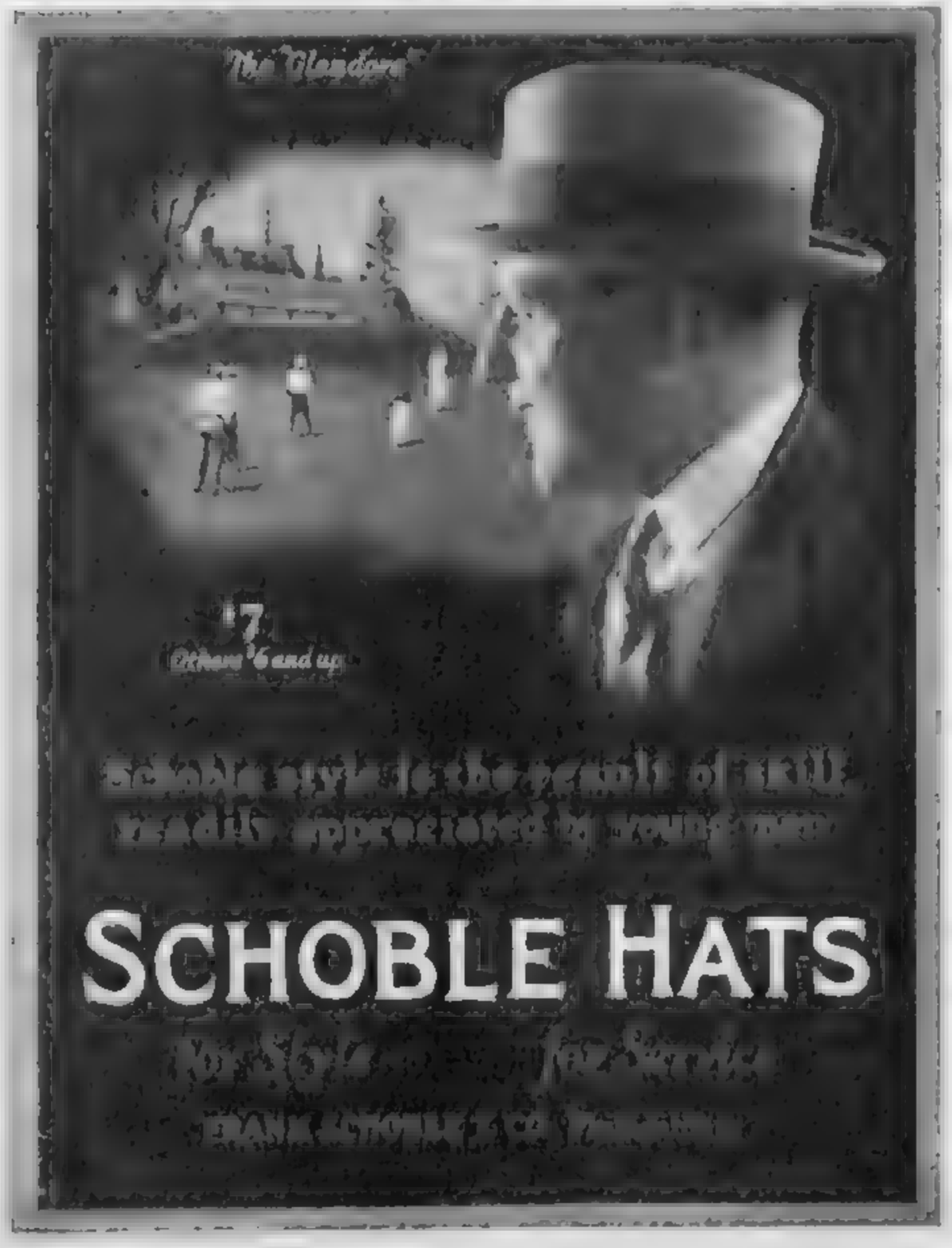

She waited, with a little sound of query.

"Don't make me say it," said Silver, pausing.

"But say it, whatever it is."

"I don't mean to say that I am thinking of it this way so much as that some girls in your shoes would be thinking of it so," said Silver steadily. "What I mean to say is—well, I'm your boss, aren't I? Whom do you hold your job from if not from me?"

"You took me—chose me—out of half a dozen."

"I know I did. And—and you're fine, Anna. You have those girls licked into shape like no forewoman we ever had before. Such a thorough little woman you are. But just the same, you hold that job from me; I'm manager; and yet you you—well, you have the nerve to—to turn me down stone cold. It takes a nerve, Anna, if you only think of it."

"I haven't so much as thought of it."

"No; no; you wouldn't. It's not in you to look at things that way. I don't mean exactly that I do either."

"Then what do you mean?"

"I ask you to think," said Silver doggedly.

"Well," said Anna, with a catch in her voice, "I know work's hard to get, and there are scores who'd like to step into my shoes tomorrow; but just the same there are jobs in this old city for girls who will do them."

"No! No! Stop!" said Silver in frenzied haste. "You know I don't mean anything; nothing like that. I only wanted you to look at the thing squarely, as other people would look at it; as other men would make you look at it. Not I, darling, not I. I love you too well for that."

He threw himself at her feet.

"Don't call me darling," said Anna urgently.

"We're alone." He kissed her wrists.

"That's why."

"Be more like other girls, sweetheart."

"I daren't."

"Why not? Why not?"

"I've got to keep hold of life pretty tight. I've got a fight before me."

"Fight! You! You don't need to fight. Set your little feet in the other women's footsteps, honey, and let yourself go."

"Don't call me honey—nor sweetheart."

"Just let yourself go. You're all right with me."

"Stop ——"

"That's more than you would be with most men, you know. I don't want to offend you—wouldn't for the world—but I'd just like you to look at the position as other people would; as other fellows would make you look at it if they'd got you here."

"Stop all that! Stop!"

"You let me come here — ——"

"You asked to come; and you promised — ——"

"Oh, hell! I know I promised," said Silver in a sullen voice, and he got to his feet again.

"You shan't come any more if you worry me."

"How independent you dare to be!"

"Yes, I dare to be independent!" she cried passionately. "I won't be driven. I won't be ordered. I won't be hustled, nor coaxed, nor hoodwinked, nor deceived. I can be driven and ordered and hustled in my working day. This is my evening. It's mine! This is my home that I pay for. Mine! You may threaten and remind me that you hold my job just between your finger and thumb. I'm not frightened."

"I don't want you to be. And I wasn't—I didn't—I just wanted you to see things ——"

"As other men would make me see them, eh? Men less noble than you? Not so chivalrous and kind-hearted? Well, if you're so much better than the rest, so much nobler and kinder and bigger, Mr Silver, get back to that chair and stay there. And—and I'll stay here, thank you."

Silver walked in a sullen rage back to the hearth. He stood there a while in silence.

"You'll come round," he said presently. "Life'll be too much for you, by yourself. I've seen it often. A pretty girl starts off cocksure. The years go by. All around her she sees other pretty new girls starting off cocksure, full of bounce. In the end she sees the world is a pretty tight-fixed oyster and that it takes a man to get most of the pearls."

"Let us stop this," Anna whispered.

Silver replied slowly after a while, "Very well—for tonight."

"Sit down," said Anna.

She put her hands on the keys again. They were tremulous, a little. She felt not quite so sure of herself. Was he, by any terrible chance, right? She began to sing.

Now and again she lifted her head to glance at him over the top of the piano. He sat, shoulders hunched, elbows on his knees, chin in his palms. The flames were busy over his dark and sallow face. She could see the gleam of his eyeballs and his knitted brows. He did not frighten her, but he was saturnine. His brooding seemed to darken the room. Some force that emanated from him touched her, closed in on her. She did not know that it was just the man force seeking for domination of the woman, but she felt its sure touch. For an instant the world loomed larger to her; too large to challenge; then she battled with this, shook it away. She lost herself in music.

Silver's momentary sway broke. The power that came out of him, reaching for her, was no worse than foam on the crest of a wave that came in and went back. Again only her own force impelled her, she felt strong and happy. She sang. For an hour she sang, uninterrupted, and then suddenly ceased. She heard Silver sigh.

"Good night," she said softly, kindly. "Go now."

Silver got up and went obediently to the dark corner for his coat and hat.

He drew near again, and stood close beside her as she still sat on the piano seat.

"You won't ——" he whispered, bending down.

She shook her head.

"A good-night kiss isn't so much," said Silver wistfully.

"It's the beginning of the end," she repeated.

Silver turned away.

"After all," he said, "you're a real woman. You know that much. 'The beginning of the end.' You know that. Wish you didn't. Good night. Tomorrow morning seems a long while away."

"It will be here too soon," she answered.

"Not for me," said Silver. "Good night again; and thank you, Anna. You're rather cruel — ——"

"Cruel to be kind," said Anna.

"Sort of kindness a man has no use for. But I say again, I've been in heaven tonight. Thank you."

He was gone. The darkness went from the little room. It was quiet again; homely and safe.

She sat thinking of Silver and confessing to herself. She confessed that when he had sat near her on the piano seat it had been no small temptation just to fall into his ready arms; to close her eyes; to be kissed; to leave tomorrow to take care of itself. But having weathered the temptation, she knew herself all the stronger for it. Yet she saw how easily and tragically women subside upon men, the wrong men, any men; how gently and imperceptibly the big mistakes of life can be made; how softly and naturally the big mistakes just happen.

And she thought of Lucia. Lucia had walked so daintily for nearly twenty years; fed so delicately, dressed so richly. Three men at least had loved her with passion enough to make them dedicate their lives to her, even if, after the dedication, unlawfully they snatched those lives back. Yet what was there in Lucia's eyes? The same haggard patience that had invested their mother looked from Lucia's eyes.

Lucia was a beaten woman and knew it. Was that what her eyes said?

"It is a great life if you don't weaken," said Anna Land out loud to herself, and she struck two resolute chords like an amen.

She sang herself a lullaby, softly, tenderly, and knew in her heart an absurd desire that she was singing it to Lucia or to Silver.

As she thought of Silver she knew that she wished he were there at her feet, with his head against her knee—as, cunningly, he had laid it for a moment an hour ago, knowing woman's weakness of pity—while she sang the lullaby to him.

"We are very soft," she thought; "very, very soft." And she slipped off the piano seat, and enjoyed the last glow from the last embers of her fire.

But by the fire, too, she now felt solitary and sad.

"Don't weaken," she said to herself vehemently. So, just for a bracer, she went into her cold bedroom to undress, not allowing herself the warmth of the fading fire; and very regretfully—for, as Silver said, she was a real woman—she took off the black silk frock which she loved, and the sleek stockings which she loved better

(Continued on Page 144)

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(Continued from Page 142)

still, and laid them away with the bags of potpourri, longing for the next time of wearing.

Lucia, so polished, so fine, was scented, furred, jeweled every day. She had paid her price and received the goods. Was the price so big?

"Don't weaken," murmured Anna to herself. But she fell asleep wrapped in dream luxuries all the same.

II

ANNA LAND found a hectic confusion of mind prevailing among her subordinates next day. Old girls were imparting news to new girls; new girls became equally anticipatory. Their minds were not on their simple and mechanical work. They exchanged looks, appraising one another. In the lunch room at midday the talk ran all on one topic. Anna, at her solitary table in a corner, caught fragments that floated solitarily to her through her own preoccupation with last night. For she was preoccupied. Silver had left his violent impression on her mind. This morning she had scarcely seen him. He had been hovering about in the entrance, ostensibly for the purpose of finishing a cigarette before he went into the works, but really, as she knew, to catch a glimpse of her. They had exchanged smiles, his urgent, conciliatory; hers brief and cautious. She had hurried by him, just murmuring a reply to his half-entreating "Good morning, Miss Land." To the half entreaty her murmured response did not reply at all. Later he had come to the door of the binding room, over which she reigned; but they had not spoken. Yet last night's impression was still clear. The human appeal he had made to her then still questioned a little the resolves that she wished to think immutable.

She could hear the girls speaking of King Garnet. Garnet was coming that afternoon. The news had flown round the great works, and concentrated and gained significance in the binding room. The little pale slips of girls were all alight. Their young giggles made gay the formal luncheon place. They were making surmises and seeing visions, all about King Garnet. The light of his presence was very bright to them. She herself thought reluctantly of Silver.

After lunch, in the rest room, she saw the girls prinking in the mirrors; drawing worn and dingy powder puffs from hiding places of stocking tops, waist belts, bosoms or pockets; this one borrowing from that one a touch of lip salve. Most of them pulled and tweaked their hair into little bushes over their ears.

She often thought of these girls tenderly. Today she was sorry for them. Their prettiness so brief, their aims so short, their vision so dull, their scope so small—how pitiful! The passing of one careless young man through their afternoon was an event before which pulled cabinet crises, arson and suicide headlines, rumbles of world wars.

"What's the excitement?" she asked them, smiling.

"The boss is coming."

"Haven't you heard, Miss Land?"

"Mr. Garnet's back. Been all round the world on his yacht. And he's comin' to see us this afternoon."

"You seen him, Miss Land?"

"'Course she never. He's been away all the time she's been here; ain't he, Miss Land?"

"You should see him'"

"Some swank, Miss Land!"

"My! I should think so!"

"He's going to marry a titled lady."

"That's only what they say. Sometimes they marries beneath 'em; j-j-just anybody; you never know."

"I should say we've all got a chance, 'cording to you!"

Giggles.

"My chance's goin' for frippence. Any takers?"

Giggles

"'S two o'clock. My word, how the time goes, talkin'!"

They were back at work. All the machines were going, all the girls monotonously attending their work, when King Garnet came in.

Anna Land, standing beside a binder at which worked a new recruit, at the far end of the room, saw him come in. Silver was by his side, walking softly, saturninely obsequious. She could imagine how the dark ironies of Silver's mind worked at this moment. She looked with attentive eyes at Garnet, away on the other side of the large room. Even at that distance she saw him smiling, light, carefree, a big young man with all the arrogant ease of inherited riches upon him.

He stopped to speak to the first girl at the first machine. Far away her delight was a visible quality. He laughed, nodded and passed on. He attended, in a dilettante way, to the details which Silver was thrusting insistently upon him

"It's nothing to him," Anna told herself, watching. "All this place, built and planned so carefully for his future use, all this hive of us—it's all nothing to him but the means whereby he lives. He doesn't want to come here, doesn't want to look, doesn't want to trouble. Nothing matters to that kind of man but his fun. That he's got to have. Damnable!" she thought. "Damnable!"

She saw the many silly heads turning after him as he progressed.

Twenty yards from her, pausing to speak smilingly to a fluttered girl, he caught the figure of Anna Land. He turned quickly and looked at her. They looked at each other for perhaps two seconds.

"Our new forewoman, Miss Land," said Silver in a very quiet, harsh voice in Garnet's ear.

Garnet glanced round at him and saw him strangely at tension; in that instant, for the first time, he felt the measure of his manager's hostility. He regarded him attentively for a moment. He was amazed. He looked back at Anna

"A good forewoman?" he asked easily.

Silver nodded. "You'll speak to her?"

"Present me," said Garnet.

Silver laughed his very quiet, harsh laugh.

"You don't need to be presented to your forewoman, sir. She can come to you."

He made a sign and Anna moved forward. But King Garnet met her.

"Miss Land?"

"Yes, Mr. Garnet."

"I've been hearing about you—your splendid qualities—from our friend here," said Garnet mendaciously

Silver looked at him darkly.

"I have just told Mr. Garnet you are very capable, Miss Land."

"Thank you, Mr. Silver," said Anna.

"Are you happy here? Comfortable? You find things—er—all right?" Garnet asked, with a charming air of apology for his vagueness.

"I like the job very much, Mr. Garnet."

"If you wouldn't mind taking me round your room we could release Silver. I've seen all the rest, Silver—all I'm going to see today anyway."

"I can stay with you, sir."

"I needn't keep you, Silver. All I want to do now is just to have a few words with Miss Land about the woman's side of the place. Thanks, Silver; thanks for—er wasting your time with me. 'Fraid it is just a waste of time when I come here." He laughed. Holding out his hand, he added easily, "Good-by, Silver."

Anna Land stood observing the two men. At last Silver took the hand, saying nothing, and he imparted nothing to the handshake which Garnet bestowed. But as he turned away he gave Anna a look, and she saw in the dark dens of his eyes wild things unfathomable. She caught her breath and, stealing a look at Garnet, saw that he watched Silver away, down the aisles of benches and machines, out of the room. But Garnet was insolently good-humored, inclined to laughter. He thought he now understood.

"What is this?" he said. "Mayn't I talk to you?"

"I suppose you may if you wish, Mr. Garnet. You're master here."

"Ah, but don't put it like that—if you please! Can't we stand a little away from this noise? Over there? If you don't mind." They withdrew to the only empty space in the room, directly under the high windows. "I think I have offended Silver, eh?"

"But how?"

"By wanting to talk to you."

She said very coldly, "What nonsense!"

King Garnet knew the inflections of women's voices well. He was a young man—only twenty-six—and idle; but there were some things he had not been too idle to study assiduously.

"Perhaps I have made a mistake," he said. "What I really want you to do if you can spare time is to tell me if the conditions here are all right for the girls; and so on and so forth, you know. Are there any improvements you would wish?"

Having given her her subject, he was able to watch her while she talked. She was obliged to talk, because he had asked her to. And he looked—unobtrusively because

of the coldness of her voice—at her hair and her eyes, full of damped-down fires ready to blaze any time, and her slim, lithe figure and her narrow, expressive feet. They were dancing feet, he thought; and he thought too, "I shall ask her out one night to dance. I could take her somewhere or other. She's a rather wonderful girl."

And when she stopped her dispassionate summary of her subject he said absently and softly:

"So everything's satisfactory. I'm glad. Knew I could rely on Silver, as a matter of fact."

Silver's exhibition of hatred had gone from his mind; it was immaterial anyway. "But now, about you. It seems, if you'll allow me to say so, a queer thing for a girl like you to be working in a place like this."

She looked at him frankly but cautiously.

"I mean," he hastened to add, "it's an unattractive environment, isn't it? I suppose, however, that you make up for it in the week-ends and evenings."

"The week-ends and evenings console one quite a lot." But her smile was sphinx-like.

"What do you do with your evenings?"

"You would hardly believe me if I told you that I usually stay at home."

"But, of course, I should believe anything you say. And, of course, if you have a home ——"

She did not fill in the pause.

"With your parents—why ——" He paused again.

"No," she said, "I haven't any parents. I live on my own. But it's home just the same."

"Why not? But how do you occupy yourself? Isn't it dull?"

"Oh, I—I sing a little. I have a lot of practicing to do."

"You mean you want to take up singing as a career? I know you mean that! How splendid! I knew this wasn't your *métier*."

He saw that her cheeks had colored and her eyes smoldered with enthusiasm that she could not hide, and he pressed on quickly with the little advantage.

"I say, couldn't I hear you sing one day?" She hesitated. "I mean, I have a good many musical friends. But couldn't I hear you, one evening, alone, first?"

Still she hesitated.

"Please don't doubt my *bona fides* so palpably," he said, laughing and cajoling.

"I am sorry I doubt them palpably."

King Garnet started.

"But—but you doubt them?"

"Well, I mean ——"

"You mean?"

"I mean what life has taught me ——"

"Of course, you're a very pretty girl, an amazing girl."

Her face hardened.

"You don't allow me to say that?"

"I think, Mr. Garnet, that between employer and employed the attitude should be strictly businesslike."

"But when you have been businesslike all day, surely you can relax afterwards."

"Sometimes, in some cases. Is there anything else you want to ask me?"

"I only want to ask you about yourself."

"Those are the questions I shall have no time to answer."

King Garnet was baffled and astonished.

"Hang it!" he said to himself. "I have made all the necessary apologetics and I haven't approached so very quickly, said so very much, considering what the position is, and she gives me the frozen shoulder as if I were the butcher's boy!"

"You are awfully hard on me," he said aloud, challenging her with half-laughing eyes. But she read his surprise in them.

"What does that matter to you?" she replied.

"It always matters to a man, directly he can't get what he wants. Till he gets it, nothing else is worth a cent. And I want to hear you sing."

"No, you don't," said Anna, moving away to her recruit again.

King Garnet was left under the high windows, a little amused, most surprised, highly piqued and very eager. He sighed, smiled and went out. His car was waiting for him. He got in and took the wheel from his chauffeur, and as he let in the clutch something drew his eyes, impelled him to look round. Silver was watching him steadily over the wire blind of the office on the ground floor. For two seconds the men stared at each other before the car began to move. Then Garnet nodded, smiled and settled back to drive.

"Hang the lowering brute!" he said to himself. "Jealous, of course!"

And he drove off, thinking of Anna. She had so intrigued him in her implacable coolness that he could not dispel the image of her, standing before him, so unadorned, and yet, somehow, so triumphant. He was still considering her when, fifteen minutes later, he walked into his mother's drawing-room and found her sitting before her low tea table set with frail china, polished silver and half a dozen edible delicacies. She was leaning back in a thickly padded armchair upholstered in amber satin; the lights in the room were amber shaded; her tea gown was of supple gold tissue; her graying hair was touched skillfully with gold; there were chrysanthemums and roses in every available space.

Lady Mabel Conway, equally *soignée*, but twenty years younger, was with her. King Garnet walked, for the first time a little critically, into this soft world to which he belonged.

"Here you are, darling," his mother murmured.

"Here I am, old dear."

He squeezed Mabel's little hand, and the empty spaces of her pale-gray eyes filled, and her pale lips grew pink and began to smile. He dropped into a chair beside her.

"You went to the works?" said his mother languidly, pouring his tea.

"Oh, tell me all about it!" added Mabel, a little eager yearning note in her voice.

"There isn't much to tell. The old place looked as beastly as usual; Silver took me round. Sour brute that is, mother. I've half a mind ——"

"No, my darling boy, no! It was your father's wish that he should have the place, and the trustees always said that he was an excellent man and did his duty most ably. I have asked you a dozen times to let things alone."

"Hang it all, old dear, the show is mine!"

"Now, to oblige me, King, don't be difficult."

"When am I ever difficult, my dear old dear? My good nature is my curse and always has been. Only I do like to see bright and beaming faces around, and that surly brute Silver annoys me."

"Leave him alone, King."

"Oh, I shall leave him alone, as I've always done. I've said for the last five years that I'd kick him out and I've never done it. How he hates me!"

"Hates you?" in a surprised pipe from Lady Mabel.

"Murder me cheerfully, my dear. Silver would, if no one was looking. However, after all, what does he matter? . . . They've got twenty or thirty girls working in the binding room now, mother, with a fine little forewoman over them. A great girl."

"Take me round the place some time, King," said Mabel.

"It would bore you stiff."

She smiled. "I should love it."

"Some day, if you really want to," said King negligently. "I don't exactly haunt the place myself, but we can arrange a ceremonial visit for you one day; cheering workers, and the youngest presenting a bouquet. Is that your idea of a fitting reception, Mabel?"

She flushed crimson, her eyes shining. He had spoken in lazy jest; she saw the little scene in earnest—cheering workers, presentation of bouquet—what did they mean but that she went to the Garnet Printing Works as the future bride —— Then suddenly he saw all that worked in her simple and kind young mind. He was not ready for such consequences. He had a long life to live yet in the same carefree way that he lived it now. He meant nothing—nothing! He did not look at her as he laughed and replied:

"I was rotting, of course. Mother'll drive you down one day when you're out shopping, won't you, mother? And I could meet you there—or Silver will deputize. He's much abler than I."

"But I shouldn't like him if he hated you, King."

"Isn't she dear, mother? You are a dear, Mabel, to take up the sword like that. And by the way, what about tonight?"

He had telephoned her that morning, asking her to dine and dance. His mother had pestered him into it.

"I'd love to come, King. I couldn't answer quite certainly when you phoned, because I had to get out of a dinner with some relations. But now I have cut the dinner and I can come!" Her pleasure was apparent.

"Isn't she a dear, mother? Now, isn't she—to give 'em the go-by and come out

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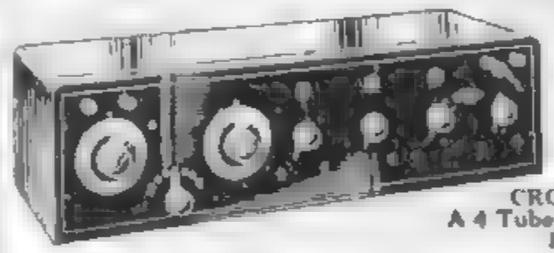

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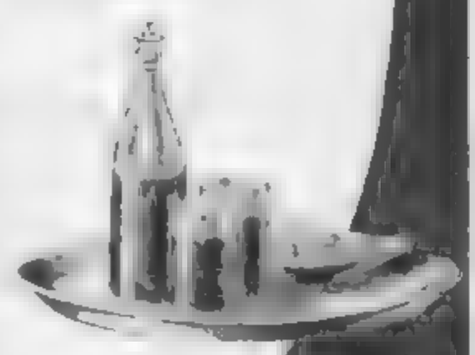

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on the binge with me? We'll go to the Legation Club, shall we, Mabel? You like it?"

"I love it, King."

He thought of something pleasing to say—a demand to make perhaps. A demand from him of her would be a very pleasing thing.

"Wear that little blue frock with the dewdrop sort of girdle that you wore here the other night."

Joy flamed high in Lady Mabel's face. She did not know that he did not care if she wore the little blue frock or any other one of her many expensive, ineffectual creations; or that he merely made a graceful habit of remembering women's toilets.

"I will," she promised, fluttering. "Of course, I will. Did you—did you really like it?"

"I thought it jolly."

"The lines or the—the color?"

"All of it. Wasn't it a jolly frock, mother?"

"Sweet, Mabel," said Mrs. Garnet languidly.

"I'll go now," said Lady Mabel. "I really must go. Good-by, dearest." She kissed Mrs. Garnet. "You'll be calling for me, King ——"

"At eight."

He walked out with her to her car and put her in. He squeezed her hand again; it was such a little appealing hand. He knew that she drove away unreasonably happy, and his mind misgave him a little, but not for long. Life was too good, too much fun. He went back to his mother and found her still reclining in the amber chair. Her faded eyes regarded him.

"Come and sit down, King, and have some more tea. You needn't rush away yet; it isn't time to dress, and your letters can wait, and you needn't phone anyone about anything."

"You take all a man's means of exit away from him, old dear." He sat down, laughing.

"King, I wish you wouldn't raise that old question of Silver. It's nonsense to think he doesn't like you. The man has an ungracious manner."

"A darned ungracious manner."

"Well, you'll leave it alone for good and all, please, dear boy. Your father wished Silver to stay as long as he wanted to."

"Why, mother?"

"How do I know why, dear boy? It was a wish of your father's."

She leaned back in the chair, out of the direct range of shaded lights.

"Some little mystery about Silver, old dear. Always has been."

"If there is I don't know it."

She played with the fringes of her gown.

"Well, let it go," said King. "I am all for peace—and plenty, mother. Always plenty." He lighted a cigarette and held the box towards her, but she shook her head restlessly.

"I'm glad you're taking Mabel out tonight, dear boy."

"I know you are, old dear! It's due to your wretched machinations that I'm doing it."

"I'm sure I don't know why you need me to prod you into paying a little ordinary attention to a dear, sweet, nice girl like Mabel. A dear, sweet, nice girl, King."

"Oh, mother, what a recommendation! Damns the poor girl forever."

"The kind of girls you play about with, King ——"

"Now, mother, you don't know 'em, so you can't judge 'em."

"I can judge you," said Mrs. Garnet in her frail, pettish voice; "you're my son. Why don't you consider marrying dear little Mabel? She's in love with you." King moved uncomfortably. "That's something," said Mrs. Garnet. "All the other girls you know and play about with would only be marrying you for your money."

"You're not a nice, fond, proud mother at all. What about my beauty?"

She disregarded him.

"Mabel is a very rich woman, too, King. And apart from that, she would make you very happy."

"I couldn't be happier than I am, mother, thanks. As for money, haven't we enough? You're not exactly in rags, are you?" He stroked the gold gown affectionately.

"Don't be childish, my dear. Two fortunes are better than one. And you and Mabel ——"

She paused.

"Old dear?"

"—— are so perfectly and wonderfully suited to each other."

He laughed.

"Rot, old lady! You're telling fibs and you know it. And, anyway, life's a long and hilarious business. I don't want to throttle it down yet. Mabel will easily pick some decent chap—steady and quiet and affectionate and all that—who'll make her awfully happy—fifty per cent happier than I ever could."

"You could make a woman very happy, King. You have gifts."

"But the point is, I wouldn't make a woman happy, old dear. It would have to be an extraordinary woman to make me want to marry."

"Men don't want to marry, King. They do it all the same."

"Some escape, mother." He laughed and went out.

All the evening he danced with Lady Mabel. In the car on her way home he kissed her hand—from habit. He was careful not to kiss her lips, though that, too, was a habit, in a dark car, on a girl's way home, through darkening streets. But with a mere kiss on the hand Mabel was very content. He left her on her doorstep, all her dreams of him smiling on her mouth.

He gave her not a thought after he had got back into the car. When he reached home and went into the smoke room and sat down by the fire with a whisky and soda, the house dead quiet, the night half gone, he was thinking of a pair of steady eyes, of a smooth and proud head, of a voice cool as water and rich as music.

"I believe I've had the luck to meet the finest girl in the world," he thought.

He could not recall ever thinking quite that before. The certainty which he felt about her was new to him. There had been girls before, many girls, who had caught his vagrant fancies, kissed and laughed, or kissed and cried, cost him much money; but they were far phantoms. Anna Land was the only vision who sat with him on the hearth that night.

III

ANNA had a letter from Silver the next morning, brief and crude. It stated, with all the violence a few words could muster, that he should wait for her to walk home with her that night. She did not want Silver, arguing her hoarse, with his distressful angers, and the pressing, pressing, pressing all the while of his passion upon her. These things wearied. But as she made no reply, when she came out of the works there he was in the February evening fog, the collar of his old mackintosh turned up and the brim of his soft dark hat pulled down, looking more revolutionary than ever. What he had to say was reproachful and bitter.

He held her elbow in a close grasp, a device she hated; but he looked in a mood physically to wrestle with her this evening if she gainsaid him, so she made no dispute. As soon as they were away from the looming shadow of the great building he began:

"Well, you've got away with it, have you? For all your quietness and pride, for all the way you've kept me off. You don't mind getting well away with your chances when you do meet some worthwhile fellow, eh, Anna? It is easy for you to say that money means nothing to you, my dear; easy for you to turn down a poor man at the same time that you make these high-faluting statements. But what are you doing? Answer me that!"

"I don't know why I should answer anything," said Anna, roused to anger; "but I repeat that other people's money means nothing to me."

"A-ha!"

"And it never will. Oh, men and their money! Men and their money! I'll make my own."

"You won't do that; but what you will do is to be tempted when the first rich man comes along ——"

They walked fast, Anna setting the pace.

"Of whom exactly are you speaking?"

"You know," said Silver; and he tried to say the name and actually could not. She said it for him.

"If all this ridiculous fuss is over Mr. Garnet, and the few words he spoke to me yesterday ——"

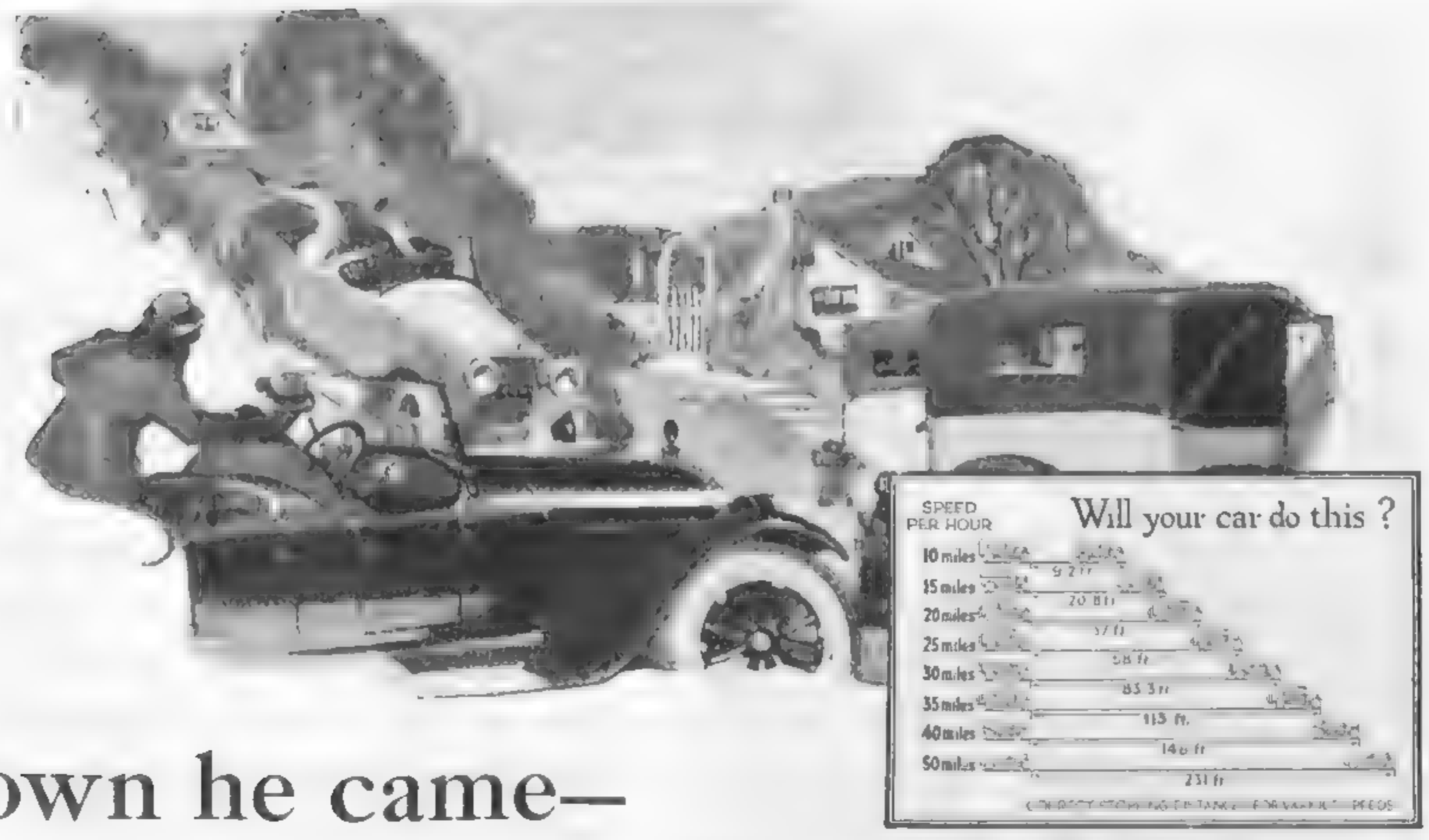
"Fuss and few words! I was sent off ignominiously"—his passion choked him for a moment—"so that he could say his say to you. What did he want?"

"He wanted to ask me if the girls were happy and comfortable, and so on."

"A-ha!"

"He wanted to hear my ideas on the employment of girls, and so on."

(Continued on Page 149)



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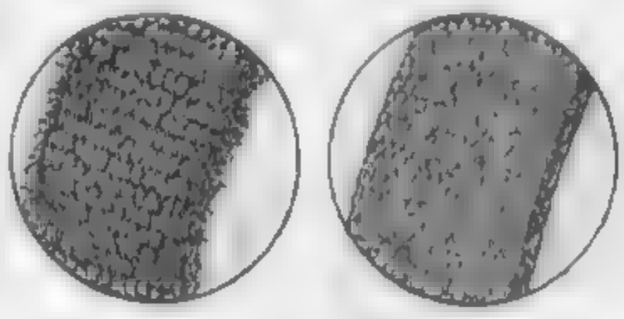

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BUILT FOR SLEEP

(Continued from Page 146)

"Aha! Awfully good! Do you suppose that was what he wanted to hear?"

"He said so."

"Do you know King Garnet's one of the fastest men about town? All he cares for girls is whether they can attract him enough to minister to his pleasures. That's all he's thinking of. That's all he's worrying about where you are concerned. Do you tell me you don't know it?"

She was too angry to reply.

"Or perhaps you do know it, and perhaps you're cleverer than I credited you with being, Anna. You quiet, steady women are devils sometimes. Perhaps you do know Garnet's after you—as he's been after dozens of other poor fools, God help 'em—and perhaps you aren't going to be a poor fool. Perhaps you're too clever for that. That is, no doubt, where I've got my ideas of you all wrong—my high ideas of you, my beautiful ideas; it's nothing to some of you women to drag a man's ideals into the mud for the sake of filthy damned money!"

He waited and glanced sideways at her to see if he was not goading her into speech; but she kept silence, and presented to his seeking gaze a stony profile.

He rushed on: "Yes, perhaps that's where I've summed you up all wrong; and where he's summed you up all wrong too. You mean to egg him on and play him and play him till at last he's so mad for you that he'll marry you. You want to be Mrs. King Garnet, eh, Anna? A lofty purpose, my girl! A fine, beautiful aspiration! I suppose that's about as much principle as women have though. Women are bodies, not souls. They suffer no more than cats do!"

His voice went into a falsetto and broke. She could feel how he trembled, from the unsteadiness of his grasp on her arm. Yet somehow she could not be very sorry for him. She hated at once his boiling rage and the weakness of his attack.

Since she did not speak, Silver kept silence, too, for a little while. They walked on. Then he wiped his face, down which sweat trickled, and said in a steadier voice, but still roughly:

"I have my reasons for my feelings, Anna; reasons good enough for some men to murder a man. Yes," he said under his breath, "some men would murder him. See here ——" He paused, drawing her to a standstill, too, and looked into her face. They were now under a lamp, dim in the fog; but it showed to each of them, blurredly, the other's face. "See here! Being Mrs. King Garnet mightn't be quite the big thing you think it would. Time may show us something, and—and precious little time may show it too. There's no knowing what is going to turn up. I'm at work," he uttered abruptly. "At work at last," he went on darkly, drawing her with him.

Her anger evaporating, she cared so little about any of this that she remained serene. What she was actually thinking was: "If he wants to come in, and comes in, or argues on the doorstep a long while, he'll make me miss half an hour's practice." She fretted, but patiently.

"You are very quiet," said Silver by and by, almost timidly, for in a way her mute strength awed him. "You are extremely angry with me, Anna?"

"No."

"Then what are you thinking?"

She told him.

"Always your music!" he said jealously. "Curse it! Curse anything that comes, anyhow, between you and me! Just for tonight, dear girl, forgo it! Just for tonight! You can't sing with this fog in your throat. You're looking tired too. It'll be no good to you. Let us drop in at Paolo's and get our usual table and have dinner together, and a flask of Chianti. It would do you good."

"But I want to go home and practice."

"I tell you with this fog in your throat ——"

"You may be right there," said Anna, for, indeed, she was tired, and now they were not far from Paolo's: a turn to the right and a turn to the left would bring them within sight of his white door, with the potted shrub on either side, and Paolo himself not far inside the threshold, welcoming patrons in.

"Oh, do come," said Silver; "just to forgive me for all I've said," he prayed.

He persuaded her a little more, and then they went towards Paolo's.

The little restaurant was very warm and steamy and savory. It was bright, with a red flower and a bit of fern in a vase on each table, and the lights were red shaded. The waiters were Italian, meek and tactful. Anna and Silver entered.

Paolo flourished a glad hand towards them and bowed low. He escorted them to their corner table

"I felt," he said, with admiration for Anna, "that the signorina would come tonight. A bad night, eh?"

He indicated the fog creeping even into the restaurant, and handed the menu. When Anna had chosen, and Paolo had gone away, she looked up to find Silver regarding her very tenderly and humbly across the table

"I am sorry," he said almost inaudibly.

She could do no less than smile faintly; but she could do no more. His tempestuous moods had no power to touch her. His rages and instabilities alienated her respect But there were things he did for which she was grateful; he looked after her most tenderly, if jealously; he rose and lifted her shoddy overcoat from her shoulders and laid it over the back of her chair as if it had been a cloak of ermine; and his passion for her was for the girl unadorned, the tired girl as she sat before him in her knitted working frock and with shadows under her eyes. She was not unappreciative of this.

Before the soup came he leaned across to ask her, "There's one more question, though. He—he—came to see you today?"

"No."

"Well, he called at the works."

"I didn't see him."

"You didn't?"

"I didn't."

"Pardon my insistence, Anna. If you knew what I felt —— Still, he—he called at the works and asked the doorkeeper for your address."

"For my address! How do you know that?"

"Do you dream for a moment that I shouldn't find it out?"

He smoldered at her.

"If he dares to come hanging round after you ——"

"My fortress is pretty impregnable," said Anna, curling her lip.

"Yes," said Silver in rather a lighter voice. "I found that out, didn't I?"

The soup came; the Chianti was poured; they were fed and warmed. Life for both became imperceptibly but beautifully rosier.

An hour and a half later—they had lingered long in the warmth and talked a great deal—Silver saw her home and said good-by to her on her doorstep.

She went up the dark staircase to her rooms. The sitting room, too, was dark; but in the velvet blackness was something which stole out to assail her subtly and mysteriously—the scent as if of a whole garden of flowers. When she had groped for the matches in their accustomed place on the mantelpiece she saw—and gasped for joy. The table was massed with roses; they had been thrust into two washing bowls by her landlady; and there they were, scores of great, beautiful, pink, cream, crimson heads, scenting the whole room. Her heart missed a beat and ran on double time. She thought briefly, "Lucia? . . . No!" She was at the table, lifting out handfuls of roses and putting her face into them.

"Silver is a l-l-l-liar," she said faintly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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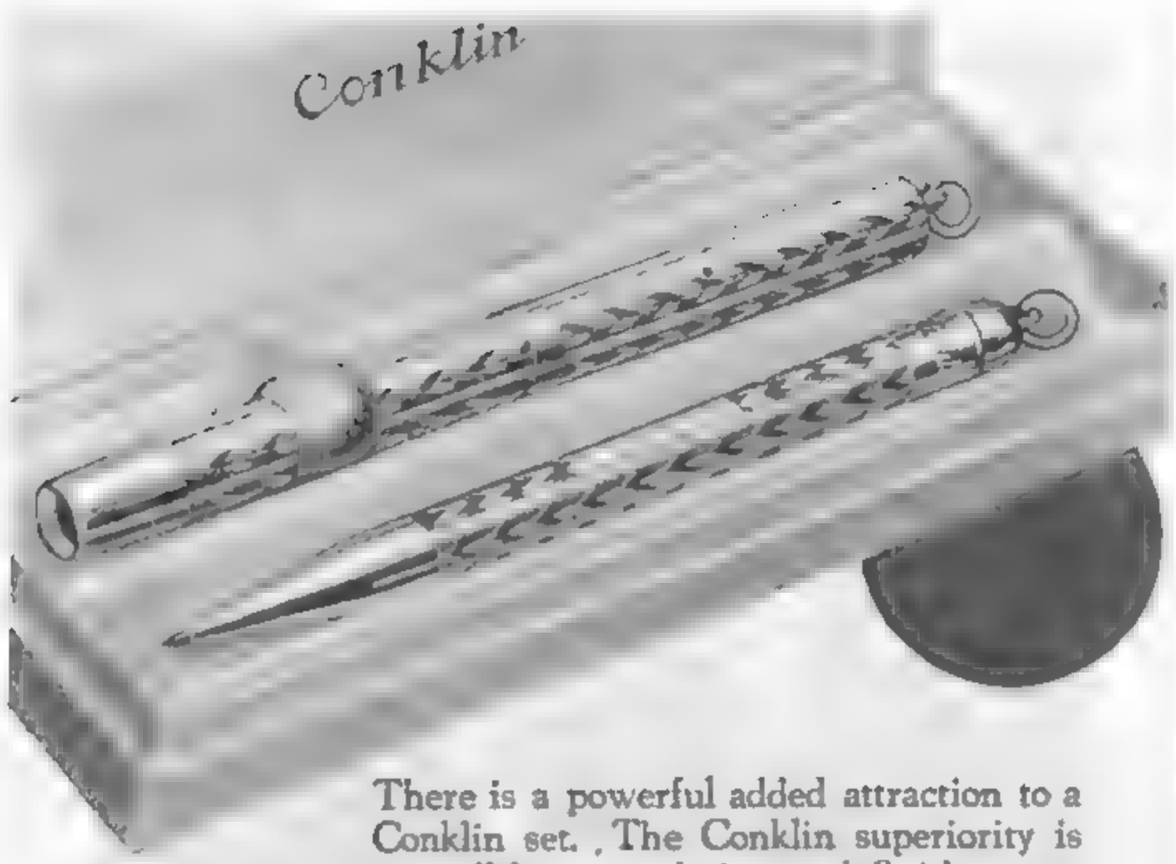

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SENATORS AND WHAT NOT

(Continued from Page 27)

A senator with an advanced case of the Senate jippy can rise to his feet four or five times a week and talk for three or four hours at a stretch on the crimes of Wall Street and the Wall Street wolves, when his knowledge of Wall Street is limited to the fact that the buildings on it have walls.

"It must be apparent to the most casual observer that if a senator wishes to make a speech on European affairs that will get into the papers he must attack the policies of the Administration; and if he wishes to supplant President Harding in the White House, he must do his best to make President Harding look like a yokel—which he isn't—who has got all mixed up among the big dwellings and can't find a policeman to direct him back to the depot—which he hasn't.

"If, however, he accepts from the State Department a large amount of accurate but confidential information on European affairs he cannot make any speech, because said speech would have to be based on the information, and the information must of necessity be confidential. So the senator refuses to ask for any confidential information, and he goes ahead and makes a speech without it, and the speech is usually all wrong."

Mr. Flack cleared his throat angrily and reached for the Black Cow, which the waiter had placed at his elbow.

"Possibly the day will come," he resumed when he had soothed his mind and his vocal chords with a generous application of his favorite tipple, "when our more intimate connection with foreign affairs during the forthcoming years will breed in this country a legislative class or a political class, or whatever sort of class you may want to call it, that will be sufficiently well informed on European politics and economic conditions to deliver sound judgments on the Government's foreign policies or lack of policies without having recourse to any genuine information. Possibly it will come, but anyone is safe in betting a million dollars against a can of beans that it won't. Meantime there will probably always be senators who develop wholly false ideas concerning the importance of their jobs as senators, and who think they are entirely competent to act and justified in acting as Secretary of State whenever and wherever they please, without incurring any of the responsibilities that go with that position."

The Voice of Ignorance

"They are afflicted with delusions of grandeur, like some of the new small nations of Europe, and like the critics who consider themselves qualified to select the best short stories written in America every year.

"If only some of these rip-roaring legislators would stop trying to get their knowledge of Europe out of books and their own minds and out of the opinions and resolutions and chain letters of a lot of maudlin economically uninformed and biased people, they would never permit themselves to keep trying to jam the United States' fingers against the European buzz saw with so much vigor and enthusiasm. Senators who are unwilling to accept confidential information on Europe today should have had the benefit of wide and recent European travel, or they must talk frequently and open-mindedly with people who have been close to Europe's troubles. In either case their judgment might be worth something; but unfortunately the ones who create the greatest disturbances have never been farther east than Long Island Sound, and refuse to speak to well-informed foreigners for fear their massive brains will be contaminated by contact with these depraved and tricky products of an effete civilization.

"That's why there are so many calls for getting into economic conferences with Europe, and handing out billion-dollar credits to some suffering European nation, and canceling Europe's debts to the United States, and exerting our moral influence to make Europe behave herself."

Mr. Flack groaned with disgust, took a golf ball from his pocket, bounced it savagely on the floor to relieve his feelings, caught it deftly as it descended, and stuffed it back in his pocket again.

"There are certain fundamental things that everybody should consider before he talks about plunging into European affairs," he resumed when his face had smoothed itself into its customary diplomatic calm, "and here are some of them:

"You can hold economic conferences from now until the Mississippi River runs Rhine wine without benefiting the economic condition of any country by so much as a cubit or an ell or a grain or an iota. Economic conferences have been held a thousand times in the past, and about the only things that were benefited by said conferences were the silk-hat manufacturers, who sold a few extra hats to the conferees prior to the big doings.

"There are just two things that improve the condition of a country that is economically sour. Hard work is one of them and coöperation with its next-door neighbor is the other. You might as well talk about holding an economic conference for the purpose of luring mackerel schools to fishing grounds that they have deserted. You can confer your head off without bringing a mackerel within a mile of the net. If you want mackerel, and mackerel aren't running your way, you've got to go out and get 'em. So much for economic conferences in general."

A Hodge-Podge of Enmities

"As to the holding of conferences for the improvement of European economic conditions, Europe's trouble has not been economic. Since 1920 Europe, barring Russia, has been steadily improving economically. That goes for the worst of them—even for Hungary, Austria and Poland. The thing that has raised seventeen different varieties of Ned with Europe since the tide began to turn in 1919 and 1920 has been the politicians who have been running things. You can believe it or not, but it's the truth.

"If our statesmen simply cannot get along without conferring with Europe they'd better restrict themselves to a conference that will gather all the leading politicians together under one roof and then allow the roof to fall on them. It's the only sort that will do any good under present conditions. Rid Europe of her fool politicians and there isn't a country over there that couldn't pull herself out of all her troubles by her own efforts.

"Throughout Central Europe there are no two adjoining countries that aren't kept on the verge of trouble by their politicians. Take them right down the line, and you'll find that this is so: France and Germany, Germany and Poland, Poland and Russia, Russia and Rumania, Rumania and Hungary, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, Czecho-Slovakia and Germany, Italy and Jugo-Slavia, Rumania and Bulgaria, Bulgaria and Greece, Greece and Turkey, and a few other combinations that slip my mind, are willing to cut each other's throats at a moment's notice. And yet the United States is sprinkled with deluded souls who say that everything will be all right if the United States will only get together with Europe.

"Nothing could be more asinine than plunging into European affairs in order to get together with European nations, when these nations can't get together themselves. It would be like trying to get together with a bevy of dogs that were on the verge of taking a few chunks out of each other. If you beat up the dogs with sufficient vivacity you may avoid having your trousers torn or losing a few fingers; but you've got to move fast.

"Of course it's too bad to compare these European nations to pugnacious dogs, for one ought to be able to expect more from humans than from dogs. If the nations of Europe will use human intelligence and get together, there will be some sense in talking about the United States getting together with them. If they won't, there's nothing that we can do for them."

Mr. Flack sipped his Black Cow moodily and nodded to a senatorial foursome that was proceeding to the first tee with many a bellow of ribald and undignified laughter.

"It is absolutely incredible," he resumed, "that there can be persons in high positions in this country who talk seriously about canceling Europe's debts to us. Broadly speaking, the whole fabric of international commerce is based on respect for the integrity of international obligations. If one of these international obligations is broken

(Continued on Page 152)

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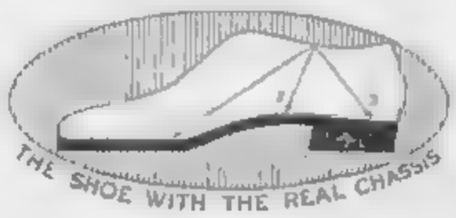

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(Continued from Page 150)

down there is no reason why a hundred of them shouldn't be broken down; and if that should happen the results would be sufficiently awkward to stand the world on its ear. When I get through paying my income tax I usually have to go out and borrow money to pay some of my debts. It gives me a pain to do it, and I hate it like poison; but I have to do it, and I don't notice anybody offering to cancel any of my debts. But if mine should be canceled, and the cancellation of debts should grow to be popular, you can easily see that the entire country would pass into a coma and remain there until the angel Gabriel rendered his widely advertised cornet solo.

"This fact may not be generally understood, and it might be a good idea for some of these debt-cancellation fanatics to try to absorb it. It would be no hardship at all for any nation in Europe that owes us money to repay the capital sum of its debt, provided it began today and paid off one-half of one per cent of the total amount every year. By paying this amount, there isn't a debt that wouldn't be redeemed in sixty years' time. And one-half of one per cent is most emphatically not beyond the capacity of the lamest duck that owes us money. If the French were to pay us one-half of one per cent of their debt every year they'd pay us $15,000,000 a year without any distress at all, and in sixty years it would be wiped out. They import more diamonds than that every year.

"The question of interest on the debts is, of course, more important than the question of the capital sum. If they would only keep the peace and disarm they could pay the interest. Nobody is going to be hard on them in the matter of interest; but if we make concessions in the matter of interest payments we should make them to insure the creation of stability, and in order that they may assure us of the ultimate payment of interest and principal too.

"The French newspapers, at the end of January, explained that the slump in the French franc immediately after the invasion of the Ruhr was due to 'a raid by international financiers, who held from fourteen to fifteen billion francs ready to dump on the market."

Sympathy for France

"You read a lot of funny things in the papers, and that's one of them. You can't stabilize currency with an unstable budget; and France's budget shows something like 4,000,000,000 gold francs deficit. She went into the Ruhr to get, probably, about 1,000,000,000 francs. She spends somewhere around 400,000,000 on her army, and has to import labor from Poland and Italy. Yet if she were to reduce her army by half she'd have a larger army than any of them over there and wouldn't have to import the labor that she now imports. A budget deficit of nearly 4,000,000,000 gold francs—and everybody knows that nations only begin to inflate with paper money when they can't raise the real money by taxation! Think these things over, and then blame the international financiers if you can. You might as well blame the aurora borealis for the bad financial standing of an $1800 clerk who spends $20,000 a year on the modern version of wine, woman and song—which, as I understand it, is hooch, gold diggers and jazz.

"Practically all America—certainly most of the people whose point of view during the war was sound—wishes France well. Everyone who knows the determination of Germany to push France entirely off the earth when the time is ripe can sympathize with her in her fear and suspicion of Germany. And nobody who remembers Germany's avowed intention of extracting the cost of the war from the United States of America can shed any bitter tears at the thought of Germany being forced to pay the indemnities she promised to pay.

"Very few people, however, have any keen desire to see France follow a course of action that will eventually pile her on the rocks and throw all her neighbors back into the mire from which they were beginning to struggle. Yet if France continues on the road by which she was electing to travel when she went into the Ruhr, there could be only one end—an end which might be reached in comparatively few weeks or which might not be attained for a much longer time; and this is the way that it would probably come about:

"The French farmer and small investor, who is as fond of his investments and his hoardings as Cleopatra was of her complexion, has sunk many billions of francs in short-term notes of the French Government.

"Now, the French franc, beginning with the invasion of the Ruhr, started downward. The result of this depreciation, if it continued, would necessarily be to cause business men and persons who are in the habit of remitting large sums to France to stop their remittances because of the loss in value in transit. This would automatically cause the franc to depreciate still further, because of the lack of demand for francs. As the franc goes down and down the holders of the French short-term notes would begin to shake in their shoes and figure that it was time to get francs in place of their notes while the francs would still buy something. So they would step up to the little grilled windows and ask for money in return for the notes. Right there France would run into her greatest crisis; for lacking the actual francs to redeem these billions of francs' worth of notes, she would start her printing presses turning out francs to supply her obligations, and from that moment the French franc would start going the way of the German mark with a sickening swoop.

"When that time came, if it should come, France would probably be willing to listen to the advice of those who have been trying to tell her for so long to disarm and keep the peace."

The Investigating Industry

"As for this talk of loaning money to various countries of Europe, none of them needs any money—none of them. Germany might need something in the line of commodities—cotton, say; but a comparatively small amount would cover it. And then the distinguished senator from New Mexico, Holm O. Bursum, introduced a bill to extend a credit of $1,000,000,000 to Germany for the purpose of buying foodstuffs. Germany doesn't need it and couldn't use it—certainly not more than a small part of the billion. How senators get that way, even when they wish to remain solid with the farmers, is a question that would have made Solomon, in spite of his reputation for wisdom, get a cottony feeling in his mouth and run his fingers through his whiskers in despair.

"These senators who develop such queer ideas concerning the relations that we ought to have with Europe are somewhat worse than the senators who waste hundreds of dollars' worth of their own time and thousands of dollars of the people's money and scores of thousands of dollars' worth of witnesses' time in investigating something or other. These senatorial investigating committees are apt to investigate anything and everything from the number of blades of grass in the state of Wisconsin to the amount of pressure required to push sausage meat into a sausage skin. They'd just as soon investigate anything as eat; but the sad part about the investigations is that little ever comes of them. It's as though they investigated the amount of water in Lake Superior. After months of work they might discover that the lake contains fourteen billion quadrillion gallons; but they wouldn't be able to do anything about it except talk about it.

"Whenever you want any matter investigated, just tell a senator about it, and he'll bring in a resolution, late in the afternoon, when the other five or six senators on the floor are half asleep or writing letters to their former law partners or reading the afternoon papers, and nobody will pay any attention to it. It will slip through without a word of dissent, and a few days later people will begin to wake up to the fact that another investigation is under way. After weeks of violent and passionate investigation, as a result of which the investigating senators get their names in the newspapers, the investigating committee has summoned many important and busy men to appear before it as witnesses, has kept them waiting around for days and sometimes for weeks, and has accumulated seven tons of testimony. The Government Printing Office has diligently printed the testimony very neatly at no expense to anyone except the taxpayer, and the seven tons of precious testimony has been filed away in fireproof vaults in the basement of the Capitol, where nobody will ever see it again until it is taken out ten or fifteen years from now for the purpose of relieving congestion in the Capitol vaults and locked up in some other fireproof vault. Senators who

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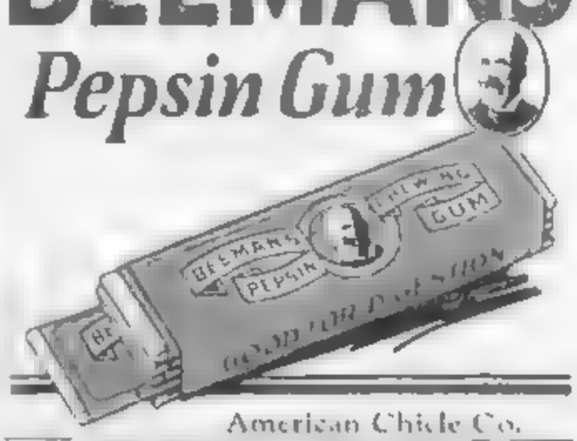

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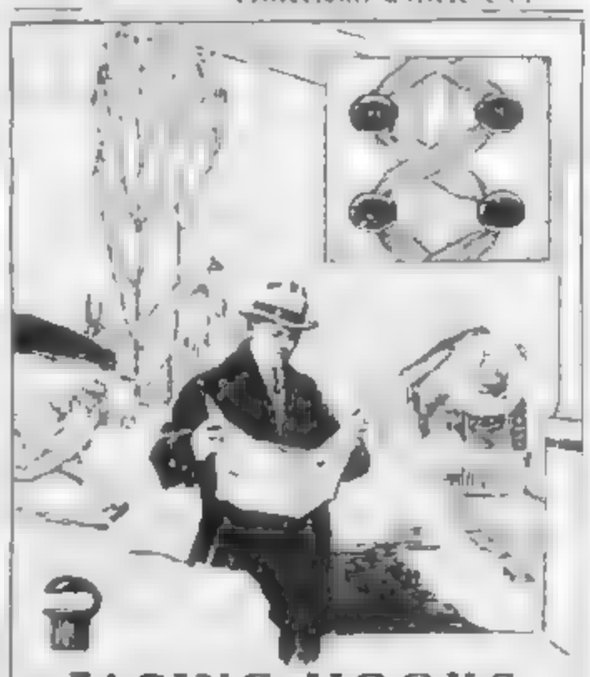

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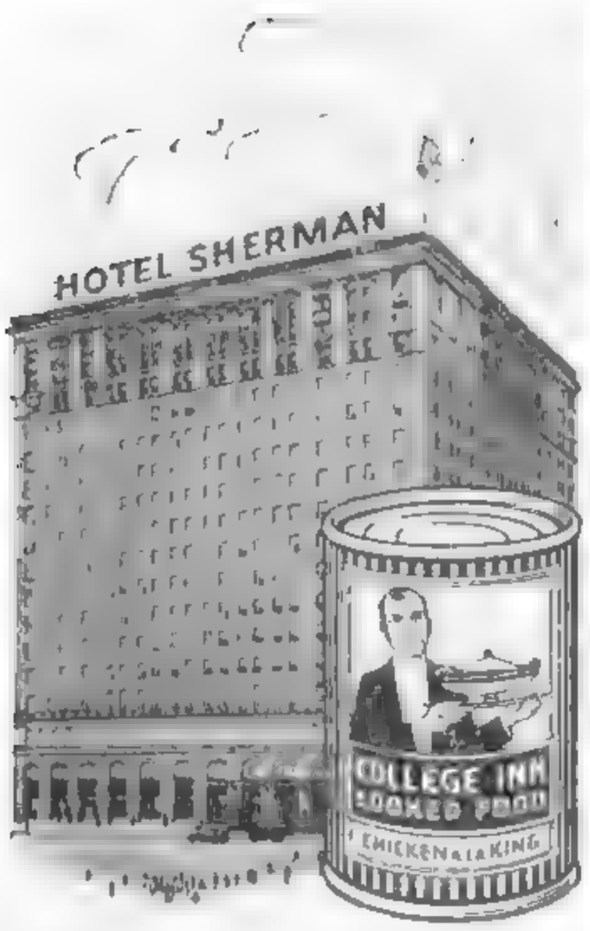

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Avoid Imitations—Substitutes

listened to the testimony have made two or three set speeches in the Senate on the subject that was investigated, and that's all. That is the mouse that the mountain of investigation has brought forth after weeks of labor.

"A little while ago a committee composed of a few distinguished senators, headed by Senator La Follette, investigated gasoline prices. The committee summoned as witnesses the heads of the country's greatest oil companies. It delved into their private affairs, as well as into the affairs of their companies, while gossips from far and near thronged the committee room and with flapping ears and glistening eyes wallowed in the juicy details. The committee employed the former law partner of Senator La Follette to pierce the shrinking witnesses with his keen eye and his penetrating questions; and in the light of subsequent developments it was just as well that it did; for the figures given by the witnesses on oil production, oil consumption, oil-company earnings, stock dividends, and so on, were extremely large and seemed to daze some of the senators on the committee. Occasionally, with an air of numb and portentous gravity, they would ask a witness the same question five or six times in succession.

"The committee accumulated more than the usual number of tons of testimony, and revealed the sad fact that if a person has the proper sort of friends in the proper official positions he can easily make $10,000,000 or $15,000,000 while the ordinary hard-working person is making $1000 or $1500; but one may get the usual odds of a million to one that the testimony and a few dreary Senate speeches will be the only tangible results on which the taxpayer will ever be able to get his fingers."

Open Season for Prophets

"No doubt these are the things that cause two of the sanest and soundest senators to indulge in the same remarks when they meet on the Senate floor each morning. These two gentlemen clasp hands and remark in unison: 'So this is the Senate of the United States!' Then, after a brief pause, they also remark in concert: 'God save the Union!'"

Mr. Flack closed his eyes and swallowed another generous portion of his Black Cow with an air of restrained pleasure, after which he freed his mustache from all traces of his refreshment by wringing it neatly between his upper lip and his lower teeth.

"I note," he went on, "that this is the open season for prophets, though you'd have thought that every prophet's mantle would have been offered for sale at strongly reduced prices after the wholesale manner in which the prophets went wrong before the elections last November. Some of the professional prophets are prophesying by means of goose bones, squirrel fur and other natural phenomena, and others are reading the stars. They seem to be very loose and free with their predictions as to strikes, riots, mine disasters, the fall of tall buildings, hotel failures, epidemics, drownings, increasing divorces, more murders, scandals among members of the press and bar, and other cheery little matters; but none of them has had sufficient courage to predict what the Progressives, as they like to refer to themselves, are going to do in the next session of Congress.

"This Progressive business would, of course, be a puzzling matter to the professional prophets, for there is almost nothing in which they can sink their teeth, so to speak. Any prophet worthy of the name knows that there will be strikes and riots and hotel failures and epidemics somewhere in the country sometime during the year; and he knows that as soon as spring comes a lot of half-baked idiots will go out on the water in canoes and try to change seats and, as a result, will drown themselves. Therefore he is taking no chance when he announces that he has seen such things in the stars or in a turkey's wishbone. But he cannot take a similar chance on the Progressives; for half the Progressives refuse to admit that they are Progressives, and the other half admit that they don't have to be as progressive as the other Progressives if they don't want to. Some of them admit frankly that they are Progressives but that they haven't yet made up their minds what to be progressive about. Consequently the professional prophet shies away from them, not knowing whether or not they are reliable prophecy material.

"It is too bad that these professional prophets are so indefinite, for there are a number of things that all of us would like to know. We would like to know, for example, the name of the so-called Progressive who will be reaching for the Republican presidential nomination in 1924, whether Mr. Harding decides to attempt to enjoy for another four years the stress and turmoil incident to residence in the White House or whether he decides to follow the calmer calling of ex-President. Up to a certain point the amateur prophet can prophesy with skill and probable accuracy; but beyond that point the work of the professional stargazer and soothsayer is urgently needed."

Mr. Flack drained his Black Cow glass and frowned pregnantly at the waiter, who leaped forward and vanished with the glass before Mr. Flack could free his mustache from the clutches of his lower teeth in order to give it a name.

"Already," said Mr. Flack, crossing his hands firmly over his woolen cross-stitched vest and gazing into the future with meditative but hard-boiled eyes—"already there is a considerable number of states which have presidential preferential primary laws. Some of these laws have teeth, and some try to do their biting with their gums, which is a bit difficult.

"The latter are of such a nature that when the Republicans of Texakota vote in the primaries for Hector J. Wishbone for President, and elect delegates to repair to the national convention and cast their votes for said Hector J. Wishbone, the delegates may attend the convention and cast their votes on the first ballot for Hector J. Wishbone; but then, on the second ballot and all ensuing ballots, cast their votes for Oswald B. Monkhouse or some other candidate who could not be elected to the job of dog catcher if he relied on the people of Texakota to do the electing.

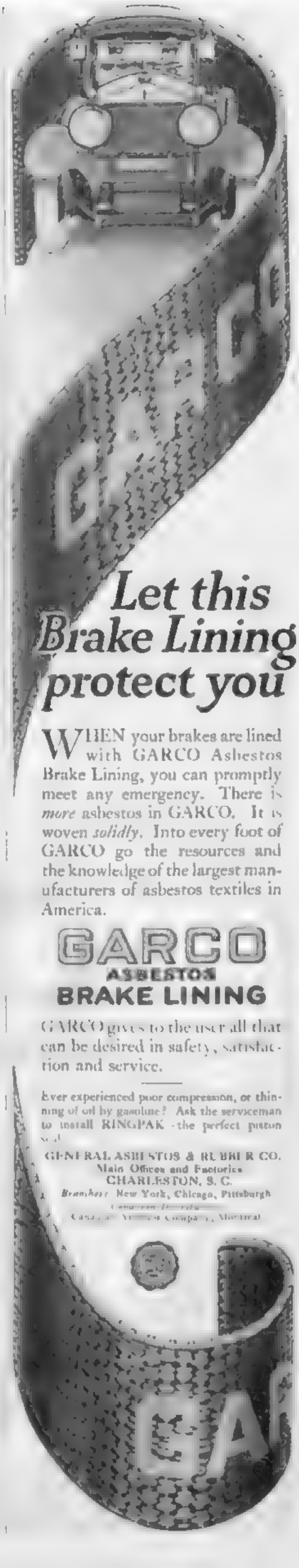
"As a result of the late riotous election, however, there have now come into existence a number of state legislatures that contain majorities which are accused of being radical, and admit to being liberal. These majorities are going to proceed, practically in concert, to enact presidential preferential primary laws with teeth. These new state laws, together with the state laws that have had teeth in them for some time, are just about going to make it possible for the states to which they belong to control a majority of the delegates to the next Republican national convention."

Preferential Primaries

"Such a situation will, of course, be a wide-open invitation to a contest, whether or not Warren Gamaliel Harding decides to run again; and the Republican voters of this great and glorious country will find that one or more radical or liberal candidates for the Republican presidential nomination will be offered for their kindly consideration. And when the voters have expressed their preferences in this delicate matter the delegates to the convention who have been elected under the new preferential primary laws that have teeth in them will proceed to the convention with blood in their eyes and axes in their hands; and they will see that the delegates elected under toothless primary laws keep their heads in the nose bag where they belong.

"They will see to it, in other words, that there is no repetition of the wild free days of 1920, when the candidate for the presidential nomination who was the tail-ender in some states at the preferential primaries received the votes of the delegates from those states at the convention; whereas the candidate who received the high vote in those states received nothing at the convention except snow water, in which there is no nourishment. Without wishing to disturb the peace too greatly by rattling the dry bones in forgotten graves, I might mention the fact that Leonard Wood was the leader almost everywhere in the preferential primaries in 1920. The delegates selected to vote for him, however, voted for him just enough to ease their consciences, and then did as they darn pleased. And one of the reasons why the distinguished senator from California, Hiram Johnson, recently made a fight against the appointment of D. H. Blair to the position of Internal Revenue Commissioner was because Mr. Blair had been elected a delegate to vote for Mr. Johnson for the presidential nomination, but on proceeding to the convention had carelessly neglected to do that little thing.

"At any rate, with the stage thus set and the scenery thus disposed by liberal legislatures during the winter, somebody is



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going to put up a fight to get the Republican nomination away from Mr. Harding; and the pregnant question of who it is going to be at once arises to the lips of proletariat and bourgeoisie alike.

"Obviously the person who can thus snatch the torch from the prehensile grasp of Mr. Harding must be somebody who can sell himself to the voters; and equally obviously the man with the best record for salesmanship is Senator Hiram W. Johnson, the California Thundercloud, who in the spring of 1920 proceeded to sow the dragon's teeth in many a field that had been plowed and harrowed and fertilized by somebody else. This was notably true in the wide and fertile state of Michigan, which everybody regarded as framed and fixed and cushioned for Leonard Wood; nor should one forget Minnesota, where the same strange reversal took place. One who can sell himself to the people in such wise is comparable only to the salesman who can sell camel's-hair underwear to residents of equatorial climes, and as such he should be kept in mind.

"In addition to California's favorite son, there is Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, occasionally known as Wild Bill of Boise. Bill Borah is essentially a man of one talent, said talent being oratory; but unlike the servant who was afraid and went and hid his talent in the earth, Bill doesn't hide it in the earth or wrap it up in a napkin or otherwise conceal it to any noticeable extent. In fact, he puts it out at usury and makes it into ten or twenty talents in no time at all.

"There are many persons to whom Bill Borah is a hero; and even those to whom he isn't a hero pin back their ears when he begins to talk. Borah may be and frequently is wrong when he rises to his feet in the Senate chamber and spouts a flood of clear, logical and convincing language; but the other senators congregate to hear him, and society leaders break for the galleries when word goes out that he is coming up, and, greatest and final test of all, the newspaper boys emerge en masse from their den behind the Senate press gallery whenever he begins to speak, and incline careful ears to all his utterances.

"Nobody knows, however, whether or not Borah can sell himself to the country. Many people who know him intimately—if anybody has ever been able to know him intimately—think that as President he would be the worst ever. They think this, not because he isn't able and not because he isn't sincere—for he is both of these things—but because he seems to lack any affection for, respect for or intimacy with the drudgery which is the chief characteristic of the presidency of the United States today."

Addicted to Spats

"Borah is not that sort of person. It is notorious in Washington that his attendance at committee meetings, even when he has very great personal or intellectual interest in the matters which the committee is considering, is intermittent. He is almost always late, and he may usually be relied on to leave before the meeting is over. But as long as Borah's lungs remain in good shape he must be considered."

Mr. Flack picked up the new Black Cow which had been placed at his elbow, sucked down half of it in a refined manner, and tidied up his mustache with a coffee-colored silk handkerchief admirably adapted, because of its protective coloration, to mopping up after Black Cows.

"And then," he resumed, "there is Senator Robert Marion La Follette, of Madison, Wisconsin—Battling Bob, as he is sometimes known; the friend of the peepul and the enemy of special interests and special privilege, with the exception of the special interests and special privileges which he advocates; the enemy, also, of Wall Street, the railroads, all salaries larger than his own, and most of his former friends. As the arch Progressive in the next Congress La Follette must be considered with extreme seriousness, and careful account must be taken of his bravery and recklessness, which may be gauged by the fact that this representative of the horny-handed sons of toil is a confirmed wearer of spats.

"La Follette first appeared in a national convention as a supposedly serious candidate for the presidency in 1908. Since then he has suffered years of submergence. His peevishness, his apparent hatred of the things for which the soundest and the sanest men of the country stood, and his attitude at the beginning of the war have caused him to be detested and ignored. Today, in spite of the fact that the chart of his influence and popularity would show the same slump that would be registered on the chart of a typhoid patient who had just eaten a porterhouse steak, La Follette stands in the Senate of the United States with greater power in his hands than ever before, not even excluding his palmiest and most powerful days as governor of Wisconsin.

"The nominal Republican majority in the new House of Representatives is fifteen, ten of whom hail from the state of Wisconsin, which La Follette carries around in his trousers pocket along with his keys and the little chestnut that wards off rheumatism. The nominal Republican majority in the new Senate is twelve, eight of whom follow La Follette's waving pompadour and twinkling spats. What can occur is painfully obvious. If ten votes are removed from a majority of fifteen and added to the minority, the minority acquires a majority of five, and the erstwhile majority acquires a kick in the slats.

"It is doubtful whether or not La Follette has sufficient affirmative power to put across any legislative program of his own; but he certainly possesses sufficient negative influence to prevent any other program from going across. People may like it or people may not like it; but whether they like it or not, legislation for the next two years is going to proceed by the grace of Robert Marion La Follette. The leader of the putative majority in the Senate will advance his own program or the Republican program or the Administration program or whatever you may want to call it in just the measure in which he is able to trade with La Follette."

The Great Question

"Here we have a fine cast and scenario for a legislative moving picture—a moving picture, it might be added, that will move many a hitherto unruffled section of the country to grief, anger, despair, imploration and imprecation. As principals we have La Follette and the imperturbable Henry Cabot Lodge, the distinguished scholar and splinter picker from Nahant; and in the background we have the liberal-radical bloc whirling and coursing through the intricate and involved motions of their wild and never-ending dervish dance.

"The great question, however, is whether La Follette can sell himself to the voters, even with all his power. It is doubtful; for he is sixty-eight years old, and he has stalked across the stage too often to be able to arouse any new thrills in the voters' breasts. In fact those who talk with him most believe that he has come to the conclusion that the presidency is not for him, and that whatever monument he leaves in American history has got to be in legislation rather than in executive control. They believe that his great aim is the revision of the tax laws, and that he wants to leave embedded in the laws of the country a tax system which will involve, as nearly as it may be done in legislation, an equalization of incomes. All the rest of the things for which he shouts—the railroad stuff, the agricultural-credits stuff, the general-regulation-of-corporations stuff—he hopes and expects some day to bring about through the use of the power of taxation.

"Don't forget, though, that La Follette probably can go into the next Republican convention with the dominating say-so because of his control of the delegates from his own state of Wisconsin, from Minnesota, from the two Dakotas and from Iowa. As for the little matter of whom La Follette will be willing to support, that is something concerning which the professional soothsayers might to good advantage consult all the stars and goose bones in sight. He is not by nature a supporter of anyone except himself.

"Meanwhile it's well to remember that we can probably stay happier by remaining in ignorance than by looking into the future; for when the Progressives get through with the country they'll leave it a good deal worse than they found it, and I'll back that prophecy against the prophecies of any professional prophet on earth."

Snorting disgustedly, Mr. Flack poured the remainder of his Black Cow under his mustache, pulled down the tassels of his golf-stocking garters so that they stuck out prettily from beneath the stocking tops, and set off for the first tee for his regular triweekly attempt to break eighty.

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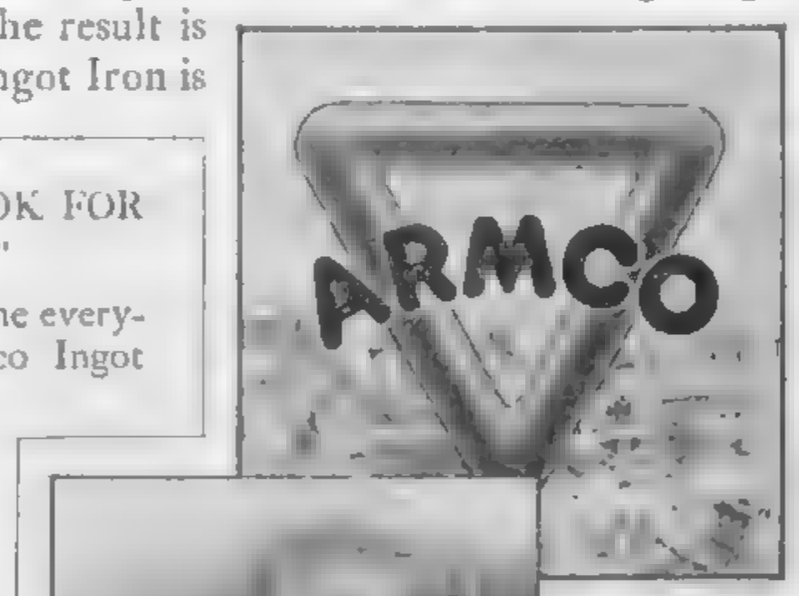

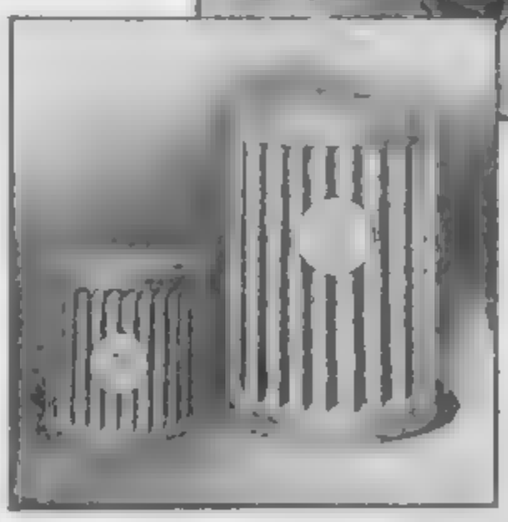

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OFF THE RESERVATION

(Continued from Page 21)

Biff across the lawn and into the Sound if it had landed, but Gilligan ducks and shoots back a jolt to the body that pretty near crumples Hawkins' ribs up against his backbone.

I tries to tip off the lads to cut out the walloping and play the game proper, but they don't pay no attention to me, and I nearly gets my own block splintered butting in between the biffers. The boys is about evenly matched and it's a grand scrap; but what gets me riled is all that action going to waste for two and fifty mackerel. For the price of a spar Tenney is getting a pair of full-rigged battle bruisers. I see Sol coming my way, rubbing his hands.

"Sweet and pretty, huh?" says he. "Give it a look!"

Biff catches Hawkins' chin wide open and plants the one-two. Set-up turns around on his heels and flops to the grass. He ain't long wabbling to his feet, but he ain't got no more ideas where he is at than a blind guy walking in his sleep in the wrong bedroom. Gilligan pulls back his right and is all ready to shoot over the curtain punch when this gal I'm telling you about comes running up to the ropes.

"Don't!" she screams. "Don't!"

Biff makes her. He drops his arms, takes one look at the frail and hops outta the ring near where she's standing.

"They ain't nothing you can't make me do, kid," I hears him whisper, and then he beats it for the garage. I flash a question mark at Sol.

"That's Tenney's daughter," says he. "I guess the scrap was a little too strong for her. Set-up was just about knocked out."

"Yeh," I comes back, "and I ain't so sure they ain't been somebody else knocked silly too."

III

I AIN'T no believer in them free munitions, but the old hunch tells me that between them doll rags we introduced Gilligan to and the doll baby he introduces hisself to something that ain't so good is gonna come outta it. Of course, this Tenney gal's old man's got enough jack to be elected senator from five states at once, and Biff ain't nothing but a pug that's just been yanked off a slug heap; but the look she hands him and the crossed-examinations she puts me through before the row gives me thoughts for food. I ain't got no desires to have this lad get his mind off his work just when the prominent change is beginning to jingle my way.

The next coupla days Gilligan goes through his workouts as per usual and I'm getting to think that maybe I been making mountains outta moleskins, when blah! in steps the little lady. She looks even better in the daytime than she does at night, which is the swellest thing you can say about any frail.

"Mr. Meyer," says she, "told me I could find Mr. Gilligan here. Is he in?"

I goes to the gym door and yells, "Hey, Biff, somebody here to see you!"

Gilligan thinks it's maybe one of them sporting writers that's been playing him strong since he put the bee on One-Way Hannegan and busts right out like he is, in his trunks, with his hair mussed and everything. When he sees the gal he nearly takes the count, but my play don't work good with her. She ain't fussed none over his looks, and slips him the kinda smile that makes angels rush in where the fools is already.

"I want to thank you Mr. Gilligan," says she, sticking out her paw, "for ——"

"'Sall right, lady; 'sall right," cuts in Biff, and he takes her hand like it was a hot spud. "Ain't nothing I wouldn't do for you."

"Well," says the little trick, "that makes it easy for me. I want you and Mr. Higgins to come to a tea Thursday afternoon. Just a few people will be there. Will you?" And she turns them lamps on Biff.

I starts gargling an excuse and Biff stutters around some, but before we can frame a stall the gal says something about a machine calling for us and beats it.

"What'll we do?" asks Gilligan.

"Why the we?" I comes back. "I ain't gone cuckoo and promised that Jane that they ain't nothing she can't make me do. Besides, I remembers now I got a date Thursday; and, anyways, I ain't got nothing to wear."

"What's the matter with the layout we had on the other night?" Biff asks.

I almost shrieks with laughs. The poor fish don't even know you can't wear no dress suit in the daytimes, except maybe at a formal funeral or something like that; but I decides not to tip him off, figuring maybe he'd go to the Tenneys' that way and get himself razzed off the place.

"What's the joke?" asks Gilligan.

"I was just thinking," I begins.

"That is a good one," cuts in Biff. "Listen here, Twin," he goes on, "I seen a book in a window the other day that tells you how to act in swell society. I'll get it and wise you up on what's what."

"Wise yourself," says I. "I guess I knows enough to drink tea outta the right side of the saucer. Besides ain't I just got done telling you that I ain't going?"

"Maybe you're right," comes back Gilligan. "The chances are you'd gum the works and get me in bad."

"You don't need no help that way, Biff."

"Can the Biff!" snarls this baby. "I told you my name was Austen."

"I thought," says I, "that monniker just went with the soup-and-fish."

Gilligan just barks something and beats it out. A few minutes later Sol breezes in with the jack for the show we put on and I tells him what's what.

"He's a bear on looks," says Meyer, "and it ain't funny a-tall to me that the Tenney gal should fall for him. The handsome-brute stuff goes big with these fluffy little blondes. What do you care?"

"I care this way," says I. "Biff has got a real scrap on his hands in a coupla weeks with this boy Engel, and it's gonna take all the time we got to whip Gilligan into shape. If he gets this Jane on the brain and goes buzzing around to teas and such like he'll be a mark. Right now he's out getting a book on how to sit in with the swelled sets. A guy can't study table manners and right crosses at the same time. You played hell, Sol."

"Me!" he comes back, surprised.

"Yeh, you," I yelps. "That bozo wasn't civilized until you threw them joy rags on his back. Right away Biff remembers that his name is Austen, which is bad medicine. Then along comes this Tenney skirt and makes Gilligan think he's the king of the May."

"Forget it," says Sol. "What are you trying to do? Worry a pimple into a boil? If it wouldn't be this gal it would be a other one. A lad like Biff is fly paper for the frails. I'm betting a coupla thousand with Moriarity that Gilligan kills Engel, and I'm so much scared by what you is telling me that I think I'll go out and double it. What you got on, Twin?"

"Three." I tells him.

I don't see Biff again until the next morning, which is Thursday. The cuckoo is dressed up like one of them summer-porch hounds, with white pants, a blue coat with a trick belt, a wipe in the top pocket and a flower in the lapel, and the crisscross kicks that go with the layout. He walks in twirling a sliver of bamboo, and I gotta admit he makes one classy flash.

"How do I set 'em off?" asks Biff.

"Like a Roman candle," says I. "Boy, you sure has traveled some distance from that coal pile down at Sharon. Who tipped you to the rags?"

Gilligan yanks a book from his pocket.

"It's all in here," says Biff. "How to dress for every kind of a blow-out, what to pull when you're knocked down to a frail and what to talk about when you ain't got nothing to say."

"You must be figuring on going into politics," I remarks with ironing. "They ain't nothing in that book that tells you what to do when a cuckoo gets you against the ropes and slaps a couple into your ribs, is they?"

"This is a tea I'm pointing for," comes back Biff. "Did you know you can't eat no salad with no knife?"

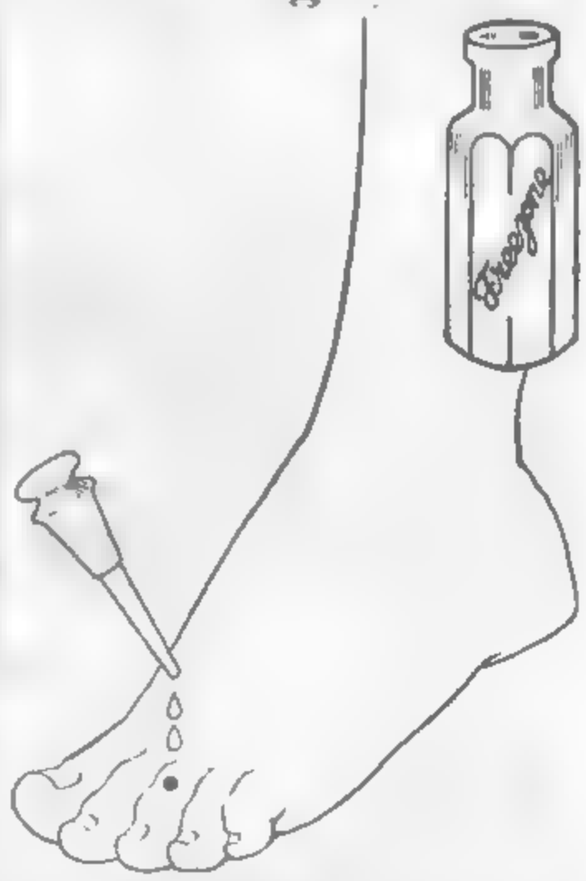
"Who says I can't?" I comes back. "I done it a million times."

"That so?" says Biff. "Then the bozo in the book is right."

I ain't got no wish to talk no more with a guy that ain't got no manners outside of what he gets outta a book; so I goes about my business, which is worrying about this scrap with Engel. Gilligan don't do no training, but wastes the whole day reading that society tripe. About two bells a chauffeur comes up for Biff.

Corns

Lift Right Off



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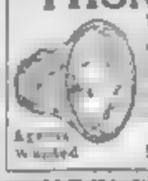

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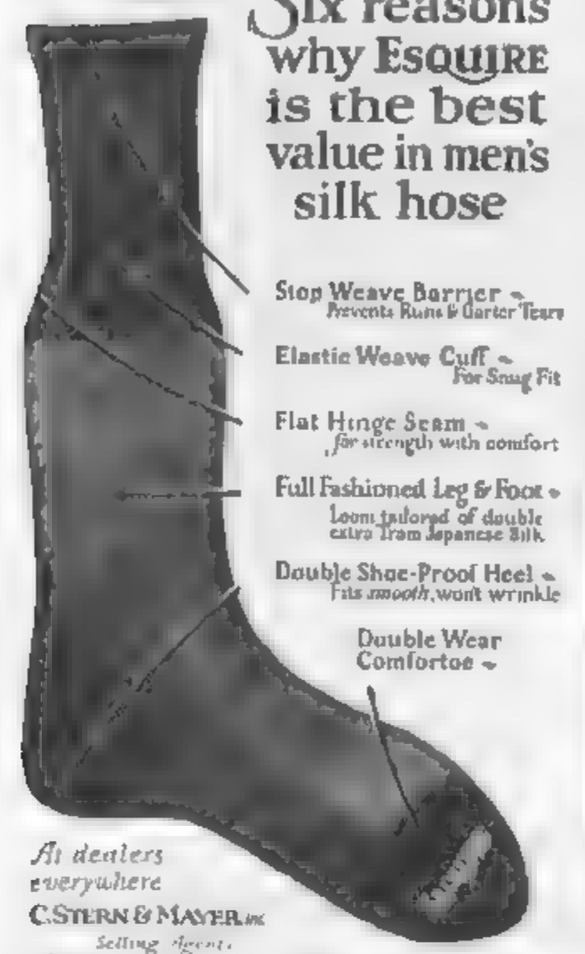
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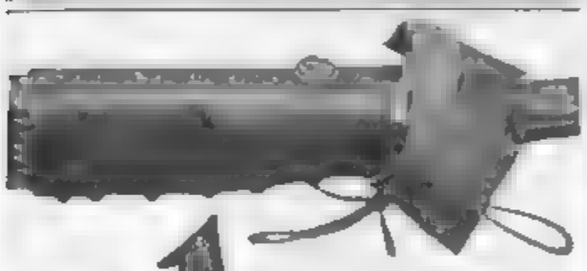

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"By-by," says Gilligan. "See you tomorrow."

"Au reservoir, Austen, dear," I comes back. "Don't eat too many ladies fingers."

IV

I DON'T even like to think about the next coupla weeks. Sol is outta town and I ain't got nobody to split my troubles with; but about three days before the Engel row is to be pulled off he drifts back and I tell him plenty. Someways I got it in my dome that he's to blame for the blow-off, and I'm just about sore enough to let his two thousand fish be hooked without no struggles, when I decides that ain't no way to act with a old pal and phones him over to my joint.

"Sol," says I, "remember I told you I had three grand bet on Gilligan?"

"Yeh," he comes back.

"Well," says I, "I ain't no more. It's been hedged."

"What's the little idea?" he wants to know.

"Nothing," I explains; "only I ain't sucker enough to gamble on a cake hound that does all his training in tea rooms, tailor shops and jazz huts. Biff's gone cuckoo on this society fodder."

"The Tenney gal, eh?"

"Yep," says I. "That's the frail that done him wrong. She's been leading Gilligan around by the ear, showing him off to her playmates and kinda making a prize spaniel outta the kid. When he ain't with her he's out getting taped for a new set of rags or down to the barber's having his fingers fussed over."

"He's gonna fight, ain't he?" asks Sol.

"Oh, yes," I answers. "He needs the jack, that's why."

"Well," says Sol, "I think a whole lot more of the kid than you do, and I'm still betting that he takes Engel to the cleaners. What do you think of that?"

I don't get no chance to tell him right away. Biff breezes in, waves his cane at us and goes into the gym.

"How do you like the layout?" I asks.

"I don't see nothing wrong about the boy going in for the tailor-mades," says Sol. "Napoleon used to wear silk socks, but he wasn't exactly no bum when it come to passing around the wallops. You're one them old-timers that figures a guy can't comb his hair without being a sissy, or use a toothbrush without having his voice change to soprano."

"Where do you buy that?" I yelps. "I introduced this bozo to his first bath."

"Maybe," comes back Sol; "but you been jealous of every one he's taken ever since."

We talks around a while. Then I says, "Come on back with me and watch Biff working out. Maybe you'll see something that'll make you order another think for yourself."

Sol is willing. When we gets in the gym Gilligan is sparring easy with Kid Mullens, a lightweight that totes everything but a knock-out punch. "Speed up a little, fellers," says I. "Show us what's in them pillows."

The boys oblige. Mullens works so fast it takes all Biff's got to keep him off. The Kid lands some solid wallops to the body; but on account of the big mitts, and because the boy ain't got much strength, Gilligan ain't hurt none to speak about.

"Notice anything?" I asks Sol.

"Nothing I don't want to," he comes back. "Biff looks good for my two thousand fish."

"All right," says I. "I'll make it so plain that a guy that's reading can get a run outta it."

The boys is resting. I walks over to Mullens, and while I'm making a stall of looking at his gloves slips him the orders. When the lads get together the Kid starts his body punching again. After a little bit he suddenly goes for Biff's head. Gilligan's guard is good, but finally Mullens sneaks a glancing wallop through that hits Biff on the cheek under the eye. It didn't amount to nothing, but the work-out ends right there. Gilligan walks away rubbing the sore spot.

"Wise now?" I asks Sol.

He don't say nothing, but I see he is halfway.

"That's why I hedged," I explained. "That fathead's been slipped the oil so much lately how handsome he is, and he's got so many society dates, that he's scared to death that someone will muss up his map or hang a shingle on his glims. He's been stalling the boys here into working on his body by telling 'em it's the only place he's afraid Engel'll get to."

"Ain't you bawled him?"

"I made a few cracks," says I; "but he just comes back with the bluff he don't know what I'm talking about. The cuckoo figures this is his last mill and he should worry what I think. That Tenney gal seems to be bats about Biff, and I wouldn't be surprised if she drug him outta the game after this go. I been afraid she'd crab the Engel row. It's a sixty-forty split, and even the loser's end ain't to be pitied. I don't believe Gilligan gives such a whoop what happens so he gets enough jack to keep this society racket working for a while."

"I ain't never hedged a bet in my life," says Sol. "Care if I talk to Biff?"

"No," I comes back; "but don't go too strong. I don't want this baby to run out on me."

We waits in the office until Gilligan comes through.

"Listen here," says Sol. "I got two thousand iron men down on you. Do I get a show for my money, or are you going to lay down on me?"

"Whatta you mean?" barks Biff.

"What I mean is this," shoots back Meyer. "Engel is wise to the fact that you've gone nuts on them looks of yours and are scared yellow that maybe you'll get a scratch on them pretty pink cheeks. He'll just slaughter you."

"You and Twin must been sniffing hop," says Gilligan. "I'll make a monkey outta the Dutchman."

"Yeh," says I, "by letting him climb all over you."

"You come clean," busts in Sol, "or I'll ——"

"Or you'll what?" snaps Biff. "Let me tell you bozos right now, I ain't gonna stay in this fight game all my life, and I ain't gonna leave it with no cauliflower ears or no bashed-in nose. Maybe I has been favoring my face. It's the only one I got and it's going to stay the way it is. I got a date at the tailor's."

Without no more words he beats it. Sol is so mad I'm afraid he's gonna bite hisself, but pretty soon he tames down and acts like he's thinking. Finally he tells me to follow him downstairs, which I does. His machine's out in front.

"Hop in," says he.

"Where we going?" I asks.

"Out to the Tenneys'," comes back Sol. "If that gal's got anything like the sporting blood the old man has we'll put the bee on Biff yet."

In about a half hour we is out at Glendale. Lucky for us the frail we is looking for is sitting out on the lawn. She looks kinda frightened when she pipes us coming at her. Sol is wise.

"Nothing ain't happened to Gilligan," says he; "but we would like to talk to you about him."

She points to a coupla chairs, we squats and Sol says his piece.

"It's all on your account," he finishes up. "Before he seen you the boy didn't care none about his looks, but now he's afraid you'll give him the air if he shows up with a few marks on his map."

She blushes a lot, but don't say nothing.

"He's been in a dozen tough scraps," goes on Meyer, "and he ain't been smeared yet, so they ain't no use of him worrying. If he keeps watching his face so much in the row with Engel, that baby's likely to break three or four ribs for him. Besides that, you wouldn't want all the newspapers to call him yellow and a quitter, would you?"

"But what can I do?" asks the gal. "Mr. Higgins has more influence ——"

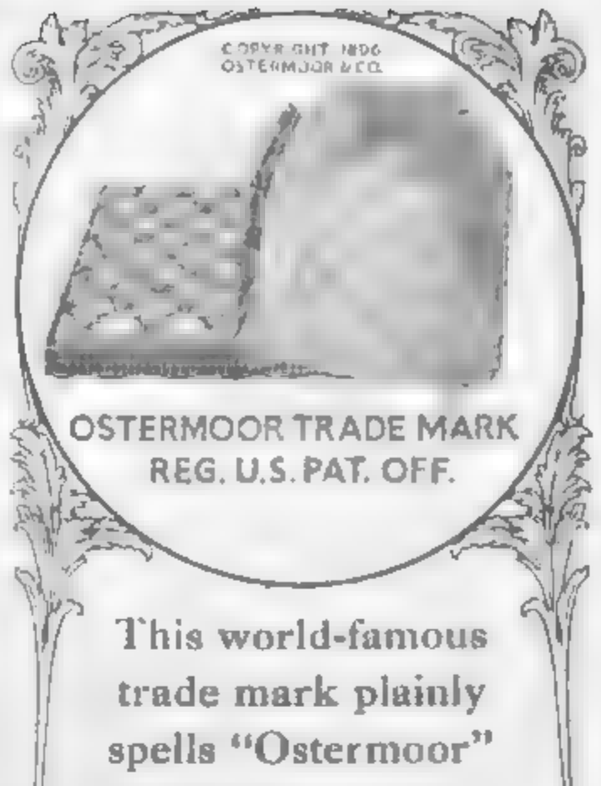
"You're wrong, lady," I cuts in. "He's crazy about you and'll do anything you tell him. He's even gonna quit the fight game because I guess you don't like it. Anyhow, I got a hunch he is."

"If that is so," she comes back, "what difference does it make how he acts Tuesday night?"

"My reputation," says I, "is at the stake, and besides we gotta lotta jack bet on him."

"If you'd only tell him," suggests Sol, "that you don't care nothing about his looks ——"

"I can't hardly do that," she laughs, "because he really is handsome, don't you think? You gentlemen overestimate my influence with Mr. Gilligan; but it would be terrible for you to lose your reputation and your money on his account, so I'll try to help you save both. I don't see just what I can do, though."



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"Just give him one of them smiles," says Sol. "A guy that wouldn't do what he was told after that ain't fit to be fed to the dogs."

v

WELL, the night of the fight comes and I ain't seen nothing in the last coupla days that gives me any reasons for worrying less than I has been. On Monday Biff done a little sparring at the gym and I watches him close to see if they is any change; but it don't look like the Tenney girl's delivered anything with them smiles of hers. I tries to feel out Biff, but as far as I can find out he don't even know me and Sol was out to Glendale. Meyer ain't so happy, neither, but he sticks to his bet.

It's a grand house and I figures the gate can't be much under twenty thousand fish, which gives me some comforts. The papers has had a few cracks about the society stuff Gilligan's been pulling and kinda hinting he's been laying down on his training; but that don't do nothing except bring out a flock of swells and Janes.

Biff looks good enough when he climbs into the ring, and gets a whale of a hand. This Engel baby's a homely bird with a flat nose and chewed ears; but what a scrapper needs in his business he's got.

The Dutchman starts off with a rush, and I see Gilligan pull his guard up like he done in training; but it was all right this time. Engel is wise and is shooting for the map. Biff blocks without no great troubles and then cuts loose on his own account. He smacks Engel around the ring, trades wallops with that baby, breast to breast, and don't pay no attention to his face at all. I give a yell. Gilligan's back where he was before the society stuff got him. The round ends with Biff way in the lead, but they is a cut on his head.

"Good boy!" says I, dabbing at the bruise.

Gilligan laughs and pushes my hand away.

"Don't mind that," says he. "It don't bother me none."

The next three rounds is pretty even. Engel is stronger than Biff, and eats up the jolts that is being rocked into him; but my boy is the faster of the two, and besides making the Dutchman swing wild lands two wallops for one. In the fourth spasm Engel cracks Biff one under the eye and in no times his left glim is about closed. Before the fight I figures one shot like that would about finish Gilligan, but now he just grins and keeps on.

From then on the scrap is even. When the twelfth and last round starts, both lads is dog-tired and they ain't enough stuff in their fists to bust a pane of glass. Biff's face is pretty well bruised up, and Engel ain't no handsomer, neither, than he was. They ain't no question in my mind that Gilligan could 'a' killed this bozo if he hadn't loafed on his training and taken up with them tea hounds, but I'm pretty well satisfied. I don't see that he can get any worser than a draw, and I ain't at all surprised when the referee slips the decision to Biff. But I sure am sore about hedging that bet.

I'm just about to follow Biff back into the dressing room when I hears somebody call my name. I looks back, and it's Sol. He motions me to come over. I send along one of the towel swingers with Gilligan.

They is a gal sitting next to Sol with a veil over her face, but when I comes near she lifts it and it's Miss Tenney. She gives me one of them eighteen-carrot smiles.

"You been here all the time?" I asks.

"Yes," she says. "I made up my mind to come this evening and Mr. Meyer got me a seat."

"Biff know?" I inquires.

She shakes her head no.

"Well," she says, "your reputation and money is saved. Did he fight to suit you?"

"I'll say he did," I comes back. "How did you do it?"

"What?" she asks.

"Make him forget his looks," says I.

"That's easy," she laughs. "I married him—this afternoon."

I don't get the drift and shows it.

"Silly!" says she. "Don't you know that after a man's married he gets careless about his personal appearance?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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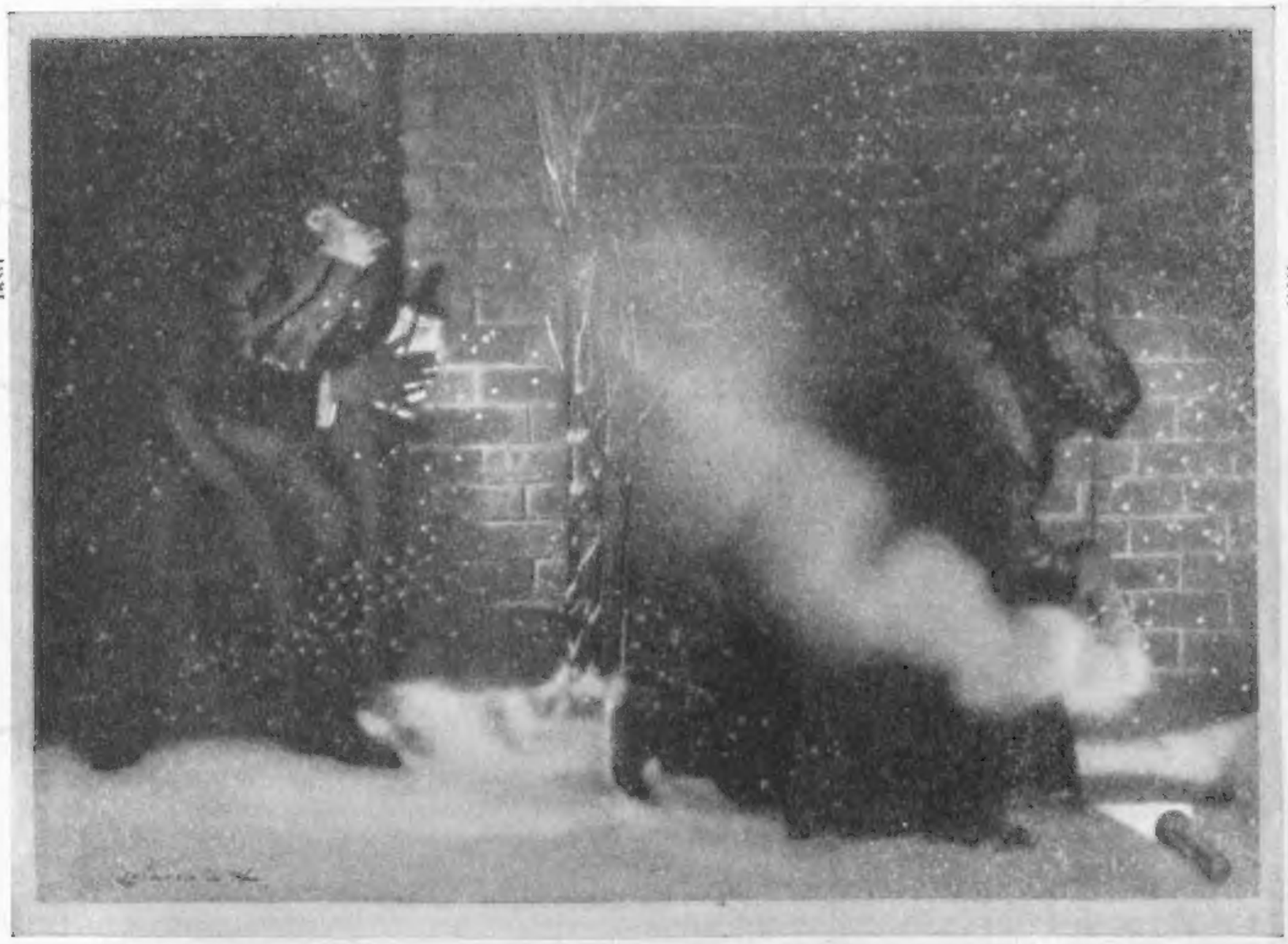

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President: "Jim Carney—impossible! I'd as soon suspect myself of being a Red. Why, he started with us in the old works on River Street. We were planning to retire him on a tidy pension in July."

Production Manager: "I wouldn't believe it myself, but how do you explain this? As foreman he has always just lived in his own department. Lately he's been hanging around the engine room a lot. Never used to miss a day. Lately, he's been off constantly and yesterday we saw him go into the building in which a group of radicals has offices. Last night, with the thermometer below zero, the watchman saw him out behind the boiler house. Thought he saw the glint of a pistol. But this morning when we searched his overcoat all we found was a steel tape line."

Chief Engineer: "And last Thursday my assistant found him behind the separator examining the exhaust pipe vent in the wall. He told me that it would be simple to move a charge of dynamite in from the outside and blow the engine room to pieces."

President: "But what does Jim say?"

Production Manager: "That's the worst of it. He won't talk. Seems abstracted. When he left this afternoon all he said was that if anything special came up he could be reached at Main 761. It's up to you or the police department to wring the truth out of him."

President: "Main 761—why that's our Consulting Engineer's number. I'll call him right up."

* * * * * * * * *

Half an hour later the Consulting Engineer and Jim Carney entered the President's office.

"Well, Jim," said the President, "what are you up to now?"

"It's that pension, sir," stammered Jim, "I——"

"Perhaps I'd better explain," smiled the Consulting Engineer. "I'm afraid Jim's a little too modest. About a month ago he came to me and said he had heard he was going to be pensioned off. Before he went he wanted to do something big for that $600 a year."

"Something big—what do you mean?" cut in the President.

"It seems your old Superintendent Swanson turned him down pretty hard on a proposition he submitted and Jim said he didn't want to bring it up again until he had all the facts. I saw he was on a big thing and I agreed to keep it quiet and help him work it out. You see it was all in appreciation of what the firm was going to do for him. The figures came in today and I had just told him before you called up that in return for his $600 pension, he was presenting you, his chief, with a pension of $5,000 a year as long as your business lasts."

President: "You're joking—why it's preposterous!"

Consulting Engineer: "Not at all. Jim read a Grinnell advertisement about heating a plant with exhaust steam. Didn't know how, you understand, but he stuck to the idea and collected the data we needed for——"

Production Manager: "But $5,000 a year, that's the cost of our whole year's heating!"

Consulting Engineer: "Right! Grinnell Company, whom I always depend on for such special systems, finds that the exhaust steam from the generating plant will run a hot water heating system and save the entire fuel bill—$5,000 a year. That's what Jim's been doing."

Production Manager: "That explains a lot."

President: "Jim, old man, I told them you couldn't—why, old boy—why Jim ——."

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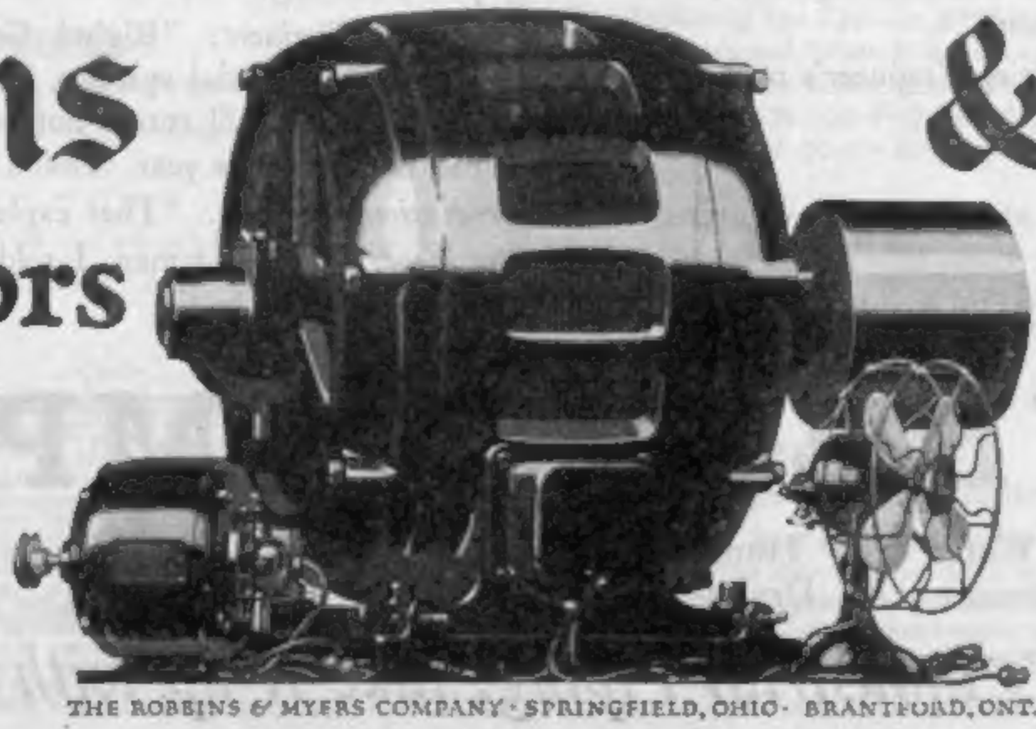

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whichever you prefer

It's mere child's play to clean bathtubs and tiles with wonderful Bon Ami.

A damp cloth with a sprinkling of the soft, scratchless Bon Ami Powder removes every trace of dirt as quick as a wink—makes the surface spotless and glistening.

Bon Ami does not scratch or mar the surface as harsh, gritty cleansers often do—and it never roughens the hands.

You'll never know how snowy-white and sparkling you can have your tub, basin and tiles until you try Bon Ami.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Aluminum Ware	Windows
Bath Tubs	Mirrors
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Tiling
White Woodwork	White Shoes
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware	The Hands
Glass Baking Dishes	Linoleum and Congoleum

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Twelve Reasons

For Buying

Lemons by the Dozen

—in addition to

A Lower Price

We illustrate twelve uses for the lemon — daily ways in which lemons serve to the benefit of women who keep house. See what they are.

Remember, too, that most retailers sell lemons in quantity at a lower price, so there's *economy* in buying by the dozen.

Add to this the *healthfulness* of lemon juice in foods, and you have more than ample reasons for the lemon's frequent use.

Lemon juice furnishes the valuable "C" Vitamine and a daintier flavor to your salad dressings, cold meats, fish and tea. Lemonades, lemon sherbet and punch containing lemon juice also supply these vitamines.

Lemons also make all foods more digestible, due to invaluable organic salts and acids which are natural appetizers and digestants.

And although lemons are known as "acid fruit" the reaction in the blood is *alkaline* —a healthful offset to the excess acidity caused by the unbalanced eating of such good and necessary foods as meat, fish and eggs.

So don't use lemons merely because of their convenience, variety of use, or flavor.

Let healthfulness be the main reason.

Buy them by the dozen and have them always close at hand.

Send for free book of recipes describing series of ways to use Sunkist Lemons.

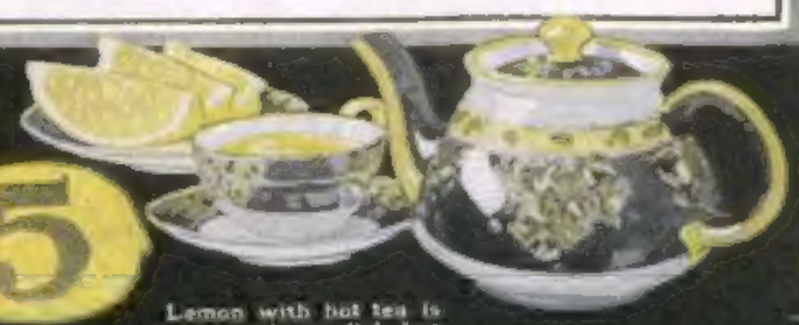
California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 103, Los Angeles, California.

1 Add the tang of lemon to iced tea, to make it most delicious.

2 A real lemon pie, made with fresh lemons, is the queen of pies.

3 Lemon juice in place of vinegar in salad dressing is a "chef's touch."

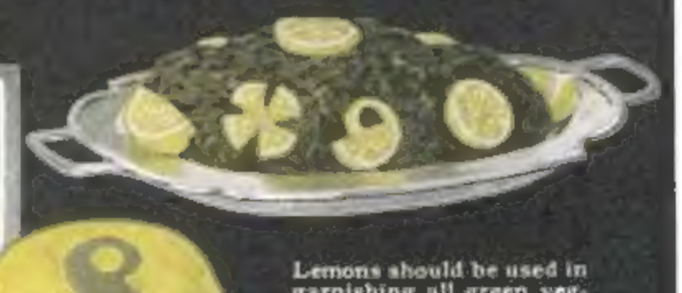
4 Lemon is the natural sauce for fish.



5 Lemon with hot tea is not merely stylish but healthful too.

6 Make sherbet with fresh Sunkist lemons to make it most delicious.

7 Lemonade is the aristocrat of soft drinks. Always serve to friends who call.



8 Lemons should be used in garnishing all green vegetable dishes.

9 Fresh juicy lemons make delicious Hollandaise.

10 Use the grated rind in flavoring cake icings, etc.

11 Lemon adds fine flavor to punches of all kinds.

12 Hot lemonade helps cure colds quickly. Try and see.

Look for This Machine

Distributed by the growers of Sunkist Oranges and Lemons to enable soda fountains to quickly make pure orangeade and lemonade.

Soda fountains using the new Electrical Sunkist Juice Extractor serve real orangeade and lemonade made to order from fresh fruit. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of quality.

Fountain Owners—For additional information relative to this machine see advertisement elsewhere in this weekly.